The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

VOL. XXVII--NO. 305. SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10, 1887. PRICE THREE CENTS

HOSIERY!

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

Large and Attractive Stock

of Ladies, Misses and Childrens Hosiery. The assortment will be found complete, embracing all of the best makes, and in price will be found

Exceptionally Low!

For gentlemen the assortment will be found superb.

GEORGE DEWALD & CO.

Cor. Calhoun & Columbia

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

Hamilton National Bank

OF FORT WAYNE,

At Fort Wayne, in the State of Indiana, at the close of business, December 7th, 1887.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 672,700 95
Overdrafts		17,029 61
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		200,000 00
U. S. bonds to secure deposits		80,000 00
U. S. bonds on hand		14,750 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages		12,023 75
Due from approved reserve agents		13,352 48
Due from other national banks		78,530 83
Due from state banks and bankers		4,529 81
Real estate, furniture and fixtures		10,695 64
Current expenses and taxes paid		8,846 25
Premiums paid		30,635 50
Checks and other cash items		17,652 89
Bills of other banks		78,657 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		838 00
Specie		73,707 00
Legal tender notes		45,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)		9,000 00
Total		$1,367,949 71

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 200,000 00
Surplus fund	172,000 00
Undivided profits	28,398 05
National bank notes outstanding	180,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	431,828 26
Demand certificates of deposit	211,324 12
United States deposits	74,553 08
Deposites of U. S. disbursing officers	725 37
Due to other National banks	1,586 05
Due to state banks and bankers	67,534 78
Total	$1,367,949 71

State of Indiana, Allen County, ss:

I, John Mohr, Jr., cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN MOHR, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of December, 1887. OWEN N. HEATON, Notary Public.

[Correct—Attest.]

AUGUST C. TRENTMAN, FRED ECKART, CHARLES MCCULLOCH, } Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

— OF THE —

Old National Bank

OF FORT WAYNE,

At Fort Wayne, in the State of Indiana, at the close of business, December 7th, 1887.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$ 776,329 59
Overdrafts	23,858 85
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	50,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand	2,550 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	5,383 81
Due from approved reserve agents	168,552 26
Due from other National banks	20,018 85
Due from state banks and bankers	9,750 83
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	9,117 80
Current expenses and taxes paid	8,392 06
Checks and other cash items	12,345 98
Bills of other banks	16,626 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	722 62
Specie	77,798 15
Legal tender notes	56,728 00
Redemption fund with U. S. treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	2,250 00
Total	$1,240,424 80

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$350,000 00
Surplus fund	70,000 00
Undivided profits	38,346 67
National bank notes outstanding	45,000 00
Dividends unpaid	80 00
Individual deposits subject to check	561,998 64
Demand certificates of deposit	117,979 05
Due to other National banks	9,356 66
Due to state banks and bankers	47,663 78
Total	$1,240,424 80

State of Indiana, County of Allen, ss.:

I, Jared D. Bond, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. D. BOND, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of December, 1887.

PAUL F. KUHNE, Notary Public.

[Correct—Attest.]

S. B. BOND, O. P. MORGAN, HENRY C. PAUL, } Directors.

Very Latest by Telegraph.

FOUR O'CLOCK P. M.

IN THE JURY'S HANDS

The Harper Case Goes to the Jury Without Argument—Dramatic Scenes in the Court Room.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 10.—The dramatic scenes in the Harper trial, this morning, kept the crowded court room in a hush of silence. Court was opened in the usual way. Harper appeared, accompanied by his wife, and her sister, and his little boy, a fine looking fellow of nine years. The testimony for the defense was virtually nothing.

Mr. Marchant told what was the state of the account of the Swifts Iron and Steel works in 1887. It amounted to $19,000 deposits, and $19,800 withdrawn—an over draft. Mr Phillips was called to show that the property of these works was worth over $3,000,000.

J. T. Larkin, the banker, was called to show that Wilshire was buying wheat for others than Harper, but all he could say was that his bank had handled some paper of Timberlake's, with endorsements by Harper and the court ruled it all out as incompetent.

Timberlake himself was called. He said Wilshire never bought for him, nor he for Timberlake. Wilshire had simply endorsed some of his paper. Mr. Blackburn said his purpose was to show that Wilshire's testimony, that he had bought for Harper only, was not true. The court reminded the counsel that Wilshire had testified that he bought a million bushels on his owo account and if they could show he had bought more than this it might be done. The witness was excused.

Edgar Stark, the bank cashier, was called to tell of Timberlake's transaction, but it was ruled out, and Blackburn said: "Under that ruling of the court, we have no further testimony."

Mr. Harper and his counsel withdrew for consultation and Deputy Marshal Turner followed.

In ten minutes Mrs. Harper was called out. In fifteen minutes the parties all returned and Mrs. Harper was carrying her babe. She sat down beside her husband with the child on her knee, removed its white hood and displayed its lovely head and face, fair hair, bright eyes, fine complexion and full face. There was a whispered consultation at the table for a minute or two, during which, above the low hum of the crowd could be heard the lute like lines of the baby's voice, as it reached to the table after papers and cooed its delight. It was the only plea that was offered for its father, for when Mr. Blackburn arose, he said: "Under the ruling of the court as to the evidence offered, they had no more witnesses to offer." Mr. Burnet then said: "The government would rest."

Judge Wilson for the defense said: "They would submit the case without argument if the government would." Mr. Burnet said: "We will." Judge Jackson then prepared to deliver his charge to the jury.

Will Finish by Christmas.

The Indianapolis *News* says: "Judge Taylor, of Fort Wayne, concluded a three days' argument in the Brush-Jenny electric light case, before Judge Gresham last night, and he is credited with having made a great legal effort. C. C. Mitchell, of Woolwich, Conn., began the closing argument this morning, and from the deliberate manner in which he opened up, it seems probable that he will speak until about Christmas."

The Indiana Democrats.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 10.—Members of the democratic central committee are receiving letters and papers from all parts of the state, urging the importance of having the state convention very early next year, either in February or March, and this seems to be the general sentiment of the party.

A Splendid Bakery.

Mr. Ferdinand Keisling, who recently purchased A. J. Langhor's bakery, on Broadway, is offering his customers everything in the line of bread, cakes and sweetmeats. Mr. Keisling makes a specialty of baking for weddings and has no superior in his business. He solicits your patronage.

Mr. John Bothner, No. 136 Calhoun street, holds ticket No. 16, entitling him to the grand piano presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max. Mr. Bothner has been examining the different makes of pianos the past few weeks, expecting to purchase one for his daughter, and says Sam, Pete & Max are the boss Santa Claus.

Rubber Goods.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 10.—The manufacturers of rubber boots and shoes have, after repeated unsuccessful efforts, concluded the formation of a trust to be known as the Boston Rubber Boot and Shoe Trust.

Bewildering conceits in elegant mufflers, brocade silks, and every fabric known, shown in endless variety by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, gents' outfitters and haberdashers.

Smoked Finnan Haddies, pound 8c.
FRUIT HOUSE.

"Little Nugget" is a comedy that will make you laugh.

Christmas gifts shoes, slippers.
THE HOOSIER.

ASSASSINATED.

M. Ferry Shot and Seriously Injured in the Chamber of Deputies in Paris.

PARIS, Dec. 10.—M. Jules Ferry was fired at three times this afternoon by a man in the lobby of the chamber of deputies. Great excitement is reported. Ferry is seriously injured.

LATER.

M. Ferry was shot by a man named Aubertin, who appeared in the hall of the chamber of deputies and asked to see Ferry and Goblet. Goblet did not respond, but Ferry did and on his appearance Aubertin drew a revolver and fired three times at him. It is reported that one ball struck Ferry in the chest. It has been ascertained that the shots only grazed his skin. The bystanders tried to lynch Aubertin after he fired, but were prevented with difficulty.

A $10,000 Fire at Oxford.

LAFAYETTE, Dec. 10.—A fire at Oxford last night at 11 o'clock, totally destroyed the general store of Snyder & McConnell and the meat market of Jacob F. Albaugh. The contents were also destroyed. The loss is estimated at $10,000.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 10.—Late yesterday evening the main building of the Indianapolis Fertiling company was destroyed by fire. Loss, $20,000.

Took Twelve Rounds.

HUNTERS POINT, N. Y., Dec. 10.—It is reported here that Dempsey and Reagan fought on Long Island this morning and that Dempsey knocked Reagan out in twelve rounds.

Arensdorf Acquitted.

SIOUX CITY, Dec. 10.—John Arensdorf, whose trial for the murder of Rev. Mr. Haddock has excited widespread interest has been acquitted.

Sold Out.

TOLEDO, Dec. 10.—The Toledo Oil company, which has been running in opposition to the Standard, has sold out to the latter for $100,000.

Prince and Pugilist.

LONDON, Dec. 10.—John L. Sullivan boxed, Friday night, before the Prince of Wales, who was deligted with the performance.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 10.—Indiana, threatening weather.

A New Puzzle.

Mrs. Blanchard was entertaining some friends in the parlor one evening, when she heard a small voice she knew so well, saying: "Please excuse me, mamma." Then she saw a little figure standing in the doorway in white gown, with tangled curls and bright eyes, too bright for 10 o'clock at night, thought Mrs. Blanchard. Midget ran across the room to the refuge that had never failed her—mother's arms. "Mamma, dear," pleaded the little night owl, "I just learned to-day how to tell you I love you in such a beautiful new way. Please, may I show you? I'm so 'fraid I'll forget by morning." Midget held up her dimpled fingers. "Now, everybody do as I do," she said gleefully. "Hold your thumbs together so, now the next fingers the same way, but the next to that you must double in tight."

She held her chubby fingers in this position, the palms together, the thumbs lightly touching, also the forefingers, but the second fingers folded in so that her rosy nails and the dimples that stood for knuckles touched, then the third and the fourth fingers met at the tips as the thumbs and forefingers did. "Now," cried Midget, in great delight, "how far can you go from nurse?" and she parted the thumbs as far as they would go. "Now how far from cook?" and the forefingers went apart.

Then in suppressed glee she carefully explained, "You must skip the folded fingers and go to the next. Now how far can you go from your dear, sweet mamma?" she cried in great triumph. And odd it was that those queer little fingers would not separate, and the more you tried the closer they were, not Midget's tiny fingers, but papa's strong ones and Judge Mills' wrinkled ones. As long as the second fingers are held in bondage the third ones will not separate. Try it.—*Christian Weekly.*

Save your tickets. On the first of each month, till April 1st, a grand gift will be presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max to one of their patrons; whilst daily, till April 1st, thousands of valuable gifts will be distributed.

Men's working shoes, $1.00.
THE HOOSIER.

A daughter of Judge Morse, of Des Moines, Ia., is visiting Dr. Manville for treatment.

Best Brands Oysters.

Best selects, J. E. S., frying, 33c.
O. K's., 18c. S. and W., best stewing, 25c can.
FRUIT HOUSE.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.—Wheat, weak, at 77½c. Corn, steady, at 48¾c. Oats, easier, Jan., at 30c. Rye, 60½c. Barley, nothing doing. Prime Timothy, $2.30a 2.31. Flax seed, $1.24. Whisky $1.10. Pork, steady, January, at $14.62½ Lard, firm, at $7.22½. Short ribs, $7.50. Butter, quiet, creamery, 25@31c.; dairy, 21@24c. Eggs, fresh, 22c.

MR. SPENCER

Is Elected President of the B. & O. Railroad at a Salary of $25,000.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 10.—The directors of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad are now in session. Mr, Spencer has been elected president and his salary is understood to be $25,000 per annum. The salary of the late president, Robert Garrett, was $4,000.

Thomas M. King, the second vice-president, will probably accept the presidency of the Pittsburg and Western railroad. Orland M. Smith will remain third vice-president, with headquarters at Cincinnati. Milton H. Smith, of Cincinnati, of the Hamilton and Dayton railroad, is mentioned for second vice-presidency, and Mr. Sharp will get the first vice-presidency.

LOCAL NEWS.

See "Little Nugget" to-night.

Mrs. Henry Winklemeyer, who has been sick, is improving.

Judge O'Rourke to-day divorced Chas. T. Gross from Mary Gross.

The funniest comedy ever presented will be at the Temple to-night.

Mr. Chas. Haas, the well-known Wabash newspaper writer, is in the city.

Mr. Wm. Meyer, of the firm of O. B. Fitch & Co., will go to Indianapolis to-night.

The county commissioners have established the Bash and Paul roads in Aboit township.

John W. Ray and Cynthia A. Driscoll, Isaac Bennett and Emma Strand have been licensed to wed.

Geo. A. Gable sues Mary Gable et al for a partition of property. J. B. Harper is attorney in the case.

Hon J. H. Rice was in the city to-day en route to Indianapolis. Colonel Rice is always warmly welcomed in Fort Wayne.

The Caledonian club will meet Monday evening to make arrangements for the celebration of Robert Burns' birthday anniversary.

Arthur L., the four-year-old son of Mr. Fred Rippe, the well-known contractor, died last night of croup. The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon at 1 o'clock.

The following building permits have been granted: D. W. Bowen, to build a one story frame house on lot 9, Hanna's addition to cost $500; to Henry Jacobs, to erect a two story frame house on lot 50 Swinney's addition, to cost $1,200.

Solon Peck celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his birth yesterday. Eli Snyder handed him a gold-headed umbrella as a token of his esteem, and then Mr. Peck, who never says a word, sent numerous corks against the ceiling.

Otto Malinda, a waiter at the Globe restaurant, last night appropriated an umbrella belonging to Hon. W. H. Shambaugh. The fellow was arrested and this morning the mayor bound him over to the circuit court for trial. He was given ten days in jail.

We publish on one of the inside pages of to-day's issue the speech delivered by Henry W. Grady, the editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, the leading democratic paper in the south, at a recent prohibition meeting held in that city. Mr. Grady is Georgia's famed orator and an eloquent speaker.

January 2d is the time set for the presentation of the fine top buggy, by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, to one of their patrons.

Mr. Ruth, the draughtsman at the Bass foundry, left for Providence, R. I., this morning.

Seldom have our people been offered such a complete display of gents' and boys' gloves and mitts as Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max are showing as holiday novelties.

One hundred and eighty laughs in 180 minutes to-night, when "Little Nugget" will be presented.

There is nothing more elegant for little boys' wear than the Boucle and Stockinet suit which Sam, Pete & Max are selling at $5.00, worth fully $8.50.

Dr, Manville removed a scirrhus cancer from the eye of Miss Myers, yesterday morning.

Men's kip boots, solid, $2.25.
THE HOOSIER.

All the Star Grocery is asking for a large sack of flour is one dollar and seven cents.

Say, boys, if you are trying to save something out of this month's pay to get your best girl a nice present you can do it best by saving 50c or $1 on good shoes, by buying them at the "Massachusetts."

Since the Star Grocery has their new oven, their bread cannot be beat.

Large Florida oranges, dozen 45c.
Jamaica oranges, dozen 30c.
Malaga grapes, pound 15c.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Goats, Kids and Alligators in Men's fine slippers at THE HOOSIER.

Fine holiday display at
F. J. VOIROL'S, 244 Calhoun St.

THE SABBATH CALL.

Come to His Holy Temple and Let the Lord Be Praised For His Goodness Unto Us.

Live for something.

"Is your heart right?" Read Talmage's sermon.

Rev. Harden will preach at the Simpson M. E. church to-night.

Christian church, corner Jefferson and Griffith streets. Services at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday school 9:15 a. m.

The members of the Cathedral Young Men's sodality are requested to meet at Library hall, Sunday, at 8 a. m.

Regular services at the First U. B. church to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

Come to the Simpson M. E. church at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. C. H. Wilkinson, pastor, Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

Come promptly to the 7:30 service at the Baptist church and you will secure a seat. Polite ushers will meet you at the door.

Services to-morrow morning and evening at the First Presbyterian church. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Come.

First Baptist Sunday school meets at 12:15 p. m. Good music. Classes for those of all ages. All welcome. Come and study the life of Jesus.

Services at the Railroad Reading Rooms on Sabbath at usual hour, 3:30 standard time, for men only. All men are cordially invited. Come.

The subjects for sermons at the Congregational church are, "The Relations of Zeal and Knowledge," and "Kadesh Barnea," the eighth in an historical series. J. C. Cromer, pastor.

The Citizens' Reform League will hold its regular weekly meeting at the Berry Street M. E. church Monday morning at 10 o'clock sharp. All interested are expected to be present.

Berry street M. E. church, Rev. D. C. Woolpert, pastor—Public services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. to-morrow. Morning theme: "The Poet Laureate of Galilee;" evening: "Faith in the Supernatural."

Services at the Second Presbyterian church to-morrow at 10:45 a. m.; theme "Association With God;" and at 7:30 p. m., subject, "Life and Religion." Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited. J. M. Fulton, pastor.

Come and welcome to the services at Grace church, East Washington street. Theme, at 10:30 a. m., "The Tear of the Lord;" at 6:30 p. m., "Perilous Conclusions." Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. T. J. Bacher, pastor.

Usual services to-morrow in Trinity M. E. church, north side. Efforts will be made to seat all. Services continued throughout the week, conducted by Mrs. L. C. Jones, of Garrett. House crowded the past week, Welcome.

"Christ's Doctrine of the Spiritual Birth" will be the subject at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow, at 10:30. Sunday school at 2 o'clock. At 7:30 the theme will be "The Joy of Salvation." All welcome. Rev. F. G, Browne, pastor.

They call it "Stumptown" out where the Free Methodist church is. They have good meetings there. Rev. Harden preaches every Sunday. Subject to-morrow, at 10:30 a. m.: "Special Manifestations of the Presence of God;" at 7 p. m.: "The Christian Athlete." Sunday school at 2:30.

Trinity church, Rev. W. N. Webbe, rector. Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Subject of evening sermon, "Paul Before Felix; or, the Fearless Preacher." The evening Prayer Leaflet, containing the full order of service, enables every one to join in the worship. All cordially invited.

Be kind to your wife and children. You may not have them with you long. They need your love and affection. If you are in the habit of spending your evenings away from home, at the saloon or some other place where you have no business, change to-day, and your life will be more pleasant and prosperous, and your loved ones more happy.

Oh next Friday evening, Dec. 16, Professor Joost, in the interest of the young people of the Congregational church, will give at the Standard hall the operetta, "Cinderella." Much pains have been taken by the professor in training the young people, and a first class entertainment is expected. Both before and after the operetta an oyster supper will be served by the young people, directed by Mrs. Meyer.

Elaborate designs in satin and silk embroidered and hand painted braces and suspenders, shown only by Sam, Pete & Max, outfitters for the holidays.

"Poor things," she referred to her worn out rubber overshoes, and went to The Hoosier and bought a good pair.

If you want to see something nice in the jewelry line and at low prices go to 10-3t F. J. VOIROL, 244 Calhoun St.

Men's fine shoes, Congress, $1.25.
THE HOOSIER.

The Star Grocery has a fine lot of Cakes.

Seipp's extra pale Chicago beer on draught, at John Leichner, jr's. 8-3t

DEFIANT IVES!

Registers at a Chicago Hotel Under an Assumed Name and Defies Criminal Prosecution.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.—Henry S. Ives mades a mysterious visit to Chicago yesterday, registering at the hotel as "Henry Ironton," and his attorney, Barrister Boone, registered as "H. S. Booming." He denied that he had stripped the treasury of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad of its available cash last June, but asserted that he paid the treasurer of the company over $600,000 to meet the claims against him. He was not afraid of any criminal prosecution and defird any one to affix any culpable or financial responsibility to him, on account of his connection with the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad.

Killed by the Cars.

LIMA, O, Dec. 10.—Last evening William Railing, a brakeman of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, was run over by the cars and ground to death while in the act of making a coupling.

Extra exertions have been made to produce the magnificent display of "our own specialties" in neck dressing. Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max feel satisfied they can suit all seeking "just the proper thing" for the holiday.

Go to F. J. Voirol for your Christmas presents. 10-3t

Last year's pop corn, good and dry,
At the Star Grocery.

Ladies' nice glove button shoes, $1.
Ladies' warm beaver shoes, $1.
Massachusetts Shoe Co.

Our procession of bargains would be an hour and a half passing a given point. Our readers are invited to call in and see for themselves our stock of fine shoes and slippers for the holiday trade. THE HOOSIER.

Get a pretty silver mustache cup and saucer, a pretty Christmas present for a gentleman at F. J. Voirol's, 244 Calhoun street. 10-3t

Plenty of dressed young chickens
At the Star Grocery.

If it is bottom prices on foot wear you want, don't waste time in fooling around, but go direct to the Massachusetts Shoe Co.

It will pay you to go up as far as F. J. Voirol's, 244 Calhoun street, for your Christmas presents. Frank's prices are always the lowest.

Felt slippers with thick felt soles, warm, comfortable and noiseless. All sizes from a child's No. 8 to a man's No. 11.
Massachusetts Shoe Co.

Women's lace or button, $1.
THE HOOSIER.

Mr. August Lordier, who keeps a saloon at 20 Clinton street, wants us to say that for the benefit of himself and customers, he doesn't want his door shaken for admittance to-morrow forenoon, for he will not open up.

It will be so cold that a blizzard will seem like a July zephyr, when the Massachusetts Shoe Co. gets left. They are selling men's rubbers for 38c, and men's buckle Arctics, 75c. New, fresh goods free from blisters or imperfections.

Youths' and boys' fine slippers, no cheap ones. THE HOOSIER.

Choice yellow New Orleans sugar, 5c pound.
FRUIT HOUSE.

"Little Nugget" is the comedy success of the season.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—— OF THE ——

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF FORT WAYNE,

At Fort Wayne, in the state of Indiana, at the close of business, December 7th, 1887.

RESOURCES.

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Overdrafts	20,541 42
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Due from other National Banks	4,977 20
Due from State Banks and Bankers	197 99
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	3,085 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	7,905 40
Premiums paid	517 56
Checks and other cash items	32,469 27
Bills of other banks	23,888 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	1,087 52
Specie	17,013 25
Legal tender notes	72,397 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	2,250 00
Total	$845,825 69

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$300,000 00
Surplus fund	80,000 00
Undivided profits	23,354 23
National Bank notes outstanding	45,000 00
Dividends unpaid	450 00
Individual deposits subject to check	283,386 29
Demand certificates of deposit	85,844 38
Due to other National Banks	36,173 83
Due to State Banks and Bankers	11,636 46
Total	$845,825 69

STATE OF INDIANA, COUNTY OF ALLEN, ss:

I, Lem R. Hartman, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

LEM R. HARTMAN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of December, 1887.

F. W. KUHNE, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:

J. H. BASS, JOHN M. MILLER, W. FLEMING, } Directors.

NAPOLEON'S STAR.

BY C. C. HAHN.

[Napoleon called himself "the child of destiny," and said that he always saw a star before him which led him forward over the battlefield, to victory.]

A star before me shining bright
Leads me along,
In daytime as in darkest night,
The steady rays of crimson light
Before me shine,
And where it leads, there I follow,
Follow to success.

It leads me to the battlefield,
And in the fray
Shines clear and bright before my eyes,
And from the field I homeward march
A conqueror,
And where it leads, there I follow,
Follow to success.

It may be kings are in my way,
It matters not,
Thrones easily are overthrown
And kingdoms fall in dust whene'er
My star leads on,
And where it leads, there I follow,
Follow to success.

CHICAGO, Ill.

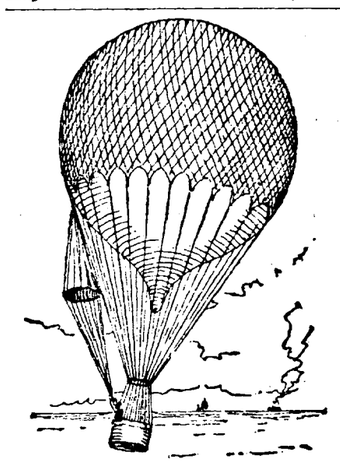
A DARING AERONAUT.

The Thrilling and Perilous Exploits of Thomas S. Baldwin, of Quincy, Ill.

Leaping from a Balloon and Falling Thousands of Feet to the Earth.

A novelty has been supplied to the lovers of excitement. Whether it falls under the head of aeronautics, gymnastics, or simply daring, does not seem easy to determine. It certainly involves all three, although the man who supplies the novelty is as cool as if he were folding a napkin.

Perhaps an explanation of the feat may enable the reader to appreciate



IN MID AIR.

better how it should be determined. A young fellow twenty-seven years of age ascends by means of a balloon, sometimes as high as five thousand feet, throws himself over from the basket and drops to the ground. Happily, he is assisted by a parachute, or else he would not have dropped but once, and that once would have been too often.

Thomas S. Baldwin, of Quincy, Ill., is the name of the young man. He traveled for several years with a circus as a professional gymnast, then took to tight-rope walking, and finally to ballooning. His first jump from a balloon was made in January of this year at San Francisco. He jumped from a height of one thousand feet. This was enough to thrill twenty-five thousand people; but it was only the modest beginning. At Syracuse September last he had attained an elevation of



PREPARING TO JUMP.

five thousand feet before he switched off on the parachute route.

Mr. Baldwin remained in New York a few days after this before going West. What he has to say about this feat which he so successfully practices, may prove of interest to the very large number who will never know from experience what such a journey means.

"What led you into this hazardous kind of feat?" was quite a natural question to begin with.

"Well, I am fond of things that are daring. I have been a gymnast performer for some time, and also a tight-rope walker. I was very much interested in ballooning, and accounts which I read of several descents from them by means of parachutes took my fancy. A Frenchman did it all right, but an Englishman tried it and came to grief. He was killed. The parachute collapsed. I gave the matter a good deal of thought, trying to work out the thing. Then I practiced before attempting the very high jump. There is scientific principle enough in the feat to see what the effect ought to be of such an experiment. But there is enough uncertainty about it to make it a little dangerous. There is always the possibility of the parachutes collapsing, and if it does that at any height, why, it would be a miracle if a fellow escaped death. He would get crushed to pieces when he struck the ground."

"What sort of a parachute do you use?"

"I have used several kinds. I have them made of Wamsutta muslin, and without any ribs. Sometimes they have seven or eight ribs. It is about sixteen or eighteen feet in diameter. The cords which are attached to it come down and fasten to an iron ring. The ring is what I hold on to when I drop."

"How is the parachute arranged in the balloon?"

"It is fastened by the top to the side of the balloon so that the ring hangs somewhat below the top of the car. It is tied so that the weight of my body when it bears on the fastenings breaks them loose, and the parachute is free of the balloon. That I have to let go, and two or three times I have nearly lost it, and the poor old thing shows the wounds it has received where it is patched up. But it is a trusty old ship, though I mean to get a new one for next season."

"Well, tell me just how you make your arrangements."

"I get a good hold of the iron ring. That is pretty important, you can bet. It isn't easy to make any change on the way down, and if you let go, why, then you won't make any more jumps, that is all. But I am not afraid of losing my hold because I have not good enough grip. My hands are pretty strong, and I can hold on well enough. The dangerous part of this holding on is that my arms get strained so through the wrenching they get from the swaying motion, the oscillations, that sometimes the strain is very great and they become completely exhausted. After I have gripped on to the ring, I get carefully over the rim of the basket, and then drop. There is no need to spring out. It is not so good, because the straighter down one goes the easier it is for the parachute to fill out and be sustained by the air."

"What are your sensations on the way down?"

"The first hundred feet are the worst. The parachute does not fill at once, and so it is like falling sheer through that much space. And that is another reason why the drop has to be made a little carefully; otherwise I might get turned over, and though, of course, if I hold on, 'twill come all right, but the wrench on my arms would be violent, and the thing would shake more. It shakes quite enough now, I assure you, although I have improved a little on it in that respect. You can fancy what a fall of a hundred feet might be, though it is pretty hard to imagine it if you have never been through the thing. The sensation is not altogether pleasant. It is a giddy sinking through the air. The condensation of the atmosphere under the parachute, which is shaped like an umbrella, to catch the air more readily, brings me up suddenly. It is almost like a jerk, and to people looking at me I seem to stop for a moment. After that the descent is more gradual, though it is quite fast enough for ordinary purposes. The rate of descent is about 1,200 feet a minute. I have given the point of resistance which the parachute offers with a certain weight and when it is of a certain diameter a good deal of study. The sensation is pleasant enough in summer. Floating down through the air in that way is cool. It is something like coming down a rapidly running elevator. But your legs are free, and you feel your body with nothing around it.

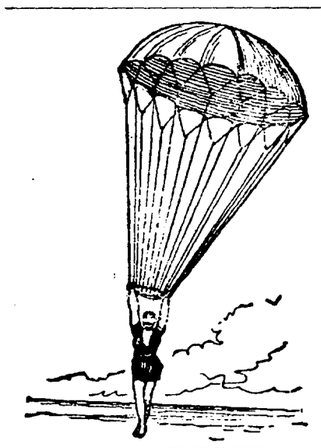
"The oscillations begin, however, and I am swayed from side to side like a pendulum. Sometimes I have been swung out at an angle of fifty or sixty degrees. The top part of the parachute, the umbrella part, does not sway in this manner. If it fills out all right there is nothing to fear there. But sometimes it does not, and then matters are ticklish."

"How do you land—lightly, or is it hard to escape getting bruised?"

"Generally, I have landed without doing myself any harm. When I see I am within six or seven feet of the ground I drop. I can land pretty well on my toes, and if I feel a momentum which would be likely to throw me violently down, I try to fall on my right side, and sometimes I turn three or four somersaults. This breaks the force. Of course, I can exercise no control over myself while I am in the air. I have to land wherever chance brings me. If it is a good height from which I drop, and there is a strong wind, I can easily come down at a place a mile or more from the place on the earth underneath the spot I jumped from. I am carried by the wind so that I do not feel it blowing on me very much. When I make an ascension near the water, like that at Rockaway Beach this summer, I take up a life preserver with me, so if I fall into the water at too great a distance from the shore to swim, I need not drown."

"Do you feel any nervousness or fear in undertaking the feat?"

"I always know that there is danger in it. I couldn't know as much about the subject as I do and be ignorant of that. But I do not feel much trepidation in undertaking it. The chances are that everything will come out all right, as they have done in all my descents. Then there is an excitement about it. It is a funny thing, though, to be performing a feat for an audience so far below you that you cannot see anything but a dark spot on the earth. When you get up so very high in a balloon I do not think that a person is as inclined to feel dizzy as at a much less height from which he can compare the relative altitudes. But I am not subject to dizziness. It doesn't go well with balloonists, and, besides, my training as a circus man has got me



ON THE WAY DOWN.

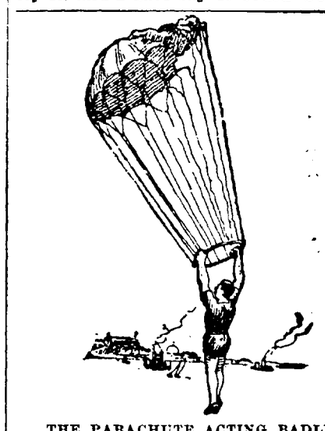
pretty accustomed to things which call for coolness. I do not lose my head, and do everything as coolly as if I were on the ground. The strain on the arms is usually the only thing that bothers me. I must get that stopped, if I can, or else I may have to drop the business. Once I went up in a balloon without any car attached. There was only a ring where I held myself."

"What is the greatest height from which you have jumped?"

"I have jumped from five thousand feet. I think, however, that a parachute could be made so that a descent from a much higher altitude would be possible. Whether a man can be invented to stand the strain on his arms for the length of time which would be required to descend in, I do not know. You must remember that you can't stop to rest yourself any on the way down. You're there on the end of the parachute, and you feel you've got to stay there till your feet strike the earth. I came down into a tree once, but I didn't hurt myself. I have been carried along on the ground with my parachute for twenty feet."

"Are there any other balloonists who perform this feat?"

"I do not know of any living aeronaut who has attempted it. I dare say there will be others who may imitate my example. It is something that can be done by most anybody who wants to try it, and I dare say it could be done



THE PARACHUTE ACTING BADLY.

often enough to make a good many willing to try it. Most of the balloon gymnasts, however, have a trapeze fastened to a captive balloon, and when they are up about a thousand feet they perform feats on that."

"Do you think there is any practical value in a feat of this kind?"

"Well, it is always a valuable thing to do something new and show what a man can do. I don't suppose it does any good. Of course ballooning can be of use. They found that out in Paris when they used to send them out during the commune. And they are useful in time of war to reconnoiter the enemy's position. But I like it well enough, and people like to see it, too. There is always more interest in anything that looks dangerous."

"Do you intend to jump in this way next year?"

"Oh, I think it very likely that I may. There may be somebody else in the field next year, and then jumping matches could be arranged to see who would spring from the greatest elevation. It wouldn't take much more courage to go up a few thousand feet more and spring off. When you are up so high as that the earth looks pretty small. I came down through a cloud once. It was below me as far as it was above the spectators on the ground beneath."

Professor Baldwin, for he deserves the title of professor of aeronauties, has received two handsome gold



A WET LANDING.

medals for his feats. One is from his fellow-townsmen of Quincy, which shows that it is an appreciative city; another was the offering of the Knights of Pythias. Both were commemorative of his marvelous leaps.

PROF. GUSTAV RETZIUS has a chapter in his sketches of Finland respecting the uses which the Finnish people make of birch bark. Shoes are made of it. The bark, having been peeled, is cut into strips, rolled up carefully and put away for future use. When the Finnish peasant wants a pair of new shoes he takes out one of his rolls, cuts it up into strips of suitable width, soaks it in water to soften it, and then weaves it into the form he desires. It is all done very rapidly, a half-hour or less sometimes sufficing for the whole work. Many other uses are found for birch bark. The sheath in which the peasant carries his inseparable knife is made of it. It is woven into pockets or bags of various sizes, which are used all over Finland. Birch bark is made into salt tubs, cords and lines, brushes for washing out wooden vessels, boxes, sieves, and tubs, and many other articles for which we use wood or basket material.

IN Germany, says the *Blacksmith and Wheelright*, the smith, when finishing the shoe, punches a hole in the two ends, and when the shoe is cold he taps in a screw thread, and screws into the shoe, when on the horse's foot, a sharp-pointed stud of an inch in length, and with shoes thus fitted the horse can travel securely on the worst possible road: and I have never known one slip either when riding or driving; and draught horses are shod in the same way. When the horse comes home to stable the groom unscrews the pointed stud and screws in a button, so that no damage can happen to the horse, and the screw holes are prevented from filling. When the horse is going out the groom takes out the button and screws in the pointed stud, and there is no fear of the horse coming back with broken knees or strained sinews, and the public are spared the sight of horses down or slipping in all directions.

THE JOYS OF FOX-HUNTING.



THE joyous season for fox-hunting is again upon us, says Bill Nye, in the New York *World*, and with the gentle fall of the autumn leaf and the sough of the scented breezes about the gnarled and naked limbs of the wailing trees the huntsman comes with his hark and hullo and hurrah boys, the swift rush of the chase, the thrilling scamper 'cross country, the mad dash through the Long Islander's pumpkin-patch—also the mad dash, dash of the farmer, the low moan of the frozen-toed hen as the whooping horsemen run her down; the wild shriek of the children, the low melancholy wail of the frightened shote as he flees away to the straw-pile, the quick yet muffled plunk of the frozen tomato and the dull scrunch of the seed cucumber.

All—all indicate that our great national autumn sport, the sport which has for years characterized us as a nation and been imitated to some extent in England and our other colonies, is here.

The huntsman now takes the flannels off his fox, rubs his stiffened limbs with gargling oil, ties a bunch of firecrackers to his tail, and runs him around the barn a few times to see if he is in good order.

The foxhound is a cross of the bloodhound, the greyhound, the bulldog and the chump. When you step on his tail he is said to be in full cry. The foxhound obtains from his ancestors on the bloodhound side of the house his keen scent, which enables him while in full cry 'cross country to pause and hunt for chipmunks. He also obtains from the bloodhound branch of his family a wild yearning to star in an "Uncle Tom" company and watch Little Eva meander up the flume at $2 per week. From the greyhound he gets his most miraculous speed, which enables him to attain a rate of velocity so great that he is unable to pause during the excitement of the chase, frequently running so far during the day that it takes him a week to get back, when, of course, all interest has died out. From the bulldog the foxhound obtains his great tenacity of purpose, his deep-seated convictions, his quick perceptions, his love of home, and his clinging nature. From the chump the foxhound gets his high intellectuality and that mental power which enables him to distinguish almost at a glance the difference between a 2-year-old steer and a $2 bill.

The foxhound is about two feet in height, and 120 of them would be considered an ample number for a quiet little fox-hunt. Some hunters think this number inadequate, but unless the fox be unusually skittish and crawl under the barn, 120 foxhounds ought to be enough. The trouble generally is that hunters make too much noise, thus scaring the fox so that he tries to get away from them. This necessitates hard riding and great activity on the part of the whippers-in. Frightening a fox almost always results in sending him out of the road and compelling horsemen to stop in order to take down a panel of fence, every little while that they may follow the animal and before you can get the fence put up again the owner is on the ground, and after you have made change with him and mounted again the fox may be nine miles away. Try by all means to keep your fox in the road.

It makes a great difference what kind of fox you use, however. I once had a fox on my Pumpkin Butte estates that lasted me for three years, and I never knew him to shy or turn out of the road for anything but a loaded team. He was the best fox for hunting purposes that I ever had. Every spring I would sprinkle him with Scotch snuff and put him away in the bureau till fall. He would then come out bright and chipper. He was always ready to enter into the chase with all the chick and embonpoint of a regular Kenesha, and nothing pleased him better than to be about eight miles in advance of my thoroughbred pack in full cry, scampering 'cross country, while stretching back a few miles behind the dogs followed a pale young man and his financier, each riding a horse that had sat down too hard on its tail at some time and driven it into his system about six joints.

Some hunters, who are madly and passionately devoted to the sport, leap their horses over fences, moats, donjon keeps, hedges, and currant bushes with utter sang froid and the wild, unfettered toot ongsomble of a brass band. It is one of the most spirited and touchful of sights to see a young fox-hunter going home through the gloam-



NYE AND HIS FOX-HOUND.

ing with a full cry in one hand and his pancreas in the other.

Some like to be in at the death, as it is called, and it is certainly a laudable ambition. To see 120 dogs hold out against a ferocious fox weighing nine pounds; to watch the brave little band of dogs and whippers-in and horses with sawed-off tails, making up in heroism what they lack in numbers, succeeding at last in ridding the country of the ferocious brute which has so long been the acknowledged foe of the human race is, indeed, a fine sight.

We are too apt to regard fox-hunting merely as a relaxation, a source of pleasure, and the result of a desire to do the way people do in the novels which we steal from the English authors; but this is not all. To successfully hunt a fox, to jump fences 'cross country like an unruly steer, is no child's play. To ride all day on a very hot and restless saddle, trying to lope while your horse is trotting, giving your friends a good view of the country between yourself and your horse, then leaping stone walls, breaking your collar-bone in four places, pulling out one eye and leaving it hanging on a plum tree, or going home at night with your transverse colon wrapped around the pommel of your saddle and your liver in an old newspaper, requires the greatest courage.

Men who can do this must be cool and self-possessed. They are generally men who are prompt to act in case of danger, and often discover and allude in a shrill voice to a fire in a crowded theater long before anybody else knows anything about it.

Too much stress cannot be placed upon the costume worn while fox-hunting, and in fact that is, after all, the life and soul of the chase. For ladies nothing looks better than a close-fitting jacket, sewed together with thread of the same shade, and a skirt. Neat-fitting cavalry boots and a plug hat complete the costume. Then, with a hue in one hand and a cry in the other, she is prepared to mount. Lead the horse up to a stone wall or a freight car and spring lightly into the saddle with a glad cry. A freight car is the best thing from which to mount a horse, but it is too unwieldy, and frequently delays the chase. For this reason, too, much luggage should not be carried on a fox-hunt. Some gentlemen carry a change of canes, neatly concealed in a shawl-strap, but even this may be dispensed with.



THE COSTUME.

For gentlemen a dark, four-button cutaway coat, with neat, loose-fitting white panties, will generally scare a fox into convulsions, so that he may be easily killed with a club. A short-waisted plug hat may be worn also, in order to distinguish the hunter from the whipper-in, who wears a base-ball



CHASING THE FOX.

cap. The only fox-hunting I have ever done was on board an impetuous, tough-bitted, four-and-aft horse that had emotional insanity. I was dressed in a swallow-tail coat, waistcoat of Scotch plaid Turkish toweling, and a pair of close-fitting breeches of etiquette tucked into my boot-tops. As I was away from home at the time and could not reach my own steed, I was obliged to mount a spirited steed with high, intellectual hips, one white eye and a big red nostril that you could set a Shanghai hen in. This horse, as soon as the pack broke into full cry, climbed over a fence that had wrought-iron briars in it, lit in a corn field, stabbed his hind leg through a sere and yellow pumpkin, which he wore the rest of the day, with seven yards of pumpkin vine streaming out behind, and away we dashed 'cross country. I remained mounted, not because I enjoyed it, for I did not, but because I dreaded to dismount. I hated to get off in pieces. If I can't get off a horse's back as a whole I would rather adhere to the horse. I will adhere that I did so.

On, on I rode, with my unconfined locks streaming behind me in the autumn wind. On and still on I sped, the big, bright pumpkin slipping up and down the gambrel of my spirited horse at every jump. On and ever on we went, shedding terror and pumpkin seeds along our glittering track, till my proud steed ran his leg in a gopher hole and fell over one of those machines that they put on a high-headed steer to keep him from jumping fences. As the horse fell the necklace of this hickory poke flew up and adjusted itself around my neck. In an instant my steed was on his feet again, and gayly we went forward, while the prong of this barbarous appliance ever and anon plowed into a brand-new culvert or rooted up a clover-field. Every time it ran into an orchard or a cemetery it would jar my neck and knock me silly. But I could see with joy that it reduced the speed of my horse. At last, as the sun went down, reluctantly, as it seemed to me, for he knew that he would never see such riding again, my ill-spent horse fell with a hollow moan, curled up, gave a spasmodic quiver with his little, nerveless, sawed-off tail, and died.

The other huntsmen succeeded in treeing the anise-seed bag at sundown, in time to catch the 6 o'clock train home.

Fox-hunting is one of the most thrilling pastimes of which I know, and for young men whose parents have amassed large sums of money in the intellectual pursuit of hides and tallow the meet, the chase, the scamper, the full cry, the cover, the stellated fracture, the yelp of the pack, the yip, the yell of triumph, the confusion, the whoop, the holla, the halloos, the hurrah, the abrasion, the snort of the hunter, the concussion, the sward, the open, the earth-stopper, the strangulated hernia, the glad cry of the hound as he brings home the quivering seat of the peasant's pantaloons, the yelp of joy as he lays at his master's feet the strawberry mark of the rustic—all, all are exhilarating to the sons of our American nobility.

Fox-hunting combines the danger and the wild, tumultuous joy of the skating-rink, the toboggan slide, the mush-and-milk sociable, and the straw ride.

With a good horse, an air-cushion, a reliable earth-stopper, and an aniseseed bag a man must indeed be thoroughly base who cannot enjoy a scamper 'cross country, over the Pennsylvania wold, the New Jersey mere, the Connecticut moor, the Indiana glade, the Missouri brake, the Michigan mead, the American tarn, the fen, the gulch, the buffalo wallow, the cranberry marsh, the glen, the draw, the canyon, the ravine, the forks, the bottom, or the settlement.

For the young American nobleman whose ducal father made his money by inventing a fluent pill, or who gained his great wealth through relieving humanity by means of a lining pad, a liver pad, or a kidney-pad, or a foot-pad, fox-hunting is first-rate.

Husband-Lover.



MY DEAR NEPHEW: I thought I had hit the nail on the head when in my last letter I told you to see the girl first. You say you are favorably impressed, in fact somewhat smitten. Having concluded she was a young lady such as you would choose for a wife, you thought you would first get my opinion. Well, my boy, you see now, I think, that in the long run the young lady's opinion will be of more value to you in deciding, or rather in helping you to a decision, than mine could possibly be. My advice now is, go ahead and cultivate her acquaintance and report to me again later on.

You have not asked me for any suggestions as to the best manner in which to go about the winning of a young lady's affections. There may be two reasons why you have not done so. 1. Because you feel that you don't need them; or, 2. If you do, that it has never occurred to you that I could give you any pointers worth having. However that may be, I courted a mighty nice girl once myself, and afterwards married her. I have also watched the young people of both sexes pretty closely for a great many years, and during that time my observations, added to my own personal experiences, may be of some service to you.

First then, in courting a girl, be honest, frank, manly, and independent. Then when you have won her heart, and with that her consent to become your wife, keep right on making it your business to be always honest, frank, manly, and independent. By doing this you will, you see, make just as good a husband as you were a suitor and lover. Many men make splendid lovers—always attentive, kind, polite, and loving—but as husbands they soon develop, or rather, I mean, degenerate into two-legged brutes of the worst kind. So I say be careful about this and try to keep your standard as a husband up to the same excellence as were your bright and shining qualities as a lover.

It has not occurred to me to mention it before, but I will say now that marriage is a very important thing. It is a leap toward either a hell or a heaven, so far as your earthly happiness is concerned; and the hell of an unhappy married life is as dark and miserable in its character as the heaven of a happy married existence is bright and joyous. Don't forget this. Yours, rather hurriedly, but with much love,
—*Uncle Sam, in Chicago Ledger.*

Exasperating Coolness.



He (roaring with passion)—"I tell you, madam, the brain of a man averages more by two ounces than that of a woman, and don't you forget it!"

She (extremely calm)—"Get a stool and come up into the higher atmosphere, William. You look warm down there."—*Puck.*

A Remedy.



"Oh, doctor, come at once, Johnnie has swallowed a mouse."

"Then the best thing you can do is to get him to swallow a cat."

Obeying Instructions.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—"Don't you know, boy, that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?"

Boy—"That's what the boss told me to do, mum."

Old Lady—"Told you to whistle?"

Boy—"Yes, 'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"IS THINE HEART RIGHT?"

Sunday Morning Services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Dr. Talmage Makes a Spiritual Diagnosis—Our Nature All Atwist and Askew and Unjointed—The More We Think About Heavenly Things the Better.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 4.—This is sacramental day in Brooklyn Tabernacle. The more than 4,000 communicant members and many strangers from all parts of the world make it a memorable scene. New members were received and some of them were baptized this morning.

The congregation, led by organ and cornet, sang:

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached. His subject was "Salutation from the Chariot," and his text II. Kings x. 15: "Is thine heart right?"

With mettled horses at full speed, for he was celebrated for fast driving, Jehu, the warrior and king, returns from battle. But seeing Jehonadab, an acquaintance, by the wayside, he shouts "Whoa! whoa!" to the lathered span. Then, leaning over to Jehonadab, Jehu salutes him in the words of the text—words not more appropriate for that hour and that place than for this hour and place.

Is thine heart right? I should like to hear of your physical health. Well myself, I like to have everybody else well; and so might ask: Is your eyesight right, your hearing right, your nerves right, your lungs right, your entire body right? But I am busy to-day taking diagnosis of the more important spiritual conditions.

I should like to hear of your financial welfare. I want everybody to have plenty of money, ample apparel, large storehouse, and comfortable residence. And I might ask: Is your business right, your income right, your worldly surroundings right? But what are these financial questions compared with the inquiry as to whether you have been able to pay your debts to God; as to whether you are running yourself by the long-credit system of the soul? I have known men to have no more than one loaf of bread at a time, and yet to own a government bond of Heaven worth more than the whole material universe.

The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your integrity, or you chastity, or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the bell; but coming up the steps I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul; and with the earnestness of a man that must give an account for his day's work, I cry out, O man, O woman immortal: Is thine heart right?

I will not insult you by an argument to prove that we are by nature all wrong. If there be a factory explosion and the smoke-stack be upset, and the wheels be broken in two, and the engine unjointed, and the ponderous bars be twisted, and a man should look in and say that nothing was the matter, you would pronounce him a fool. Well, it needs no acumen to discover that our nature is all atwist and askew and unjointed. The thing doesn't work right. The biggest trouble we have in the world is with our souls.

Men sometimes say that though their lives may not be just right, their heart is all right. Impossible! A farmer never puts the poorest apples on top of his barrel; nor does the merchant place the meanest goods in the show-window. The best part of us is our outward life. I do not stop to discuss whether we all fell in Adam, for we have been our own Adam, and have all eaten of the forbidden fruit, and have been turned out of the paradise of holiness and peace; and though the flaming sword that stood at the gate to keep us out has changed position and comes behind to drive us in, we will not go.

The Bible account of us is not exaggerated when it says that we are poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked. Poor: the wretch that stands shivering on our doorstep on a cold day is not so much in need of bread as we are of spiritual help. Blind: why, the man whose eyes perished in the powder blast, and who for these ten years has gone feeling his way from street to street, is not in such utter darkness as we. Naked: why, there is not one rag of holiness left to hide the shame of our sin. Sick: why, the leprosy has eaten into the head and the heart and the hands and the feet, and the marasmus of an everlasting wasting away has already seized on some of us.

But the meanest thing for a man to do is to discourse about an evil without pointing a way to have it remedied. I speak of the thirst of your hot tongue only that I may show you the living stream that drops crystalline and sparkling from the Rock of Ages, and pours a river of gladness at your feet. If I show you the rents in your coat, it is only because the door of God's wardrobe now swings open, and here is a robe, white with the fleece of the Lamb of God, and of a cut and make that an angel would not be ashamed to wear. If I snatch from you the black, moldy bread that you are munching, it is only to give you the bread made out of the finest wheat that grows on the celestial hills, and baked in the fires of the cross, and one crumb of which would be enough to make all Heaven a banquet. Hear it, one and all, and tell it to your friends when you go home, that the Lord Jesus Christ can make the heart right.

First we need a repenting heart. If for the last ten, twenty, or forty years of life we have been going on the wrong way, it is time that we turned around and started in the opposite direction. If we offend our friends we are glad to apologize. God is our best friend, and yet how many of us have never apologized for the wrongs we have done Him!

There is nothing that we so much need to get rid of as sin. It is a horrible black monster. It polluted Eden. It killed Christ. It has blasted the world. Men keep dogs in kennels, and rabbits in a warren, and cattle in a pen. What a man that would be who would shut them up in his parlor. But this foul dog of sin, and these herds of transgression, we have entertained for many a long year in our heart, which should be the cleanest, brightest room in all our nature. Out with the vile herd! Begone, ye befoulers of an immortal nature! Turn out the beasts and let Christ come in!

A heathen came to an early Christian who had the reputation of curing diseases. The Christian said: "You must have all your idols destroyed." The heathen gave to the Christian the key to his house, that he might go in and destroy the idols. He battered to pieces all he saw, but still the man did not get well. The Christain said to him: "There must be some idol in your house not yet destroyed." The heathen confessed that there was one idol of beaten gold that he could not bear to give up. After a while, when that was destroyed, in answer to the prayer of the Christian the sick man got well.

Many a man has awakened in his dying hour to find his sins all about him. They clambered up on the right side of the bed, and on the left side, and over the headboard, and over the footboard, and horribly devoured the soul.

Repent! the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the man late dies,
And meets a fiery day.

Again, we need a believing heart. A good many years ago a weary one went up one of the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs on His back cried out to all the world, offering to carry their sins and sorrows. They pursued Him. They slapped Him in the face. They mocked Him. When He groaned they groaned. They shook their fists at Him. They spit on Him. They hounded Him as though He were a wild beast. His healing of the sick, His sight giving to the blind, His mercy to the outcast silenced not the revenge of the world. His prayers and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execration, Away with Him! Away with Him!

Ah! it was not merely the two pieces of wood that He carried; it was the transgressions of the race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stupendous interests of an unending eternity. No wonder His back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. No wonder that He crouched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding sheets as He cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort.

There He hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the palm? It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling rioters, may not your sins and mine have perished? I believe it.

Oh, the ransom has been paid. Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide that when he brought them together again they might embrace the world. Oh that I might, out of the blossoms of the spring, or the flaming foliage of the autumn, make one wreath for my Lord! Oh, that all the triumphal arches of the world could be swung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come in! Oh, that all the harps and trumpets and organs of earthly music might, in one anthem, speak His praise!

But what were earthly flowers to Him who walketh amid the snow of the white lilies of Heaven! What were arches of earthly masonry to Him who hath about His throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine! What were all earthly music to Him when the hundred and forty and four thousand on one side, and the cherubim, and seraphim, and archangels stand on the other side, and all the space between is filled with the doxologies of eternal jubilee!—the hosanna of a redeemed earth, the hallelujah of unfallen angels, song after song rising about the throne of God and of the Lamb. In that pure, high place, let Him hear us. Stop! harps of Heaven, that our poor cry may be heard.

Oh, my Lord Jesus, it will not hurt Thee for one hour to step out from the shining throng. They will make it all up when Thou goest back again. Come hither, O Blessed One, that we may kiss Thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now surrender into Thy keeping. When Thou goest back, tell it to all the immortals that the lost are found, and let Thy Father's house ring with the music and the dance.

They have some old wine in Heaven, not used except in rare festivities. In this world those who are accustomed to use wine on great occasions bring out the beverage and say, "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of Heaven is more than eighteen centuries old. It was prepared at the time when Christ trod the wine-press alone. When such grievous sinners as we come back, methinks the chamberlain of Heaven cries out to the servants, "This is unusual joy! Bring up from the vaults of Heaven that old wine. Fill all the tankards. Let all the white-robed guests drink to the immortal health of those new-born sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." There is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; and God grant that that one may be you!

Again, a right heart is an expectant heart. It is a poor business to be building castles in the air. Enjoy what you have now. Don't spoil your comfort in the small house because you expect a larger one. Don't fret about your income when it is $3 or $4 per day, because you expect to have after a while $10 per day, or $10,000 a year, because you expect it to be $20,000 a year. But about heavenly things, the more we think the better. Those castles are not in the air, but on the hills, and we have a deed of them in our possession. I like to see a man all full of Heaven. He talks Heaven. He sings Heaven. He prays Heaven. He dreams Heaven. Some of us in our sleep have had the good place open to us. We saw the pinnacles in the sky. We heard the click of the hoofs of the white horses on which visitors rode, and the clapping of the cymbals of eternal triumph. And while in our sleep we were glad that all our sorrows were over, and burdens done with, the throne of God grew whiter, whiter, and whiter, till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of the earthly morning shining on our pillow. To have a right heart you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoyances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands, or did stand, a statue of the good, but broken-hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could be smitten into such tenderness. It seems not lifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be disentabernacled, the soul of the empress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The puff of the dress on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figure at the bottom of the robe, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of lily and leaf and rose in the hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautiful, but yet sad—attest the genius of the sculptor and the beauty of the heroine he celebrates. Looking up through the rifts of the coronet that encircles her brow, I could see the sky beyond, the great Heavens where all women's wrongs shall be righted, and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to all the ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals. The children of God, whether they suffer on earth, in palaces or in hovels, shall come to that glorious rest. Oh, Heaven, sweet Heaven! at thy gate we set down all our burdens and griefs. The place will be full. Here there are vacant chairs at the hearth, and at the table, but there are no vacant chairs in Heaven. The crowns all worn; the thrones all mounted.

Some talk of Heaven as though it were a handsome church, where a few favored spirits would come in and sit down on finely-cushioned seats all by themselves and sing psalms to all eternity. O, no. "I saw a great multitude that no man could number standing before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city and it was 12,000 furlongs"—that is, 1,500 miles in circumference. Ah! Heaven is not a little colony at one corner of God's dominion where a man's entrance depends upon what kind of clothes he has on his back and how much money he has in his purse, but a vast empire. God grant that the light of that blessed world may shine upon us in our last moment.

The roughest time we had in crossing the ocean was at the mouth of Liverpool harbor. We arrived at nightfall and were oblized to lie there till the morning waiting for the rising of the tide before we could go up to the city. How the vessel pitched and writhed in the water! Sometimes the last illness of the Christian is a struggle. He is almost through the voyage. The waves of temptation toss his soul, but he waits for the morning. At last the light dawns and the tides of joy arise in his soul and he sails up and casts anchor within the veil.

Is thy heart right? What question can compare with this in importance?

It is a business question. Do you not realize that you will soon have to go out of that store; that you will soon have to resign that partnership; that soon among all the millions of dollars' worth of goods that are sold in New York you will not have the handling of a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a pennyworth of anything; that soon if a conflagration should start at Central Park and sweep everything to the Battery, it would not disturb you; that soon, if every cashier should abscond, and every insurance company should fail, it would not affect you? What are the questions that stop this side the grave compared with the questions that reach beyond it? Are you making losses that are to be everlasting? Are you making purchases for eternity? Are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? What question of the store is so broad at the base and so altitudinous and so overwhelming as the question, "Is thy heart right?"

Or is it a domestic question? Is it something about father, mother, or companion, or son, or daughter, that you think is comparable with this question in importance? Do you not realize that by universal and inexorable law all these regulations will be broken up? Your father will be gone, your mother will be gone, your companion will be gone, your child will be gone, you will be gone; then this supernal question will begin to harvest its chief gains, or deplore its worst losses, roll up into its mightiest magnitude, or sweep its vast circles. What difference now does it make to Napoleon III. whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan? whether he lived at the Tuileries or at Chiselhurst? whether he was Emperor or exile? They laid him out in his coffin in the dress of a field marshal. Did that give him any better chance for the next world than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? And soon to us what will be the difference whether in this world we rode or walked, were bowed to or maltreated, were applauded or hissed at, were welcomed in or kicked out, while laying hold every moment of the great future and burning in all the splendor of grief and overarching and undergoing all time and all eternity is the plain, simple, practical, thrilling, agonizing, overwhelming question, "Is thy heart right?" Have you within you a repenting heart, an expectant heart? If not I must write upon your soul what George Whitefield wrote upon the window pane with his diamond ring. He tarried in an elegant house over night, but found that there was no God recognized in that house. Before he left his room in the morning with his ring he wrote upon the window pane, "One thing thou lackest." After the guest was gone the housewife came up and looked at the window and saw the inscription and called her husband and her children, and God, through that ministry of the window glass, brought them all to Jesus. Though you may to-day be surrounded by comforts and luxuries, and feel you have need of nothing, if you are not the children of God, with the signet ring of Christ's love, let me inscribe upon your souls, "One thing thou lackest." I pray you that, whatever else you may miss, you may not miss Heaven. It is too bright a home to lose. Your soul has been bought at too dear a price. I preach to you of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. Casting all your sins behind you, I beg of you to start this morning for the kingdom. "Yes," you say, "I will start, but not now." William III. made proclamation, when there was a revolution in the north of Scotland, that all who came and took the oath of allegiance by the 31st of December should be pardoned. Maclan, a chieftain of a prominent class, resolved to return with the rest of the rebels, but had some pride in being the very last one that should take the oath. He postponed starting for this purpose until two days before the expiration of the term. A snow storm impeded his way, and before he got up to take the oath and receive a pardon from the throne the time was up and past. While the others were set free, Maclan was miserably put to death. He started too late and arrived too late. In like manner some of you are in prospect of losing forever the amnesty of the Gospel. Many of you are going to be forever too late. Remember the irreparable mistake of Maclan!

Benedict Arnold.

Benedict Arnold was a native of Connecticut, where he was born in Norwich, January 3, 1740. He joined the patriots soon after the Revolution broke out and was commissioned a Colonel in the service of Massachusetts. In 1775 he led a force of about 1,000 men through the northern forest, with the intention of capturing Quebec. Gen Montgomery's forces were joined by Arnold at the St. Lawrence, and the attack made, but it failed. Montgomery met his death there and Arnold was seriously wounded. Arnold became a Brigadier General, and in 1776 was noted for the skill and courage displayed in a naval battle on Lake Champlain. Some writers suggest that Arnold was disappointed after this because he was not made one of the first Major Generals; he became one in 1777. He was in the battle of Bemis Heights, and afer that he quarreled with Gen. Gates. He was a volunteer at the fight at Stillwater, without a command, and was distinguished for his daring. He was again wounded, and was forced to retire for several months. He commanded in Philadelphia in 1778, and, living extravagantly there, contracted debts. In 1779 he married the daughter of Shippen, afterward Chief Justice of the State. Charges were made against him, and he was sentenced by court-martial to be reprimanded by the Commander-in-chief. Washington was very mild in his reproof. Arnold was very much chagrined. In August, 1780, he requested and was given command at West Point, then the most important fortress of the young republic, and this he offered to surrender to Sir Henry Clinton. The capture of Andre disclosed the plot of the traitor, and prostrated it. Arnold escaped to a war vessel of the British. He at once entered the British service, and commanded an expedition against Virginia. Near the conclusion of the war he went to England, where he met with no special marks of favor. He died in London in 1801, poor and despised, where he was buried.—*Toledo Blade.*

MONEY gets tight so often that it will have a bad reputation for sobriety before long.—*Sioux City Journal.*

YOU should never tease blackbirds. They are apt to get raven mad.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

[illegible]'s pills, like the marriage contract, are better or worse.

GEORGIA'S FAMED ORATOR.

Henry W. Grady Speaks with Mighty Power for Prohibition.

The Law Has Worked Unpeakable Good in Atlanta, Therefore Continue It.

With the Saloons Removed the Improvident Have Become Provident.

The Eloquent Testimony of Former Enemies of Prohibition.

The Great Increase of Poll Taxes and Proportionate Decrease of Crime.

Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, made a thrilling address at a recent Prohibition meeting in Atlanta.

He said he was not originally a Prohibitionist, but a High License man, and that he did not wish to discuss the general principle of Prohibition, or, indeed, to commit himself to it. He had consented to speak about Prohibition only as a present matter affecting Atlanta's welfare. He based his appeal for another two years' trial of Prohibition upon two propositions: First, Prohibition has not had a full and fair trial; second, the trial, imperfect as it has been, is a demonstrable success. He said:

In insisting that Prohibition has not had a fair trial, I do not mean to beg the second proposition I laid down, namely, that it has been a demonstrable success. Is there a man here to-night who has not the fairness and the unprejudiced mind that will lead him to give an important question a full trial—is there a man who will abandon this experiment when it can be shown that working even imperfectly it has worked unspeakable good?

I commit myself to that word with perfect fearlessness. I say "unspeakable" good. If I talk until my tongue loses its power of articulation, I could not give you one-half of the instances of good that have been put in my hands by kind friends this evening. I will hastily class a few, none of which will fail to prove significant.

When you go to get the effect of a new movement for good or evil, where do you go? Not to the rich and idle, because you may swell or diminish their income and yet not change their habits; you simply diminish the hidden surplus. Not to the middle class, because when you diminish their income they simply pinch themselves, and pinch so quietly that their neighbors do not know it, or swell their incomes and they loosen out a little and pass something up to surplus. You cannot tell it there; but go to the poorer classes—the men who labor for their daily bread, and whose wages barely suffice to give it to them; and there you find the first signs of a good or evil movement. It is at once the truth and reproach of our civilization, that starvation follows so close on labor that an evil movement is detected in the hollow cheeks of little children and the haggard faces of women before it is made manifest to the higher classes.

Mr. George Adair rents houses to 1,300 tenants. He states that he has issued in the last year one distress warrant where he issued twenty two years ago. [Applause.] I claim to be an intelligent man with some courage of conviction; but I pledge you my word, if that fact were established to my satisfaction, I would vote for this thing if I never heard another word on this subject. Have you thought what that means—a distress warrant? It means eviction; it means the very thing that is to-day kindling the heart of this world for poor Ireland. It means turning woman and her little children out of the home that covers them, and to which they are entitled. I was astonished at Col. Adair's statement. Mr. Tally, who rents 600 or 800 houses, says: "I used to issue two or three distress warrants—four or five—a month. I have not issued one in eighteen months." Applause. Now, both of them are Prohibitionists. Let me try you with Harry Krouse. He was an anti-Prohibitionist. He said: "My distress warrants averaged thirty-six to the year, and I have not issued one in twelve months." I said: "Then, my friend, I don't carry your conscience, but how can you be an anti-Prohibitionist?"

"I ain't. My knowledge of the thing, day by day, among people I used to pester and evict has changed my convictions, and I am a red-hot Prohibitionist."

I went down to Mr Scott, who did not vote for prohibition, and asked him. He said: "I have issued as many as twenty-five distress warrants in a month, and I have issued six in the last eighteen months, and five were to get people out of houses because they were obnoxious to the neighbors. I have issued one single distress warrant for failure to pay rent."

I said, "You didn't vote for prohibition."

He said, "I did not believe it was practicable."

I asked, "What do you think now?"

He said, "I am going to work and vote for prohibition." [Applause.]

Mr. Roberts was a Prohibitionist. He is a square man and an intelligent man, and is running for Council, which is a good sign. [Laughter and applause.] He says: "My testimony is the same. I formerly issued two or three distress warrants every month, and I have not issued one in twelve months."

Gentlemen—and ladies [laughter], especially ladies: Is there any possible answer to that? Is there any industrial, any social, any economic revolution that has been worked since this world began that would account for the diminution in this most vicious and intolerable of legal enactments? Have you thought about what a distress warrant is?

Have you ever thought about a woman being turned out of her house—the little cottage that covers her and her children? Can you picture—you who live in comfortable homes filled with light and warmth and books and joy—can you think of these people—human beings, our brothers and sisters—the poor mother, brave though her heart is breaking, huddling her little children about her—and the father, weak but loving, and loving all the deeper because he knows his weakness has brought them to this want and degradation—and little children, those of whom our Savior said: "Suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not," there asking, "Mamma, where will we sleep to-night?"—can you picture that and then their taking themselves up and the woman putting her hand with undying love and faith in the hand of the man she swore to follow through good and evil report, and marching up and down the streets—this pitiable procession—through the unthinking streets, by laughing children and shining windows, looking for a hole where, like the foxes, they may hide their poor heads?

My friends, they talk to you about personal liberty, that a man should have the right to go into a grog-shop and see this pitiable procession—now stopped—parading up and down our streets again. They talk to you about the shades of Washington, Monroe and Jefferson. I would not give one happy, rosy little woman, uplifted from that degradation—happy again in her home, with the cricket chirping on her hearthstone and her children about her knee, her husband redeemed from drink at her side—I would not give one of them for all the shades of all the men that ever contended since Cataline conspired and Cæsar fought!

[At the end of this sentence there was tremendous cheering. Men and women waved their handkerchiefs, some of them standing up.]

All of it means simply this, that where Mr. Adair, renting to all sorts of people, issued 20 distress warrants a year ago, he issues 1 now; it means that out of every 20 families evicted two years ago there are 19 happy families in their homes to-night. [Applause.] And yet we are told we must vote to restore the old order, because it has reduced Governor Brown's rental column $5,000 a year! [Applause.]

At the end of this sentence the scene was almost indescribable. Thousands of handkerchiefs waved as before, men held up their hats on walking sticks and whirled them in the air. The cheering was almost deafening.

My friends, I don't believe that statement, to begin with. I do not believe his rent income is fairly and permanently diminished $5,000 a year; and if it is, he is my friend, and I congratulate both him and myself on the fact that he is able to stand it. I say this in no spirit of sarcasm or criticism, but I do say, if there is a law, if there is a governmental theory, if there is, may it please you, an untried experiment that will shelter one honest woman and two unconscious children in their homes, it is our duty to vote that law and this Government's duty to enforce it, though it should cut it down $2,000. [Tremendous applause.] And the reason for that is not based in communism, but in humanity. If the Government owes any duty to the individual, it is that every man, woman and child that leads an honest life is entitled to food and shelter; and if there is a difference to be found between diminishing the luxury of the rich, or protecting the poor in their birthright, it is manliness, and humanity, and good government, to let the rich suffer. [Applause.]

Now, I have talked to you about the rent, about the house that a man and his wife live in; I have shown you, not by my own assertion, but by the statements of the only experts in the city—the real-estate men, who for years have handled from 3,000 to 4,000 houses—I have shown you, I say, that where twenty suffered before, nineteen are protected under "prohibition that don't prohibit." What would we have with prohibition that did prohibit?

Let me go one step farther. When you talk first about a house that a man lives in, you get right at him. I have finished with that.

The next step is to get our employers and ask their testimony. I went to Mr. Boyd, of Van Winkle & Co., and he said: "Where I formerly had ten or fifteen garnishments at a time to answer, I now have none."

The garnishment, next to the distress warrant, is the most iniquitous form of debt collection. It means that the law lays its hand on a man's wages and holds them in its grasp, though his little children may clamber about his knees and cry for bread. Now, where there were twenty necessary then, there is one now.

Mr. Boyd is a Prohibitionist; let me give you Grant Wilkins. He is a man of profound convictions. You can cut him up into postage stamps and he would not deny a thing he thought was right. He said he was one of the most violent, if that word may be used, of the anti-Prohibitionists. He said: "I have told them I was not going to attend their 'Anti' meetings, that I did not intend to have anything to do with it this time. I came to that conclusion simply because I work 220 men, and I see what Prohibition has done for them, and I believe my duty requires I should let it alone. My foreman goes to their homes and sees them: they live better, their homes are better, they have shoes where they were shoeless, and they have plenty to eat where they formerly barely lived. I have had thirty garnishments at once in my shop, and I have been running seven months, and I have not answered one single garnishment."

That is the first time in a long and pleasant friendship that I have known Grant to acknowledge he was wrong. I could absolutely weary you with testimony like that. [Cries of "Go on!"]

There is a man—I cannot give his name—Col. Maddox knows him. He is a member of the Anti-Prohibition Committee; he is one of the largest manufacturers in this city, and, as a rule, his associates are against Prohibition. He went into Col. Maddox's office, and Col. Maddox slapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Hello, Anti!"

"No, sir; not much."

"You are printed that way," said Col. Maddox.

"It's wrong," he said.

What changed him? The marked and undoubted improvement in the working people. He said:

"My wife and I rode out on Decatur street the other day. I looked at the street and the improved condition down there, and said, 'My dear, I am a Prohibitionist from this time forward.'" He was converted against his convictions.

[Mr. Grady turned and caught sight of Judge Hillyer, whose face was beaming, and having occasion to ask the Judge a question, said: "By the way, doesn't the Judge look happy to-night?" Whereat the audience cheered heartily, and the Judge laughed and looked happier than before.]

Mr. Riordan was an Anti-Prohibitionist in the last race. He came into Col. Maddox's office—by the way, Col. Maddox's office seems to be a sort of a place for them to come. Mr. Riordan says: "I was an Anti-Prohibitionist on principle"—a personal liberty man, I suppose—"but I work from sixty to a hundred men, and I have seen a change that as an honest man I dare not disregard, and I am for prohibition."

Ladies and gentlemen, how can you answer such as that? I am not a profound lawyer. I don't know how much personal liberty I have got. Sometimes I wish I had more [looking with a smile at Mrs. Grady, who sat in the audience]. That is purely a personal matter to which we need not allude further. I don't want any profound knowledge of law that clouds my brain and judgment when such facts appeal to me!

Col. Maddox himself did not vote in the last election until the last moment. He believed prohibition was impracticable and visionary. He might have had the personal liberty touch. He was not going to vote, and his wife said—and the wife is nearly always the best half of the two, and is in this case—his wife said: "My dear, you vote to-day; we have a boy." He voted under protest, but he did not believe in it—it was new-fangled. Six months afterwards he was sorry he voted for it; looked like the town had gone to ruin. But to-day he is a wise and intelligent man, and he has looked about him and heard what people say, and seen the town prosper and thrill with a growth grander than she ever felt before, and he is a dyed-in-the-wool Prohibitionist.

Mr. Rucker was the same way, and is ready to work night and day for prohibition.

Do you know J. C. Allen? Those who do not are behind. He was an anti-Prohibitionist. He was so strong an anti-Prohibitionist that he would not let his brother-in-law—not his mother-in-law—talk to him on the subject. He was rabid. He did not want to discuss it. He had a little dry goods store next to a saloon. Prohibition was voted in, and he has prospered since in spite of himself, which reminds me of a distinguished Frenchman who was kicked up-stairs. The saloon was vacated, owing to circumstances over which the owner had no control. It did not look well vacant, and Mr. Allen rented it; and where the old red eye used to stand he put calico, and to-day he is doing a splendid business, and people who used to go there to buy their body's failing and their soul's damnation, go there to buy ribbons and dresses for their wives and little ones, as good men ought to do. "Seeing all this," I said, "how can you be an anti?" and he says, "I ain't; I have changed, and I am as dry as a powder-horn."

On Decatur street there were twenty-three bar-rooms where there are now four wine-rooms in what you might call the last extremities. All except one are occupied by grocers, dry goods stores, boot and shoe shops, or by some sort of business that builds up a man in place of a traffic that tears him down. Where is the paralysis of business? Four saloons and nineteen stores doing business in place of twenty-three bar-rooms.

I have told you in getting evidence of improvement or deterioration in a city that you must go to the working classes. Especially is this true of Atlanta, because this is the third city in the United States in the proportion of workers to population. Lawrence, Mass., leads with 51 per cent. of her population wage-earners, Lowell follows with 48 per cent., and Atlanta and Fall River tie for third place with 47 per cent.

Now here is a class of people representing in the workers of our number 47 per cent. of the entire population. Add the women and children who do not work, and we see this class represents 66 or 70 per cent. of our population. If I have shown that this class is benefited in an unspeakable manner by the untried experiment of Prohibition, is it not our duty to continue this experiment, that the greatest good may come to the greatest number?

There is just one thing further. What harm has it done? If it has done harm, let us see what. They said we were going to be ruined, that bats and owls would fly in and out, and the real-estate men have the renting of nine out of ten houses that were rented. They testify without a break, absolutely without a break, that they have fewer houses on their lists than they have ever had since they have been in business. Two of them have advertised in the last few days for 100 houses, and to-day Mr. Tully told me that he actually left his office because he was bored by people who wanted to get somewhere to live in this town.

Mr. Scott told me that he could put tenants in 500 houses in thirty days from to-morrow. They tell us we have lost in population. There are just as many houses in Atlanta to-day and more, and they are all full. Well, if the population has decreased, who fills them? Perhaps they are occupied by shades of Lincoln and Jefferson and Monroe!

There are 800 more children in attendance at the schools this year than last. How do you account for that? [Laughter.] It has been two years since prohibition was adopted, and there are 800 more children in the schools. That means one of two things, and you can take either horn of the dilemma: either there are more people here, or there are more people able to send to school.

Take the fact of owning houses. Artemus Ward says, "A man may die for his home, but who ever heard of a man dying for his boarding-house." I say to you here, it's the poor man's home, and the poor man's home alone that has stood time and again between Jay Gould and Vanderbilt and the enraged mob of American workingmen. It is the conservatism of the home-owning wage-worker that has kept socialism out of the admirable labor organizations. In the last two years there have been 68 citizens who have become home-owners, against 150 in the two years previous—citizens owning no man and owning no man as master, wearing the collar of no faction, free-born American citizens, not quibbling about personal liberty, but standing with wife and little ones, honest and independent, above penury and degradation! [Applause.]

My friend, Mr. Hooper Alexander, whom I once, at the polls, irreverently called Hoopee, has sent me a note, in which he says:

"I see you are on statistics. If it is worth noticing I can add a few. I examined the City Court Criminal docket this afternoon, and it shows a marked and steady increase in misdemeanors from 1885 to 1887, a falling off of 20 per cent. in 1886; the record of 1887 shows 313 indictments, against 7 in 1885 and 440 in 1886."

Mark that! An increase to 1886, and in 1886 there was a decrease from 675 cases to 440. That was with the experiment only half tried. The present docket extends from 1881 to 1887. Crime in 1887 less than half that of '85, and less than any year of the docket. There was scarcely a case of vagrancy for a year past.

I assume to keep no man's conscience; I assume to judge for no man; I do not assume that I am better than any man, but that I am weaker. But I say this to you: I have a boy as dear to me as the ruddy drops that gather about this heart. I find my hopes already centering in his little body, and I look to him to-night to take to himself the work that, strive as I may, must fall unfinished at last from my hands. Now, I know they say it is proper to educate a boy at home; that if he is taught right at home he will not go wrong. That is a lie to begin with, but that don't matter. I have seen sons of as good people as ever lived turn out badly. I accept my responsibility as a father. The boy may fall from the right path as things now exist. If he does, I shall bear that sorrow with such resignation as I may; but I tell you, if I were to vote to recall barrooms to this city, when I know that it has prospered in their absence, and that boy should fall through their agency, I tell you—and this conviction has come to me in the still watches of the night—I could not, wearing the crowning sorrow of his disgrace and looking into the eyes of her whose heart he had broken—I could not, if I had voted to recall these barrooms, find answer for my conscience or support for my remorse. [Applause.] I don't know how any other father feels, but that is the way I feel, if God permits me to utter the truth.

[Then, looking over the vast audience, stilled to hear the voice of the speaker, Mr Grady said with great earnestness and eloquence:]

The best reforms of this earth come through waste, and storm, and doubt, and suspicion; the sun itself when it rises on each day wastes the radiance of the moon and blots the starlight from the skies, but only to unlock the earth from the clasp of night and plant the stars anew in the opening flowers. Behind that sun, as behind this movement, we may be sure there stands the Lord God Almighty, master and maker of this universe, from whose hand the spheres are rolled to their orbits, and whose voice has been the harmony of this world since the morning stars sang together. [Tremendous, loud and long-continued applause.]

HELPS TO HEALTH.

Opening of the Fort Wayne Medical and Surgical Sanitarium.

[Fort Wayne Gazette, Dec. 1, 1887.]

Yesterday Dr. G. W. McCaskey opened to the public the Fort Wayne Medical and Surgical Sanitarium, at 24 West Berry street. Several thousand dollars have been expended in fitting the place to be the paradise for invalids it now is, and the public will experience a grateful surprise upon its inspection, and the sick will be glad to know that at this invalids' home can be found the rest, the medical attention and the appliances for special treatment of diseases that only the best sanitariums afford.

The entrance is at 24 West Berry street, but enough rooms of the adjoining building are used to provide excellent accommodations for nearly twenty-five patients. These rooms are furnished with much taste and an elegance that is expected at hotels of the first-class.

On the east side of the principal building the rooms which were formerly used by the Park House as office, dining-room and kitchen have been converted into bath-rooms. Mr. M. F. Teague, of Indianapolis, manages this department and is assisted by polite and skillful persons, who furnish the visitors electric baths, Turkish baths, hot air baths, vapor baths, medicated baths, or such other treatment of this character as their condition may require. The massage treatment is here made a specialty.

Patients will be furnished with a dietary specially adapted to each case, and those requiring operations will be furnished well lighted and well ventilated apartments, kept with a scrupulous regard to the teachings of antiseptic surgery.

Queer Antipathies.

It seems absolutely incredible that Peter the Great, the father of the Russian navy, should shudder at the sight of water, whether running or still, yet so it was, especially when alone. His palace gardens, beautiful as they were, he never entered, because the river Mosera flowed through them. His coachman had orders to avoid all roads which led past streams, and if compelled to cross a brook or bridge, the great Emperor would sit with closed windows, in a cold perspiration. Another monarch, James I., the English Solomon, as he liked to be called, had many antipathies, chiefly tobacco, ling, and pork. He never overcame his inability to look with composure at a drawn sword; and it is said that on one occasion, when giving the *accolade*, the King turned his face aside, nearly wounding the new-made knight. Henry III., of France, had so great a dislike to cats that he fainted at the sight of one. We suppose that in this case the cat had to waive its proverbial prerogative and could *not* look at a king. This will seem as absurd as extraordinary to lady lovers of that much-petted animal, but what are we to say of the Countess of Lamballe, of unhappy history, to whom a violet was a thing of horror! Even this is not without its precedent, for it is on record that Vincent, the painter, was seized with vertigo and swooned at the smell of roses. Scaliger states that one of his relations was made ill at the sight of a lily, and he himself would turn pale at the sight of watercresses and could never drink milk.

Charles Kingsley, naturalist as he was to the core, had a great horror of spiders; and in "Glaucus," after saying that every one seems to have his antipathic animal, continues: "I know one (himself) bred from childhood to zoology by land and sea, and bold in asserting and honest in feeling that all without exception is beautiful, who yet cannot, after handling and petting and examining, all the day long, every uncouth and venomous beast, avoid a paroxysm of horror at the sight of the common house-spider."

A Talented Family.

The McSpilkins family is one of the most fashionable in Austin. The old man, however, is not as nice as he ought to be, but the rest of the family are highly accomplished. Somebody was speaking of them the other day, and he remarked how they all played on some instrument.

"What does the old lady play?" asked a bystander.

"She plays on the piano."

"And the youngest daughter?"

"She plays on the harp."

"And the next daughter?"

"She is very proficient on the guitar."

"And the boy?"

"He plays on the fiddle."

"Well, does the old man play?"

"You bet he does. He plays the starvingest game of draw poker in Travis County.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHEN does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it? When he folds it.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. jan24

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CATARRH SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE
We mail enough to convince. B. S. LAUDERBACH & CO., 773 Broad st., Newark, N. J.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. Send for circular.

LADY and GENTLEMEN AGENTS WANTED in every city and town. A great opportunity. Agreeable work. Address, THE WOMAN PUBLISHING CO., 122 Nassau St., New York,

$25 A WEEK and upwards positively secured men agents selling *Dr. Scott's Genuine Electric Belt, Suspensory* and other appliances. Sample free. These are the only original and genuine. No humbug. Address DR. SCOTT, 844 Broadway. N. Y.

LADIES ARE OFFERED plain needlework at their own homes (town or country) by a by a wholesale house. Profitable. genuine. Good pay can be made, Everything furnished. Particulars free. Address, Artistic Needlework Co., 135 8th st., N. Y. City.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.
The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. Hiscox & Co.,

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.
Wholly unlike artificial systems. Any book learned in one reading.
Recommended by Mark Twain, Richard Proctor, the Scientists, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Minor, &c. Class of 100 Columbia law students; two classes of 200 each at Yale; 400 at University at Penn. Phila. and 400 at Wellesley College, &c., and engaged at Chautauqua University. Prospectus post free from
PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth ave., New York.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT
FOR
IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.
N. B.—Genuine only with facsimile of Baron Liebig's signature in blue across label.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS. The cabinet organ was introduced in its present form by Mason & Hamlin in 1861. Other makers followed in the manufacture of these instruments, but the Mason & Hamlin Organs have always maintained their supremacy as the best in the world. Mason & Hamlin offer, as demouftration of the unequalled excellence of their organs, the fact that all of the great World's Exhibitions, since that of Paris, 1867, in competition of the best makers of all countries, they have invariably taken the highest honors. Illustrated catalogues free.

PIANOS. Mason & Hamlin's Piano Stringer was introduced by them in 1882, and has been pronounced by experts the "greatest improvement in pianos in half a century."
A circular, containing testimonials from 300 purchasers, musicians and tuners, sent, together with descriptive catalogue, to any applicant.
Pianos and organs sold for cash or easy payments; also rented.
MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO.
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.
Letter From the Assistant Foreman of the Delivery Department—A Subject in Which Thousands are Deeply Interested,
About five years ago I suffered from pain, ful urination and great pain and weakness in the lower part of my back, pain in the limbs, bad taste in the mouth, disgust at food, and great mental and bodily depression.
I live at 241 York street, Jersey City, and on arriving home one night I found a copy of the Shaker Almanac that had been left during the day. I read the article, "What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?" It described my symptoms and feeling better than I could if I had written a whole book. My trouble was indeed "like a thief in the night," for it had been stealing upon me unawares for years. I sent for a bottle of Shaker Extract of Roots, or Seigel's Syrup, and before I had taken one-half of it I felt the welcome relief. In a few weeks I was like my old self. I enjoyed and digested my food. My kidneys soon recovered tone and strength, and the urinary troubled vanished. I was well.
Millions of people need some medicine simply to act on the bowels. To them I commend Shaker Extract in the strongest possible terms. It is the gentlest, pleasantest. safest and surest purgative in this world. The most delicate women and children may take it. One point more; I have all the more confidence in this medicine because it is prepared by the Shakers. I may claim to be a religious man myself and I admire the Shakers for their zeal, consistency and strict business integrity. What they make may be trusted by the public.
W. H. HALL.
For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White, 45 Warren street, New York.

LOST Manhood, Youthful Imprudence, Nervous Debility cured by Botanic Nerve Bitters. 50 Cts. Herb Medicine Co., 15 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists.

Daily Sentinel

SUBSCRIPTION, per week..... 10c.

E. A. K. HACKETT. Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1887.

EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS of the third-mortgage bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad have been taken by a German syndicate in which the Rothschilds and the Deutsche Bank of Berlin are the principals.

CAPT. W. D. FITCH, of Williamsburg, S. C., has a pocket-knife which was found in the gizzard of a large turkey gobbler killed at his place. The knife is three and a half inches long and about the size of an ordinary knife. The handle is made of dark-colored horn, and trimmed with bright metal at each end, which no doubt caused the turkey to take it for some kind of an insect. The handle of the knife shows signs of having been wasted by digestion. The turkey was healthy and fat. Capt. Fitch's mother lost the knife. It is curious how such a large, hard instrument could be swallowed by a turkey, and how it could survive with it in its gizzard.

A CYLINDRICAL steel railroad car is being built in Boston for private use. At one end is a smoking-room, with toilet facilities adjoining; then there is to be a buffet, with a complete cooking outfit. A parlor with comfortable chairs and lounges and an upright piano occupies the center of the car. On one side of the car there will be two state-rooms, with all the improvements, including bath-room. At the other end of the car there will be an observation-room, with long windows each side of the outside door. The car is sixty-two feet long over all, and on each side there are eleven windows of unusually large size, each filled with a single pane of heavy glass. The cylindrical form of the car gives a very wide appearance to the interior, although it is really the same width as the Pullman cars.

IT is a curious fact that there is hardly a reigning monarch in Europe whose family is of the same nationality, pur sang, as the people governed. The house of Austria is really the house of Lorraine, and even in their origin the Hapsburgs were Swiss. And if the Emperor Francis Joseph be not, strictly speaking, an Austrian, still less is he a Hungarian, although he is King of Hungary. The King of the Belgians is a Saxe-Coburg; the King of Denmark is a Holsteiner; the infant monarch of Spain is a Bourbon; the King of Italy is a Savoyard; the King of Roumania and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria are both foreigners; the founder of the Bernadotte dynasty in Sweden was born in Pau less than a century and a quarter ago; the Czar is a Holstein Gottorp, and the King of the Hellenes is likewise a Holsteiner. Even in the English royal family there is very little English blood left. The Hohenzollerns were originally Suabians, and, therefore, partly Bavarian and partly Swiss. Neither was the historic house of Orange, in which patriotism has nearly always been the first instinct, Dutch to begin with.

Salt Rheum

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

RECORDER MCCORD, of the Probate Court, in Cincinnati, says that, as a rule, women are less selfish than men. He comes to this conclusion after reading 100 old wills, in which he found many cases where the husband made provision to cut off the widow's supplies in case she remarried, and in his whole experience he has read but one will of a married woman wherein any such stipulation was made respecting her husband.

The Babies Cry for It

And the old folks laugh when they find that the pleasant California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is more easily taken and more beneficial in its action than bitter, nauseous medicines. It strengthens the liver, kidneys, stomach, and bowels, while it arouses them to a healthy activity. For sale by Thieme & Gross.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving he child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
Jan. 19-eodawly.

REV. FATHER COOK.

He Treats the Labor Struggle from a Standpoint that Must Interest Every Citizen.

Possibly 500 people assembled at the Catholic Library hall, last evening, to listen to the first lecture in the course by the Rev. Father Cook, a distinguished missionary priest.

Prof. Fred Reineke's full orchestra rendered a delightful musical prelude and at the close of the last number, the lecturer stepped on the stage.

Seated with him on the rostrum were Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of this city; Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, of Nashville, Tenn.; Vicar General Joseph H. Brammer, Chancellor J. F. Lang, Rector J. H. Oechtering, of St. Mary's church; Rev. Father Koenig, of St. Paul's church: Rev. Father Deuhmig, of Avilla, Rev. Father O'Leary, Rev. Father Delaney, Rev. Father Becks, Rev. Father Messman, Rev. Father Muench and others.

The Very Rev. Father Brammer presented the lecturer, and slowly the learned evangelist explained why it was the province of a priest to speak on the subject of the evening, "Capital and Labor," because he was enlightened by the wisdom and experience of a church eighteen centuries old in dealing with the question on a plane of right and justice.

He pictured the uncertainty of fortune in the affairs of men and the evolution that transforms riches into poverty, and poverty into riches in a day. He acknowledged the chasm between capital and labor, the disposition to unload the yoke of toil and the spirit of distrust engendered by the existence of monopolies and the far reaching power and influence of the monied interests. The laborers, too, have marshaled themselves into a mighty host to battle with the encroachments of their fancied enemy and the skies convey the rumblings of discontent that makes the final contest fearful to contemplate.

For this reason he insisted it was time for the church to exert its soothing, guiding influence.

The speaker said the war between capital and labor was as old as the world and then he traced the ameliorating remedies of the ages, beginning with Plato, who first planted the seed of socialism, by declaring the people of Greece were all born on a plan of equality, but in the next breath the philosopher advised the death of cripples, the blind and old and young who were of no service to his republic. The property was equalized, but the nation tumbled under the Plato regime. The doctrine was later revived in France, but succumbed to the greed for wealth. Robert Owen introduced it in England and for twenty-three years his followers divided the fruits of their labors with each other.

England passed eighty-seven bills to coerce the labor of Ireland, but were as far from settlement to-day as ever and so ran the story of strife and its remedies.

He punctured the socialistic idea of equality, gave ludicrious illustrations of the Henry George theory of a common ownership of real estate and a division of its earnings, adding that while men were equal before just laws and their Creator, they differed in individual, mental and moral attributes. So long as this is true men will occupy different spheres in life and continue to make up a world of all sorts of people in all sorts of conditions and circumstances. He did not believe that education would solve the problem, but he did not support that idea with characteristic force, simply citing the fact that when Greece and Rome were at the zenith of their glory, there was more slavery and tyranny than the world has since known.

The Catholic church, he said, seeks to solve the strife and bestow on men a common brotherly interest. The rich were given riches to assist the poor, the intellectual were gifted to instruct the ignorant; the great were powerful to lift up the weak and needy, and between them the church decreed absolute honesty and justice. If the employer paid the employe but half what he earned, he was a thief; if the employe earned but half the wages paid by the employer, he, too, was a thief. He advised contentment, thrift and a sacred regard for individual rights and liberties and then, with God's grace in every home and his ministers spreading the gospel of truth and peace, he believed all good would follow.

He likened men to the blocks of a stately temple. Some supporting its walls, some adorning its cornices, some piercing the skies, and every one in its place. So with man. He will find his place in the temple of life according to his fitness and the graces nature bestowed on him.

THE AGED AND YOUNG

Bow to the King of Death and are Called to Their Eternal Home.

The following deaths have been reported to the city undertakers during the week:

Christian Gallmeier, 83 years, old age.

Mrs. Absolem Bayless, 30 years, typhoid fever.

Frank Feulner, 79 years, paralysis.

Erd Muthe Vogel, 77 years, paralysis and dropsy.

Jane Stirk, 76 years, old age.

A. Gallagher, 58 years, general debility.

Catharine Ossaforth, 41 years, cancer of stomach.

Pauline Sattler, 18 years, inflamatory rheumatism.

Matilda Gable, 39 years, cancer.

Mary Shuster, 8 years, spasms.

William Bence, 5 years, urenic poisoning.

John Swartz, 5 years, measles.

William Hildebrandt, 2 years, typhoid fever.

John Welch, 2 months, inflammation of the bowels.

Frank Treepe, 1 day, exhaustion.

Charles Miller, 1 day, exhaustion.

The Cashier of the German bank of Baltimore, August Weber, Esq., says:—Having used Salvation Oil for some time I find it a sure cure for headache, sprains, neuralgia, &c., and take great pleasure in recommending it.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts. *Caution.* The Genuine *Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup* is sold only in *white wrappers*, and bears our registered Trade-Marks to wit: *A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red-Strip Caution-Label*, and the fac-simile signatures of *John W. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co.*, Sole Prop's, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

SALVATION OIL,
"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain,"
Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Sores, Frostbites, Backache, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, &c. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 Cents a Bottle.

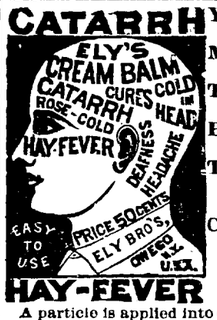
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"Sunset" Cox's latest and best. "The Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey." The best and fastest selling book since our "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant."
WRITE FOR TERMS TO AGENTS, TO
CHAS. L. WEBSTER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

WEAK MEN! Pat. Oct 20, '85. Debilitated throw Indiscretions or Excesses, WE GUARANTEE TO CURE by this NEW IMPROVED Electric Belt & Suspensory, or REFUND MONEY. Made for this specific purpose. CURE OF GENERATIVE WEAKNESS, giving continuous, mild, soothing currents of Electricity directly through all weak parts, restoring them to health and Vigorous Strength. Electric Current felt instantly or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. Greatest Improvements over all other belts. Worst cases permanently cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet 4c. stamp
The Sanden Electric Co. 169 LaSalle st., Chicago.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.
Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail.
NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2515 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

DR. A. C. HOXSIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE
Is not a "Quack" medicine, but the tried and tested remedy of a distinguished physician, in regular standing and practice. It is
THE KING OF REMEDIES
FOR
CROUP, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c.
And ACKNOWLEDGES NO COMPETITOR.
ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY-FIVE DOSES for 50c.

CATARRH You will save Money, Time, Pain, Trouble, and will cure Catarrh by using ELY'S CREAM BALM



HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free Ely Bros., Druggists, 235 Greenwich st., N.Y

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." —Civil Service Gazette.
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London. England.
March 12-maslyr

Holiday Presents!
A Magnificent Display
Of the latest, the newest, the best selected stock of useful and ornamental
Christmas Presents
Prices lower than ever before. Our plush cases will be sold at any price to close out, as we shall not handle these goods again. Come early and secure bargains. Look; you may see something you want.
PRESENTS FOR LADIES—Manicure Cases, Work Boxes, Toilet Cases, Triplicate Mirrors, Odor Cases, Fine Perfumery, Purses and Card Cases.
PRESENTS FOR GENTLEMEN—Shaving Cases, Mugs, Razors, Brushes, Cigars and Cigar Cases, Whisk Brooms and Cases, Traveling Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Pocketbooks, Mirrors, etc.
THIEME & GROSS,
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS
94 CALHOUN ST.
Corner Wayne.

Comicalities in Plants.

There is Jack-in-the-Pulpit, the flowers of the plant known as the Indian turnip (Arisæma triphyllum;) who could never look at one of these singular blossoms without that same stirring of the risible faculties which one experiences in pursuing a parody or caricature, or witnessing a pantomime? The very sight of one is provocative of mirth. How many times in my schooldays did I challenge the teacher's frown by involuntary giggles at the whimsical look of the imprisoned Jack! Monk's hood of the genus aconitum has quaint, comical flowers, suggestive of an old lady's head in a night-cap. The well-known fly-trap (Dionæa muscipula) strikes the mind with all the effect of a joke. The leaves of this plant are fringed with stiff bristles, and fold together when certain hairs on their upper surface are touched, thus seizing insects that light on them. Seeing the leaf stand temptingly open, a poor fly pops in for shelter or food. No sooner has it touched its feet than some sensitive fibers are affected, and the cilia at the top closes in upon the intruder, imprisoning him as effectually as if a boy had taken and closed him in a box. The pitcher-plant or monkey-cap of the east, although not particularly ludicrous, has a whimsical arrangement which borders closely upon the human economy. To the foot-stalks of each leaf of this plant, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same consistence and color as the leaf in the earlier state of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt around with an oblique band or hoop, and covered with a lid neatly fitted, and movable on a kind of hinge or strong fiber, which, passing over the handle, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fiber the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is shadowy or damp. When sufficient moisture has fallen and the pitcher saturated, the cover falls down so firmly that evaporation cannot ensue. The water is thus gradually absorbed through the handle in the foot-stalk of the leaf, giving sustenance and vigor to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers, with all the covers of the pitchers standing open. The flower of the bee orchis is like a piece of honeycomb, and the bees delight in it. Then there is the snap dragon, the corolla of which is cleft, and turned back so as to look like a rabbit's mouth, especially if pinched on the sides, when the animal appears as if nibbling. The flower of the cock's comb and the seed pod of the mostynia proboscindea bear curious resemblance to the objects which have suggested their names. Some kinds of the mendicago have also curious seed-pods, some being like bee hives, some like caterpillars, and some like hedgehogs—the last being itself an essentially ludicrous object.—*Floral Cabinet.*

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's own true laxative. This pleasant California liquid fruit remedy may be had of Theime and Gross, druggists, large bottles at fifty cents or one dollar. It is the most pleasant, prompt, and effective remedy known to cleanse the system; to act on the Liver, Kidneys, and bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to cure Constipation, Indigestion, and kindred ills.

My son has been afflicted with nasal catarrh since quite young. I was induced to try Ely's Cream Balm, and before he had used one bottle that disagreeable catarrhal smell had all left him. He appears as well as anyone. It is the best catarrh remedy in the market. —J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

Mr. A. Nichols suffered from catarrh for years. He purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm of us. He is now almost cured, and says you cannot recommend it too highly.—Evers Bros., Druggists, Independence, Iowa.

FITS: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila. Pa.

A CARD.
To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

SCHEUMANN & SCHOPPMANN,
Funeral Directors and Embalmers,
No. 39 West Main Street,
Fort Wayne, - - - Indiana.
Furnish the finest Hearses and Carriages in the city. Night calls receive prompt attention. Leave orders at Winkelmeyer Bros.' office, opposite our rooms. Apr 23-6mo.

J. C. PELTIER,
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER
17 W. Wayne St.
Telephone No. 174.
May 22 1y.

WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS Of the body enlarged and strengthened. Full particulars sent sealed free. ERIE MED. CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

DOING good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

THE INCURABLE CURED!

HOPKINSVILLE, KY., Feb. 24, 1887.
Gentlemen—Seven years ago a sore developed on my nose from a finger nail scratch. I tried a few simple remedies, but the sore would not yield. I grew worse every year for seven years. Many thought I had a cancer. Over a year ago I commenced taking S. S. S., and two dozen bottles entirely cured me. When I began with Swift' Specific I was in very poor health, and could hardly drag about. After I had finished the course of S. S. S. I was strong and buoyant, and had a good appetite. I regard it as a most valuable medicine for ladies in weak, delicate health. It is a household medicine with me. Yours respectfully,
MRS. R. W. WILSON.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., April 2, 1887.
Gentlemen—For twenty years I have had a sore on my left cheek. It had gradually been growing worse. The many physicians whom I had consulted were unable to do me any good. Last fall a year ago I began using S. S. S. At first it inflamed the sore, and it became more virulent than ever; so much so, indeed, that my family insisted that I should leave off the medicine. I persisted in using the S. S. S. At the end of two months the sore was entirely healed. Thinking that the evil was out of my constitution, I left off the medicine; but in November, ten months after, a very slight breaking out appeared. I at once began again on S. S. S., and now that is also disappearing. I have every faith in S. S. S. It has done me more good than all the doctors and other medicines I ever took. Yours truly,
A. R. SHANDS.

WINSTON, N. C., April 12, 1887.
Gentlemen—Two or three years ago a cancer came on my face. It soon grew to be quite large. It wore on me, and my general health was very poor. Last September I began a course of S. S. S., which I have continued to the present time with the happiest result. The cancer has entirely disappeared, there being no evidence or symptom of a cancerous character left. My general health is good now, and my appetite better than it has been in years. I am 82 years old, and to-day I am working in the field planting corn. Yours truly, JONAS LIMBACH.

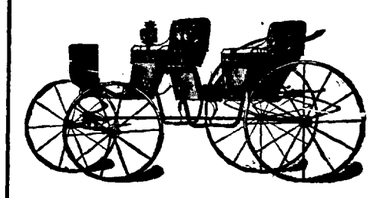
Gentlemen—I had a sore on my upper lip for eight years. Seven different doctors attempted in vain to heal it. One gave me a small vial for five dollars, which was a "certain cure." It is needless to say that it did me no good. About two years ago I became quite uneasy, as people thought I had a cancer, and I took a course of eighteen bottles of S. S. S. The result has been a complete cure. The ulcer or cancer healed beautifully, leaving scarcely a perceptible scar. From that day I have been in excellent health, the Specific having purified my blood thoroughly, increased my appetite and perfected my digestion. In a word, I feel like a new woman, and, best of all, the eight year ulcer is gone entirely. Yours sincerely,
MRS. W. P. CANNON.
Trenton, Todd Co., Ky., Feb. 25, 1887.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

BEFORE ORDERING A
WINTER SUIT,
do yourself the justice to examine the
Large Stock of Goods
CARRIED BY
JAXTHEIMER
The Merchant Tailor,
32 West Main Street.
No finer fabrics are imported than he carries, and
A Fit Guaranteed
IN EVERY CASE.
☞Give him a call. Oct. 11-4mo

Coal! Coal! Coal!
Now is the time to buy your Coal
At Bottom Prices
Look out for an advance soon! Best of Anthracite (Hard) Coal and Bituminous (Soft) Coal always on hand at Lowest Market Prices. Also
WOOD & KINDLING
at the "Oldest Coal Yard" in the city.
WILDING & SON
193 Calhoun Street.
☞N. B.—THOSE WANTING "STRAIGHT NO. 4" SIZE, COME EARLY, AS IT IS SCARC

M. L. ALBRECHT



CORNER OF MAIN AND BARR STREET.

C. M. DAWSON,
Attorney at Law!
Rooms 5 and 6 Bank block. General legal business, commercial and criminal law specialties. Agent "Bradstreets."

O. D. WEISELL DENTIST
34 Calhoun St.

A Boon

To mankind, said a member of the State Medical Society of Ga., at one of its meetings, "and the prescription ought to be given to the medical fraternity for the benefit of the Profession, for no such combination exists in the Pharmacopea as that of Simmons Liver Regulator." The late THOS. H. POWERS, of Philadelphia, America's greatest chemist, asserted "it was like the discovery of Dover, in his celebrated Dover's Powder, it could not be improved and it was wonderfully strange that the combination had never been made in an officinal form."

L. M. HINTON, M. D., Washington, Ark., says: "No other remedy within my knowledge can fill its place. I have been practicing medicine for twenty years, and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the Liver to action and at the same time aid (instead of weakening) the digestive powers."

Symptoms such as bitter or bad taste in the mouth; pain in the back, often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough often mistaken for Consumption, indicate Liver disease, and if not regulated in time great suffering, wretchedness and death will often ensue.

Price $1. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared by J. H. ZEILIN & Co., Philadelphia, Pa

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at **$1.00,** or Six Bottles for **$5.00.**

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

LADIES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with

PEERLESS DYES,

They will die everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for strength, brightness, amount in packages or for fastness of color, or non-fading qualities. Mhey do not crock or smut. For sale by Thieme & Gross, druggists and chemists, 94 Calhoun st., and H. W. Mordhurst, druggist and apothecary, 74 Calhoun st.
mar 24-dawly.

GOT ALL THERE WAS

He Secured the Field, Pumped Everybody He Met, and This is the Best He Could Do.

This was a wet day for the railroad men.

This was a wet and a dull day for news gathering.

The trains on the Wabash were all on time this morning.

The Bass Foundry and Machine works paid off their employes to-day.

Harry Templar is now engaged in office work at the city carriage works.

J. K. Stevens, of the Bass foundry moulding rooms, has the thanks of our reporter for favors.

The Kerr Murray foundry and the Horton Manufacturing company paid off their employes to-day.

J. K. Bradley, formerly of the Bass foundry, has taken a position in the Pittsburg machine shops.

C. Nuffer, an employe on the Wabash railroad, sustained a fractured arm and injured hip by falling yesterday.

Broadway has two broom manufacturing establishments now, one of them having been started only a few days ago.

Henry Heinke, of the Pittsburg boiler shops, has gone to Chicago, where he was called by the sickness of a near relative.

Fred Reinhold, one of the employes of the Bass foundry had a chip of iron fly into his eye this morning, inflicting a painful injury.

Mr. B. F. Kaup. of Tiffin, Ohio, the traveling freight agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, was in the city a day or two this week.

C. L. Daseler, the clerk in the Pittsburg car shops, has recovered from his recent sickness and taken his position behind the desk again.

Henry Matsch is the assistant foreman of the Pittsburg planing mills, and frequently occupies the desk in the car shops, where he makes out his reports.

Mr. Ruskin thinks there is a great future for American art—but he hardly realizes the enormous demand over here for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Indeed, he doesn't.

Fred Stetter, an employe of the organ factory, is suffering with two badly cut fingers and a thumb on account of fooling with a buzz saw and will take a vacation for some time.

I. F. Howey has taken the position of time keeper in the Pittsburg car shops in place of Frank Schell, who quit a few weeks ago. Mr. Howey makes a pleasant and competent clerk.

Geo. A. Szink, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is rejoicing to-day over the arrival of a new bright-eyed little girl at his house, and to say that George is happy is perhaps putting it mildly.

J. H. Sloan, the clerk in the Pittsburg machine shops, is always found at his desk and is pleasant in the transaction of his business duties. He is popular among the employes of his department.

Over 600 of the officials and the employes of the Pennsylvania company attended the funeral of the late master mechanic of the road, Robert Curtis, which occurred on Tuesday last at Columbus, Ohio.

The steam heating apparatus is now in full operation in the Pittsburg car shops and is working like a charm. The employes will not suffer from the cold weather while at work in that department this wtnter.

George Patterson, a machinist in the Pittsburg shops, was engaged yesterday driving a wedge, when it flew out and hit him in the face, inflicting a painful injury to his nose. George remained on duty, however, but carries around with him an olfactory organ that looks as if he had been engaged in a free-for-all fight.

Charles Lancaster, of the Bass foundry moulding rooms, was just a little bit ill-humored this morning, because some of the boys had stolen the rammer for his eight-inch pipes, and in this connection it might be added that Ed. Kramer knows something about it. By the way, his girl, in Irishtown, has "gone back" on Ed.

After diphtheria, scarlet fever, or pneumonia, Hood's Sarsaparilla will give strength to the system, and expel all poison from the blood.

A BIG VERDICT.

Mrs. Ferdinand Meyer Gets a Verdict of $7,000 Against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The circuit court jury came in this morning, after deliberating all night, and reported a verdict of $7,000 for Mrs. Catherine Meyer, who sued the Pennsylvania railroad company for $10,000 damages, for the killing of her husband, Police Officer Ferdinand Meyer, on the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne road, some nine months ago.

It will be recalled that Mr. Meyer left the police station to go to his beat on Broadway. He followed the line of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railroad west from Fairfield avenue. He met an approaching train and stepped aside, out of the way, to an adjoining track. He did not notice the train coming behind him and was run down and killed.

His widow sued for $10,000 damages, with the result named.

Prophylactic in Sickness.

"Typhoid Fever has broken out here here again, but wherever Darbys Prophylactic Fluid has been freely used there has been no fever."—M. B. Lancaster, P. M., Ed. Central Alabamian.

"The Fluid is not merely a deodorizer, but a disinfectant—a destroyer of the disease germs in an atmosphere which cannot be breathed without danger."—New York Evening Post.

The Story Teller.

Yarnly was a raconteur; a story teller, as we say in England, or liar, as the precisian would put it. He was as full of stories as an egg is full of the spirit of meat, or a Democratic delegate is full of the spirit of the occasion the night before convention. No man ever encountered Yarnly without receiving samples of Yarnly's stock in trade, and no man ever parted from him without mentally promising himself that, voluntarily, he would never meet Yarnly again.

Yarnly was a pleasant fellow, a very pleasant fellow. I don't remember ever to have seen him out of temper. And yet it was a fearful strain on one's good nature to meet Yarnly, and many a time I have gone miles out of my way to escape him.

Ordinarily, however, Yarnly wasn't so bad. He was bound to tell you a story or two. That was a matter of course, and one always braced himself to pass through the ordeal as manfully as possible. It was when somebody had been so foolish as to venture upon telling of a story in Yarnly's presence that Yarnly came out strong. Hardly had the misguided person finished his tale ere Yarnly began to unload. It was interesting, it was pathetic, to note the gradations of despair which settled upon the unfortunate man who had set Yarnly a-going. He would laugh good-naturedly at Yarnly's opening story; the next would evoke an idiotic, ghastly smile; this would be followed, after the infliction of number three, by a look of painful weariness, and the victim would pass rapidly from despondency to extreme vexation and utter despair, his face outrivaling in acute anguish and undying hatred the visages of the lost in Dante's inferno.

But, Yarnly, nothing daunted, would keep on, story following story in unending succession, stories supposed to be new, and stories unmistakably old, until the poor wretch, who has been forced to listen, sought refuge from his tormentor in cowardly flight.

I hated this story-telling habit of Yarnly's, hated it with all the venom that was in me; and yet I pitied him. I pitied him because of his inability to enjoy another's relations. Let the story be ever so entertaining; no matter if it were fresh from the mint of the relator's vivid imagination, Yarnly would show no interest in it whatever. He would listen, to be sure, but only to hear the pause which warned him that his own opportunity had come, for Yarnly could hear a pause as well as the Irishman of the authentic narrative. It was all that Yarnly could hear or cared to hear when another was speaking. But when the other's voice ceased, he opened his ears as he opened his mouth; he was unwilling to lose a syllable of one of his own stories. His affection grew with repetition, and it was a pleasure which made one almost forget his own pain to witness the light which irradiated Yarnly's features as he delivered himself of one of his oft-told tales.

And then Yarnly was so easily reminded. Let the occasion be what it would; utter in his presence the most serious remark or the most trivial commonplace, and instantly and inevitably was he reminded of what he was pleased to denominate "a good thing," and the "good thing" you had to take willy-nilly, and half a dozen more "good things" to keep it company.

It got so in time that I could readily pick out Yarnly's victims from the crowd of passers-by in the street, or in a gathering of the people. When I saw a man with a woe-begone expression in his face, and demoralization figured in his form and expressed in his gait, and especially when I saw one with the buttonhole of his coat frayed and distended, then did I know him for a Yarnly sufferer.

When Yarnly died, so I am told, a friend was telling him a little story. As usual Yarnly was eagerly awaiting its conclusion, in order to take up the ball and reel off a few of his own tales; but just as his friend ceased to speak, Yarnly ceased to breathe. It was probably the most dreadful death that ever befell mankind.

If Yarnly's spirit has winged its flight to the realms of the blest, he can never be happy there if the memory of his disappointment in his dying hour still haunts him, and if he has gone in another direction, nothing that he shall there experience can possibly compare in bitterness to the pang which the memory of that lost opportunity must forever keep fresh in his perturbed mind.—*Transcript.*

His Lavatory.

"Have you a bawth-room in the house?" asked a Boston guest of a Western landlord.

"A what?"

"A bawth-room, a—a—lavatory."

"Blamed if I know what you're driving at."

"He wants to clean up," said a bystander, better versed in polite language.

"Aw, that's it!" said the landlord. "You'd orter to of said so at first; come along with me."

And he led the man from Boston out into the back yard, where there was a rusty tin pan and a pail of "roily" water on the stump of a butternut tree.

"There ye air," he said proudly; splash away all yer mind to. I'll send the towel out as soon as them folks up stairs is done with it. Pitch in; there ain't no extra charge fer the lavvatory, as you call it; and there's a bucket of soft soap on that bench. Use all yer a mind to of it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

INFANTILE SKIN DISEASES

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it: but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched, and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion your valuable remedies saved his life, and today he is a strong, healthy, child perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.

GEO. B. SMITH,
Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashland, O.
Reference: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN.

Are born into the world every day with some eczematous affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf, or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning and disfiguration of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and a single application of Cuticura, the Great Skin Cure, with a little Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Hence, no mother who loves her children, who takes a pride in their beauty, purity and health, and in bestowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance,—a skin without a blemish and a body nourished by pure blood—should fail to make trail of the Cutlura Remedies.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Cuticura Soap, 25 cents; Cuticura Resolvent, $1,00. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Medicated Soap

CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing the human voice, the mind,—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vitial force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Ignored, because but little understood, by most physicians, impotently assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is time, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symtoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, price $1.
POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Kidney Pains,

Strains and Weaknesses,



Relieved in one minute by that marvelous Antidote to pain, Inflammation and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster. Especially adapted to instantly relieve and speedily cure Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weakness. Warranted vastly superior to all other plasters. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston Mass.

Tutt's Pills

Regulate The Bowels.

Costiveness deranges the whole system and begets diseases, such as

Sick Headache,

Dyspepsia, Fevers, Kidney Diseases, Bilious Colic, Malaria, etc.

Tutt's Pills produce regular habit of body and good digestion, without which, no one can enjoy good health.

Sold Everywhere.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—Ladies for our fall and Christmas trade, to take light, pleasant work at their homes. $1 to $3 per day can be quietly made. Work sent by mail any distance. Particulars free. No canvassing. Address at once, CRESCENT ART CO., 147 Milk Street, Boston, Mass. Box 5170.

INTENDING ADVERTISERS should address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce Street, New York City
For Select List of 1,000 Newspapers. Will be Sent FREE on Application.

WANTED.

WANTED.—A lady cook at 17 East Main street. 7-4t

WANTED.—To rent a house, with all modern conveniences. Call or leave word at this office. 7-tf

LOST,

STRAYED OR STOLEN.—A black pointer dog, with white breast, 18 months old. Finder will be rewarded if left at 212 East Lewis street. Will the colored man who called in answer to above, call again at noon or in the evening. 7-4t-p

LOST.—Light red Irish setter pup 4½ months old. A reward of five dollars will be given for the return of said dog to No. 32 West Washington street. E. S. Heller. 2-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT.—Four rooms on first floor, good well and cistern, at 273 West Washington street. 10-1t

FOR RENT.—House with nice yard, in good neighborhood. Inquire at Hoffman Bros., 200 W. Main street. 10-5t

HOUSE FOR RENT.—With five rooms everthing complete at 226 Hugh street. Enquire at the corner of Francis and Hugh streets. 8-4t

FOR RENT.—Three story brick building corner Calhoun street and Lewis street about Dec. 1st. For particulars call upon Skelton & Watt, 176 Calhoun street. 6Tues-Wed-Thurs-tf.

HOUSE FOR RENT.—353 West Jefferson street. Inquire at Golden & Monahan's hat store. 25-tf

FOR RFNT.—A brick house with eight rooms and basement. Good barn for three horses. Water and gas all through the house. A good location for a physician. 123 E. Main street. Enquire of J. D. Dickerson, No. 19 Lafayette. 5 tf

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office, 76 Calhoun street.
Residence, 69 West Wayne Street

GREAT BARGAINS!

—:o:—

In Country and City Property by A. H. CARIER, Dealer in Real Estate and General Insurance Agent.

—:o:—

Planing mill, situated on 8 city lots in the center of the city; fully equipped with machinery and tools for doing good work, with a good run of custom, For sale at a great bargain, or if not sold immediately will be rented to a responsible party. Also, the lumber on hand will be sold with the mill if desired.

ALSO:

About 14 acres, in suburb of city, the most beautiful ground in Allen county for elegant residences, on New Haven turnpike near toll gate.

The most desirable building lot in the city, adjoining the new Presbyterian church. on East Washington street, 62½x150 feet.

Good dwelling house and full lot on Oak street, at a bargain.

Two one story dwellings on Oak street, lot 67x150 feet, rent well to good tenants, cheap for cash or part on time.

Vacant lots in Chute's homestead addition and in other parts of city suburbs.

Fine nice lots in Abbotts addition at the new switch yards, very cheap.

For full particulars apply at my office, rooms 1 and 2 Foster block, Court St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

A. H. CARIER.

Nos. 1 and 2 Foster Block, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

WHITE Bronze Monuments

Are Beautiful,

And do not decay like stone. Investigate before purchasing.

LONGACRE & CO.,

No. 46 Harrison Street,
Fort Wayne, - - Ind.
Jan. 10 d&wly.

SCHONE & WELLMAN.



UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
39 WEST BERRY STREET.

Orders can also be left at 225 East Washington and at 44 Prichard street. Nov.5-1y

To Farmers & Timber Men.

Wanted by N. G. OLDS & SONS.

At their factory, corner of Lafayette and Toledo streets, south of the Wabash Railway track,

Second growth Hickory Butts.
Second growth Elm Butts.
Hickory, Oak and Ash Logs.
Oak and Hickory Spokes.

For particulars and prices apply at our office.

N. G. OLDS &ONS. 71-m

Geo. R. Bowen.

Plumbing,
Steamfitting,
Sewering.

Particular attention given to

Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc.

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

AMUSEMENT.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Saturday, December 10th

SISSON & CAWTHORN'S COMEDY COMPANY.

Under the management of S. W. Brady presenting.

Little Nugget

The Brightest, Funniest and Best musical comedy ever written. Headed by the talented young Irish comedian.

HERBERT CAWTHORN

Ably supperted by the charming soubrette and accomplished vocalist,

MISS JOSIE SISSON

Also the favorite Eccentric Comedian,

OSCAR SISSON.

And a complete company of carefully selected vocal and comedy artists. New and wonderful scenic and mechanical effects. Sale of seats Friday.

Prices, 25, 50 and 75 cts.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON

PLUMBERS

Steam and Gas Fitt rs.

—DEALERS IN—

GAS FIXTURS

Main Street, East of Clinton
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brass Work Iron and Lead Pipe

Lift and Force Pumps,

Lead, Bath Tubs, Wash Bowls Rubber Hose, etc.

All gas fixtures regilt, bronsed and made equal to new.

$6 a Day--A Gold Mine

For agents. Grandest *Money Making Business* ever offered. A golden harvest for the next two months. *$75 Per Month* and expenses to active men to sell our goods. *No capital required.* No peddling. Sample case of goods and valuable information and full particulars *FREE. No humbug;* we mean just what we say. Address at once. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston, Mass. Oct.24-d&w2m.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect May 1, 1887.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:
(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York, †6:50 a. m., †2:05 p. m., *8:00 p. m., *9:00 p. m., *1:45 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:00 a. †12:45 p. m., *5:15 p. m., *1:30 a. m. 1 accommodation leaves at 6:30 a. m. For mouth, †4:00 p. m.
*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH.		GOING NORTH.
10 30 am—Ar—	Cincinnati Ex....	—Lv.
	Detroit Ex.....	" 4 40 pm
3 40 pm "	Detroit Ex.....	" 11 30 am
5 20 pm "	Way Freight....	" 6 40 am

All trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.
Lv. 2 00 pm	Express	Lv. 2 00 pm
Lv. 6 10 am	Accommodation.	Lv. 6 45 pm

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Oct., 1887.

GOING NORTH.

For Grand Rapids and North.....	Lv.	2:40 am
" " "	"	8:05 am
For Grand Rapids.....	"	2:10 pm
From Grand Rapids.....	Ar.	6:00 pm

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati....	Lv.	5:35 am
" "	"	1:00 pm
" "	"	11:20 pm
From "	Ar.	6:25 pm

Trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISNILLE

FROM SOUTH		GOING SOUTH
9 30 pm—Ar—	Ind. & Cin. Ex....	Lv—5 30 pm
4 10 pm "	Cin & L Mail.....	" 10 50 am
5 30 pm "	Freight.....	" 5 30 am
6 00 pm "	Freight.....	" 6 00 am

Trains daily except Sunday.

WABASH RAILWAY.

WESTWARD.

No.		Arrive	Depart
45..	Pacific Ex. daily.....	4 50am	5 00am
41..	Mail & Ex's, ex S'y..	1 45am	1 50pm
43..	Fast Mail, daily....	8 14pm	8 17pm
97..	Andrews ac. frt....	.....	8 35am

EASTWARD.

No.		Arrive	Depart
42..	N. Y. Ex. daily.....	6 40am	6 45am
46..	ma... & Ex's, ex S'y...	1 25pm	1 45pm
44..	Limited Ex's daily..	6 22pm	6 25pm
72..	Defiance acc frt.....	.....	5 30am

Through New York Palace Sleeping cars, Dining car and new free chair cars on 42 and 43.

Free chair cars, dining car and Buffalo sleeping car on 44 and 45.

Dr. T. J. DILLS.

No. 40 West Berry Street,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. 1:30 to 4 p. m.

S. JACOBS OIL



First Stroke of Pain

EVERY YEAR TO THOUSANDS.

The Class.—Fifty million population. Pain for the first time to one in every ten. Five million need relief. How? Promptly, permanently. Certainty of cure at reasonable cost. How to find out? On reputation, through experiment, by proof.

The Merits.—Example.—Take up St. Jacobs Oil, the Great Remedy for Pain. Its superior merits known to all the world. Experience shows its merits through its efficacy.

The Efficacy.—1. Its effects are prompt. 2. Its relief is sure. 3. Itcures are permanent. 4. It cures chronic cases of as long standing as 40 years. 5. Its cures are without relapse, without return of pain. 6. It cures in all cases used according to directions. 7. In every bottle there's a cure, in every application a relief.

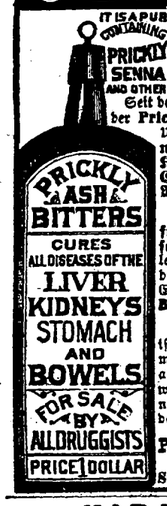
The Proof.—1. The testimony cannot be disputed. 2. It has been renewed after lapse of years. 3. No return of pain in years. 4. It has cured in all ages and conditions. 5. It has cured all forms of suffering. 6. It has cured all stages of painful ailments. 7. It has cured cases considered hopeless. 8. It has caused crutches and canes to be thrown away. 9. Its best cures are chronic cases.

The Price.—1. The best always first and cheapest. 2. The best is the promptest, safest, surest, most permanent. 3. The benefits derived are beyond price. 4. Examples show that no competition can show like results. 5. It is the best.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS



KIDDER'S

DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR

INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for Indigestion that they have ever used.

We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES.
IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY.
IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhea, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price $1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY the CURE.

CATARRH



HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts. at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., New York.

FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE

Stomach, Liver and Bowels

—TAKE—

PACIFIC LIVER PILLS

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents.

PACIFIC MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

PROSPEROUS. North Dakota never had better crops than those just harvested. Many opportunities to secure fine Government lands recently surveyed, near excellent coal fields and adjacent to railroad. Maps and full particulars, free, upon application to C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

SUCCESS. Are you mortgaged, paying heavy rents, or running behind? Can you move to new location? Excellent lands, cheap, which will increase in value several fold in five years. No other such opportunities existing. Full particulars, free, upon application to C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

FAILURE OF CROPS is an unknown experience in Central and Northern Dakota and Minnesota. Maps and full particulars regarding lands, prices, etc., sent free. Address C. H. WARREN, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

CATARRH SAMPLE TREATMENT **FREE**

So great is our faith we can cure you, dear sufferer, we will mail enough to convince you free. A. B. LYONSMAN & Co., Newark, N. J.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Notes on the Lesson for December 11—"Parable of the Tares."

[From the Chicago Standard. By Rev. J. M. Coon.]

The lesson may be found in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, from the twenty-fourth to the forty-third verses. Time; A. D. 28. Place, Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Tares.—The tare abounds all over the East, and is a great nuisance to the farmer. It resembles the American cheat, but the head does not droop like the cheat, nor does it branch out like oats. The grain, also, is smaller, and is arranged along the upper part of the stalk, which stands perfectly erect. It is a strong soporific poison, and must be carefully winnowed, and picked out of the wheat, grain by grain, before grinding, or the flour is not healthy. Of course the farmers are very anxious to exterminate it, but this is nearly impossible. (W. M. Thomson.) The tares and wheat both belong to the special group of wheatlike grasses. Their structure, mode, and conditions of growth are almost the same; and it is only when the fruit is formed that the impostor is detected by its smaller and darker ear. The darnel, or tare, is the only species of grass that is possessed of deleterious properties. If its seeds are mixed with wheat, the bread thus produced causes nausea, giddiness, paralysis, and, in extreme cases, even death. (Macmillan.)

Wheat and Tares Together.—Six reasons why in the kingdom of grace wicked men should be inseparably mingled with godly: (1) Because hypocrites can never be severed but by him that can search the heart; (2) because if men should make the separations weak Christians would be counted no Christians, and those who have a grain of grace under a load of imperfections would be counted reprobates; (3) because God's vessels of honor for all eternity, not as yet appearing, but wallowing in sin, would be made castaways; (4) because God, by the mixture of the wicked with the godly, will try the watchfulness and patience of his servants; (5) because thereby he will bestow many favors on the wicked, to clear his justice and render them the more inexcusable; lastly, because the mixture of the wicked, grieving the godly, will make them the more heartily pray for the day of judgment. (A. Fuller.)

The True and the False.—A Western farmer pointed out to a friend from the East a grove of trees. He asked him what they were. "Chestnuts," was the confident reply. "Come and see," the farmer said. The ground was strewn with acorns. Greatly surprised, the traveler looked up. The leaves, surely, were chestnut leaves, but the boughs hung full of acorns. It was the chestnut-oak of the West. Not the leaf but the fruit decided its species. We often detect the chestnut-oaks. What only begins to appear here is made clear to all beings at the harvest, or the judgment. Then is made a careful and final separation between the true and the false. (Anecdotes on Bible Texts.)

The Field Is the World.—Because the phrase "kingdom of heaven" is used we might suppose that this parable treats of the church, and is designed to teach that none should be excluded from the church. But we are expressly told that the field is the world (v. 38). It is on the earth—but not necessarily in the church—that the wheat and the tares are to be allowed to grow together. If it be asked how it could be said that the kingdom of heaven could be likened to this, we reply that the kingdom of heaven has various elements—a king, subjects, laws, territory, etc. Now this kingdom may be treated of with special reference to its territory, which is the whole earth (Ps. 2: 8), and to its king, how he will deal with those who are rebellious in this territory. There is no reference to church discipline in the parable. True, the principle here laid down, as a principle of common sense, may wisely apply to some cases of church discipline; but it has no such application here.

LESSONS OF THIS PARABLE.

This parable explains the entire structure of the system of probation under the Christian dispensation, or perhaps through all time. As the former parable describes the planting of the dispensation, so this describes its struggle with evil in the world until the judgment day. It is not so much a parable of the church as of the world and the church under the Messiah; for the field is the world. While probation lasts wickedness is permitted to develop itself. There is to be no organic destruction of wicked men by God or angels; there must be no persecuting them to destruction by the servants of God; they must be allowed to live and work their destiny; not will they be forcibly changed or irresistibly regenerated in their nature. [Whedon.] The parable of the tares accounts for the existence of evil in this world, and declares that it is not from God; at the same time it assures us of God's perfect goodness, and of His desire and design (short of compulsion) that the whole world should be saved; for, as our Lord declares, "the field is the world." That is, in His will and design, the church is coextensive with the world. The parable assures us also of the continuance of the church visible unto the end, of the future, full, and final victory of good over evil, and of the everlasting reward of virtue and the eternal punishment of sin. (C. Wordsworth.)

Our Savior teaches here: 1st, That hypocrites and deceived persons must be expected in the church. 2d, That this is the work of the enemy of man. They are not the work of Christianity, any more than traitors are of patriotism, or counterfeiters are of the proper effect of legislating about money. They belong to the world; and hypocrisy is only one form of sin. The Christian religion never made a hypocrite; nor is there a hypocrite on the face of the earth whose principles and practice it does not condemn. 3d, That all hope of removing them entirely would be in vain. 4th, That an attempt to remove them altogether would injure real Christianity by causing excitements, discord and hard feelings even among Christians. 5th, That he will himself separate them at the proper time. There is no doubt that it is the duty of the church to attempt to keep itself pure, and to cut off gross and manifest offenders. (1 Cor. 5: 4, 5.) He refers to those who may be suspected of hypocrisy, but against whom it cannot be proved; to those who so successfully imitate Christians as to make it difficult or impossible to distinguish them. (Barnes.)

By the parable of the wheat and the tares, he teaches that his kingdom would not be established by uprooting the wicked from the earth; and that good and bad would continue to grow together on the earth; that his kingdom did not depend on force to maintain it; that his disciples must expect to live in the same world with the wicked, and endure all the evils of a warfare growing out of their presence and their poisonous influence. They must not persecute them because they were not Christians, nor seek to forward his kingdom among men by acts of violence. (Eclectic Commentary.)

Do you belong to the tares or the wheat? Are you a good seed sown by the Son of man, or one of those seeds which are scattered broadcast by the evil one? You are either one or the other. If you are not a Christian, perhaps you say that you cannot see much difference between yourself and those who are. That thought is one that has illustration in this parable. There is not much difference between the tares and the wheat outwardly. There is enough difference between those who are children of God and those who are not, however, to cause him to gather all those who are, so that they may be with him where he is eternally. Tares or wheat; worthless or real worth; which? (Hazard.)

Subject of lesson for December 18, "Other Parables." Matt. 13: 31-33, 44-52

THE Hindoo Vedas, or Laws of Menu, addressed to a civilized people, were edited by Kullnea, about 880 B. C.

EACH man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other.—*Emerson.*

BELIEVE me, there is no earthly happiness equal to the unceasing pursuit of knowledge.—*Augustin Thierry.*

NEVER use lye to clean tin; it will soon spoil it; make it clean with soap and water and rub with whiting.

SOME STRANGE CONFESSIONS.

Several Good Stories Which Convey Very Needful Morals.

The Rochester (N. Y.) *Union* reports having this dialogue with an eminent physician:

"Can you cure a cold for me?"

"I dare say; where is it?"

"Do you treat yourself for colds?"

"That depends on how bad they are. I had one last week and fixed myself up a dose, but I didn't dare take it. I kept it over night and gave it to a 'deadhead' patient the next day!"

"Then you don't dare take your own medicine?"

"No! I don't dare, and I have no family physician."

A gentleman, a short time ago, consulted his physician about a severe rheumatic attack. As he was leaving, the doctor said:

"Should my prescription afford any relief, let me know it, as I am suffering from an affection similar to yours, and for the last twenty years have tried in vain to cure it!"

The best of physicians now have the frankness to admit that the schools have not yet mastered all there is to know about the causes of disease, and the best methods of cure. There has been a great advance, no doubt, in medical science, in the last fifty years. Doctors themselves do not take their own physic, even though they saturate the systems of their patients with poisonous drugs, nor do they bleed, blister, and torture, as formerly.

Byron died, it is claimed, because of overbleeding by his physicians. Washington met the same fate!

Scientific investigation shows that most ailments proceed from derangement of primary organs, of which the kidneys are the most important. Every drop of blood coursing through the system passes through these organs, and if they are deranged, the blood speedily becomes impure, and carries the seeds of disease to every part of the body. If we keep the organs regulated by the use of a simple vegetable compound like Warner's safe cure, which Prof. Lattimore, New York State Board of Health Analyst, of the Rochester University, says: "I find entirely free from mercury and all poisonous and deleterious substances"—there is little danger of bright's disease, apoplexy, rheumatism, or any of the common ailments, nearly all of which originate in or are made fatal by diseased (though unsuspected) kidneys. This great remedy has the reputation, which seems well founded, of curing more diseases than any one other remedy ever known. It restored the son of the Danish vice-Consul Schmidt of 60 Wall street, New York, from Bright's disease, and Gen. Christiansen, of Drexel, Morgan & Co., Bankers of New York, who knew of the case, pronounced it a wonderful remedy.

As appropriate to the doctors who give to their patients what they will not take themselves, we quote this story:

"Oh, Mr. Smith, help me out," exclaimed a young lady at a church fair. "I've sold a tidy for $15 that only cost 15c. What percentage is the profit?"

"Percentage, madam?" exclaimed the lawyer with merriment. "That transaction is beyond percentage—it is simple larceny!"

The professional man who takes one's money when he can do one no equivalent service will understand the moral.

Morphia—Terror of Being Its Slave.

Watch a morphia habitue deprived of the drug. The first slight uneasiness and sense of discomfort gradually passes into extreme restlessness, accompanied by the most profound depression; the stomach becomes so irritable that nothing can be retained, and there is nausea and a distressing sensation of emptiness and sinking. The whole nervous system, which has been working so long under a deadening weight, abuses its liberty and runs absolutely riot; a breath of air which would bring relief to an ordinary sufferer is painful to him; so sensitive is the skin that a touch distresses, and even the eye and ear are incapable of tolerating the most ordinary stimulations. To these troubles is added sleeplessness; the patient cannot get a moment's rest; or, if he should close his eyes in sleep, horrible dreams and indefinite terror take possession of him, and make him dread that condition which others look to for consolation and relief. Incapacity to take food, prolonged sleeplessness, constant sneezing, yawning, and vomiting, painful acuteness of all his senses, and other troubles sink the sufferer into a condition of prostration and despair, only to be relieved by morphia. Who, then, can wonder if the wretch yields again to the drug which has so long enslaved him? Hovering between a longing to be free and a feeling of incapacity to endure his agonies, he asks reproachfully whether it is true that science has discovered no means of relief, no substitute for morphia, which may be given him until the storm be past. No, we have no means at our disposal which will do more than alleviate these sufferings; and if the morphia habitue will be freed, he must place himself under such control as can prevent his giving way under the trial, as he almost invariably will if left to himself.

But, severe as the ordeal is, he has this consolation and this great inducement to submit to it—namely, that it is short. A few days will see him through the worst, and although he may not be comfortable for a week or two, his discomfort is endurable, and becomes less and less, until it gradually passes into ease and health.—*Nineteenth Century.*

When His Ma Saw His Pants.

A boy was riding along Elm street, Chicago, in a cart drawn by a large Newfoundland dog. The steed went along nicely until he sighted a canine friend ahead, when he started on a run to renew acquaintance. The boy was a little scared at first as they bumped along over the rough pavement, but he soon regained his courage, entered into the spirit of the chase, and urged the dog along by every means in his power. The youngster managed with much difficulty to keep his seat in the cart until Dearborn avenue was reached, when, in attempting to turn the corner, the cart collided with some lumber piled against the curbstone, and boy, dog, and cart went rolling in a confused and struggling heap along the pavement. As soon as the dog could extricate himself he made a break for home, letting a frightened yelp at every jump. When the boy struggled to his feet one eye was rapidly closing and blood was flowing from several severe scratches on his face. He gave the broken cart and his dusty clothes a sorrowful look, and it was not a very happy smile that flitted over his face as he looked at the rapidly disappearing dog, and muttered: "My! I'll bet, but you think you're mor'n just howling now, don't you? But just you wait'n hear me howl when ma sees these new pants."—*Chicago Tribune.*

AN exchange says: "Mules and horses in the far West frequently die of a peculiar trouble. The beard of wild oats or barley becomes fixed in the animal's jaw, encysts, and grows there, assisted by the tartar of the teeth. A calcareous formation of this sort, oval in shape and weighing a pound, was recently taken from the mouth of an Oregon horse."

Waste of Tissue Without Repair.

Vigor begins to decline when dyspepsia invades the stomach. The disease, prolonged through neglect, entails grievous loss of flesh and serious waste of the muscular tissue. To invigorate thoroughly and speedily, a sound stomachic is required. There is none comparable to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, since it institutes, and if continued, perpetuates a repair of the tissues, which have declined in bulk, vigor and elasticity in consequence of non-assimilation of the food. No time should be lost in beginning the reparative process, nor should there be any delay in removing those ailments of frequent occurrence, which contribute to and foster an enfeebled condition of the stomach and nerves, viz.: constipation and liver complaint, disorders which the Bitters will assuredly extinguish. It also remedies and prevents malarial and kidney troubles, and is a prime auxiliary in the recovery of strength for convalescents from wasting disease.

California's Biggest Orchard.

California has some big orchards, and the largest is in the Suisun Valley, and is owned by A. T. Hatch, President of the California Fruit Union. Mr. Hatch has 200 acres in pear trees, 130 in peaches, 70 in apricots, 10 in nectarines, 210 in almonds, 40 in cherries, 100 in plums and prunes, besides 40 acres of currants and gooseberries, and hundreds of lemon and orange trees. Of these acres, 300 bore fruit this season to the amount of 2,000 tons, which brought the owner $100,000. He calculates that when the whole orchard is in full bearing it will produce 8,000 tons of fruit, worth $400,000. — *Chicago News.*

How to Select a Wife.

Good health, good morals, good sense, and good temper are the four essentials for a good wife. These are the indispensables. After them come the minor advantages of good looks, accomplishments, family position, etc. With the first four, married life will be comfortable and happy. Lacking either, it will be in more or less degree a failure. Upon good health depends largely good temper and good looks, and to some extent good sense also, as the best mind must be affected more or less by the weaknesses and whims attendant on frail health. Young man, if your wife is falling into a state of invalidism, first of all try to restore her to health. If she is troubled with debilitating female weaknesses, buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will cure her.

Regulating the Seal Industry.

A Californian, largely interested in the fur seal industry, says that sealskins are expensive, not because they are scarce, but because the trade limits the supply. If all the skins that could be taken were poured on the market, the fur would become so common that it would cease to be desired by the wealthy. So the seal catchers agree upon the total number that they will put upon the market, and they make their report to the furriers of London and Paris, who meet each spring and decide upon prices.—*Chicago News.*

AN ugly complexion made Nellie a fright,
Her face was all pimply and red,
Though her features were good and her blue eyes were bright,
"What a plain girl is Nellie!" they said.
But now, as by magic, plain Nellie has grown
As fair as an artist's bright dream;
Her face is as sweet as the flower new-blown,
Her cheeks are like peaches and cream.
As Nellie walks out in the fair morning light,
Her beauty attracts every eye,
And as for the people who called her a fright,
"Why, Nellie is handsome," they cry.

And the reason of the change is that Nellie took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which regulated her liver, cleared her complexion, made her blood pure, her breath sweet, her face fair and rosy, and removed the defects that had obscured her beauty. Sold by druggists.

THE wife of the King of Holland has a bad trick of winking her eyes. The courtiers do not know which way to look when the pretty Queen winks at them, and some very sad blunders frequently occur, owing to this physical defect. A young attache of the Belgian minister who returned the Queen's wink found himself "returned with thanks" to his native land by the next mail, and since then none of the Hollanders has dared to sauce back.

IT isn't called high mass on account of steep pew rents; that is a mistaken idea.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat should not be neglected. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

THE orderly of the day is very frequently and disreputably the disorderly of the night. —*Washington Critic.*

Chronic Coughs and Colds,

And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. Is a beautiful creamy Emulsion, palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. CONNELL, M. D., Manchester, Ohio.

A GOOD way to find a girl out is to call when she isn't in.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS warm up and invigorate the stomach, improves and strengthens the digestive organs, opens the pores, promotes prespiration, and equalizes the circulation. As a corrector of disordered system there is nothing to equal it.

IT'S curious how affection and confection seem to harmonize.

A Family Jewel.

DOCTOR DAVID KENNEDY, the famous surgeon and physician, of Rondout, N. Y., has sent us a copy of his book, "How to Cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders," a work of great intrinsic merit, apart from many elegant life illustrations of rare beauty. We find on examination that it is a work of exceeding merit, one which should be kept and READ in every home. In addition to the studied and valuable medical lessons inculcated by the Doctor, there are two articles from the widely known author, Col. E. Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline), which add to the interest of the work. The printed price of this book is only 25 cents, but any one inclosing this notice with the name of the paper from whence it is taken, with 2-cent postage stamp, will receive the book free by mail.

THE LEADING FEATURES

Of the YOUTH'S COMPANION Announcement for 1888, just published, are its six illustrated Serial Stories, by Trowbridge, Stephens, and others, its two hundred Short Stories and Tales of Adventure, its articles by eminent writers, including the Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, Professor Tyndall, Gen. Lord Wolseley, Louisa M. Alcott, Gen. George Crook, and one hundred other popular authors. THE COMPANION has two Million Readers a week. Every family should take it. By sending your subscription now, with $1.75, you will receive it free to Jan. 1, 1888, and a full year's subscription from that date.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

PIERCE'S Pleasant Purgative Pellets Possess Powerful Potency, Pass Painlessly, Promote Physical Prosperity.

THE Indian name for a lunatic is the man-with-his-train-of-thought-off-the-track.

The Popular Thoroughfare.

The Wisconsin Central Line, although a comparatively new factor in the railroad systems of the Northwest, has acquired and enviable popularity. Through careful attention to details, its service is as near perfection as might be looked for. The train attendants seem to regard their trusts as individual property and as a result the public is served par-excellence. The road now runs solid through fast trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis with Pullman's best and unequaled dining-cars; it also runs through solid sleepers between Chicago, Ashland, Duluth, and the famous mining regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

EX-MAYOR G. G. STEKETEE, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is proprietor of an unfailing Pin Worm Cure. See his advts.

We Submit Facts

In regard to Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism, and ask you if you are afflicted with this disease to try the medicine which has so greatly benefited others. Hundreds of people who suffered the tortures of rheumatism, even in its severest forms, have been perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It corrects the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of the disease, and gives strength to every part of the body.

"My wife has been troubled a long time with inflammatory rheumatism, and was so bad last spring that it was hard work for her to walk. She derived more real help from taking four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla than from any other medicine she has taken." JOSEPH F. GREEN, cor. First and Canal streets, Dayton, Ohio.

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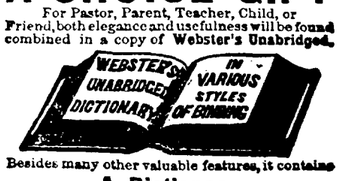
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THE PULPIT



Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled; Neither Let It Be Afraid.

GOD COMFORTS THE AFFLICTED.

Let the Love of Christ Jesus Constrain You to Fidelity to His Service.

Down on Mission Halls.

The *British Weekly* says: "Our bloated towns are responsible for much of the trouble between classes; they are unhappily the cause of that unchristian representation of the Master—a mission hall, maintained by the rich for the poor, because distance and mutual shyness make it well-nigh impossible for them to sit together and kneel together in their Father's house. Sad is the burlesque of our great uniting Gospel, none the less so that many of the most zealous are spending themselves in home-mission work. Well might Dr. Landels ask if the haughtiness and the 'distance' of worldly society have any part or place in the church. We should all know that they have not; but we have 'mission halls.'"

Roman Catholics Among the Indians.

The Roman Catholics are hard at work in their home-mission fields among the Indians of the west. According to a Roman Catholic contemporary, the Roman Catholic Board of Missions operating among the Indians has now under its control thirty-five boarding and twenty day schools, with an attendance of 2,190 boarders and 870 day scholars. The schools receive a subvention of $231,880 from the Government, which has also furnished food and clothing for 400 boarding pupils, at a cost of $30,000. Whereupon the *Christian at Work* raises this interrogation point: Under what provision in the fundamental law is this appropriation made? One copy of the constitution contains an express prohibition against such an appropriation of public moneys. When was the first amendment to the constitution appealed?

Doing or Suffering.

We have seen the device on the seal of a missionary society which represents a bullock standing between a plow and an altar, with the inscription, "Ready for either—for toil or for sacrifice." The whole history of Christianity has proved that the great object cannot be secured without both the toil and sacrifice. Says the apostle: "I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church." In the agony of the atoning sacrifice, Jesus had no sharers. But He has left unexhausted, enough of the bitter cup of His previous toils and trials to remind His followers, amid their great work, what salvation cost Him.

A readiness for hard work on the one hand, and for sacrifices on the other, can alone evince not only our attachment for His cause, but also our love to Him. O, Christian! let the love of Christ constrain you to fidelity to His service. Bring all your acquisitions, your possessions, your energies, and binding yourself to the horns of the altar, there stand ready either for work or sacrifice. This is the spirit which, under God, will overcome the world. This is the consecration at which Heaven rejoices and hell trembles. Whether it be labor or suffering, doing or giving, living or dying, to which you are summoned, be ever able to say, "Ready for either."

My Happiest Hour.

A Christian soldier thus tells his experience in the happiest hour of his life:

It was when I lost my arm at the battle of Seven Pines, on the peninsula. We made a charge about the middle of the afternoon. The firing was heavy; I fell, severely wounded. I was shot through the groin, and received a flesh wound beside this in the arm.

On coming to myself the firing was receding, and there were none near me but the dead and wounded, as helpless as myself. I began to be very thirsty, and the pain of my wound, especially that through the body, was intense.

About twenty yards from me I could hear the cool rippling sound of a little brook running among some thick bushes. As I tried to drag myself toward it, for the lower part of my body was helpless, I found my arm was broken.

Slowly and with great pain I reached it, only to find the water running in a channel some two feet below the level of the field, and utterly out of my reach. It had been a hot day, and I was parched with thirst and fever. Water was there in my sight, almost in my reach, and I was dying for the want of it. I dragged myself farther over, lost my balance and fell into the stream. By God's good providence I was able to save myself a little, so that my face did not go under. I fainted with the pain, and lay unconscious I know not how long.

When I came to myself I found my broken arm under me, the lower part of my body in the stream, which was twenty inches deep, and my head resting on the bank. The cool water had stopped the flow of blood. Above me on the field were the sound and voices of the stretcher bearers, collecting the wounded and burying the dead. I tried to shout so they could hear me, but was too weak. I was down in the brook, and the dense, thick bushes completely hid me from any one above.

Hearing the voices receding, I tried to lift myself and call with all my might, and in the effort fainted again.

When I came to all were gone, and the field was still. I was left alone to die. "He was among the missing" would be all my friends would know of me.

I thought of my young wife and little one in my New England home. It was hard, very hard, to think of dying so—so lonely, so very lonely.

There was only one place I could go for comfort. I went there, and this sweet passage came into my mind. The dear Lord seemed to say: "Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid." I was able to give myself, my wife, my child to His care. The peace of God came down into my soul and filled it with joy unutterable.

I looked up into the clear blue sky, which I could see here and there through the leaves, and saw overhead the white, fleecy clouds sailing past, and the sun stooping toward the west. I thought before the sun sets I shall be beyond the sky, at home. I shall have one of those many mansions. I shall see Jesus and my Father, God.

My peace ran like a river. I tried to sing. There, alone in those Virginia woods, buried to the neck in water, and left, as I thought, to die, I spent the happiest hour in my life; and, as I sank once more into unconsciousness, hoped to awake with God.

I was found just alive and cared for by the Confederates as they came on the ground. God gave me great favor with them, and they were kind to me.

A DELINQUENT ELEPHANT.

Shortly before our arrival one of the animals had greatly disgraced himself by refusing to carry a certain of goods weight which had been piled on his back. There is the regulation weight, and the beasts know to an ounce what they ought to carry, and if any of the mahouts attempt to put a surplus amount on his or their backs it is immediately shot onto the ground. The animal in question had been duly laden with a weight which was under the regulation scale; but although it had been twice weighed, as Mrs. Gamp would say, before his own eyes, he still refused to carry it. This was too much for even his indulgent driver, so he accordingly reported, and just as we arrived he was about to be tried for his extraordinary and obstinate conduct. Several elephants were led out into a large court-yard, forming a kind of circle round the delinquent, who seemed already to feel his position acutely, for he glanced anxiously from time to time at his mahout, who was visibly affected, and who stood by his head. A karen presided over the court-martial and read aloud the indictment against the offender, the elephants which constituted the jury apparently listening with great attention. After the statement was finished and the mahout examined, who, by the way, gave his evidence with great reluctance, the karen decided that the case had been distinctly proved, and the culprit was adjudged the punishment of twenty strokes. Upon the announcement of the verdict the jury marched in a most solemn manner to a distant part of the yard and returned with a switch about as large as a fair-sized scaffold-pole. In the meantime the mahout had been addressing the offender, who was now weeping copiously, large drops of tears falling from his eyes, and occasionally a shrill and peculiar sound issued from his capacious throat. The executioners of the law were at hand, and stood about twelve to fourteen feet apart, each balancing with peculiar nicety in his trunk the aforesaid switch. The culprit was led up to the place, and as he passed number one there was a sound heard which resembled somewhat a sharp clap of thunder; it was the first blow delivered by the dread myrmidons of the law. The blow was followed by a sharp, shrill scream, although there was evidently an attempt on the part of the culprit to suppress any exhibition of pain. This punishment continued until the whole of the sentence had been carried out. Although I felt considerable sympathy with the unfortunate delinquent I was at the same time intensely amused with the thorough business-like air with which these ministers of justice carried out the sentence. There were no light blows delivered; but, as a matter of fact, each elephant determined to administer a heavier blow than his neighbor, and the sly twinkle in the eye as the blow was delivered was a sight to see.—*Primrose Magazine.*

THE Russian Empire is composed of fifty governments and provinces.



THE LADIES

A Budget of Interesting Talk Relating to the Tender Sex.

SOME FEMININE CHARACTERISTICS.

Matters Sober and Satirical, with a Spice of Humor, Prepared Specially for Our Fair Readers.

This is Hospitality.

"My father is a very genial man," she said, "and desires that I shall extend the hospitalities of the house to every caller. Will you take something before you go?"

"Well, yes," replied the youth, "I will, with your permission, take a kiss from you."

The maid was abashed, but the youth was equal to the occasion, and the hospitalities were extended.—*Boston Courier.*

She Knew Positively.

The Wanderer spent a very enjoyable evening recently with a family in a city not far from Boston. There were young men and middle-aged people present, and the conversation was both varied and entertaining.

A young gentleman present in the course of the evening made the remark that he had seen it stated that a woman could make any man she chose propose to her, providing she had sufficient opportunities for cultivating the acquaintance.

There were varied opinions expressed, the majority favoring the general idea that a woman could make any man marry her when she set out to do it.

At this point a female member of the circle, a most esteemed relative and friend of those present, stopped her reading and said, emphatically, "I don't believe it."

As the Wanderer knew she had tried the theory no less than three times in days gone by, he did not venture to argue the point, and the conversation was suddenly changed.

Concerning Garters.

Four years ago we very reluctantly gave up a pair of spiral wire garters, worn below the knee, which held our stockings perfectly smooth, and did not interfere with perfect circulation, this spiral arrangement having no relation to the nerve and muscle-paralyzing elastic garter. But we were told anything worn around the leg was in the nature of a ligature, and must be abandoned; so away went our comfortable and satisfactory spirals, while we plunged into a mild form of rioting in different styles and patterns of attachments, recommended as "improved and hygienic."

We were seeking truth, in detail, and discomforts only added to our zeal to find just the right thing at last. One after an another of these harnesses did we wear, until satisfied that none of them fulfilled the requirements of a perfect stocking support. The stockings were held firmly? Yes; but every one of these attachments brought pressure to bear somewhere where it ought not to be, causing the wearer not only bodily discomfort, but positive injury.

Our advice to women is to have a good, substantial silver garter of the spiral pattern, made, since the silver will wear for years, and can always be kept bright and shining; and as the garter gives readily with each movement of the leg, is cool and light, and brings no steady pressure upon any sensitive part, it is a great improvement over anything else we are familiar with, and our knowledge of supports is thorough and comprehensive.—*Anne Jenness Miller, in Dress.*

Women Bohemians.

The woman who leads the Bohemian life on the hall-bedroom basis generally makes her own coffee, either on a gas or oil stove, and has a couple of rolls with perhaps an egg or two for breakfast. Her lunch is most frequently eaten at a bake shop, and her one solid meal is taken at dusk in a dingy restaurant of the sort that have placards on their walls imparting the welcome intelligence that beefsteak and potatoes may be had for fifteen cents, and mince pie for five. A woman who lives this way can support life on $7 and $8 a week. By cutting off on her restaurant dinner she can even reduce her expenses to $5.

The art of cultivating literature on a little oatmeal has been handed down by tradition from the early days of Grub street. Henri Murgher's famous remark to the effect that the Bohemian life leads either to the hospital or to the academy holds good for the New York female Bohemian. She may die of gastritis and be buried at public expense, or she may ascend to the next stage of the Bohemian life, which means a large square room, with two or three square meals at a good restaurant. The extravagant existence costs from $12 to $20 a week. Life on the square is, however, only vouchsafed to a few of the Bohemian sisterhood. The hall-bedroom Bohemian is truly the typical character. The lodging-house landlady rarely accords the use of her parlor to her tenants. This is not much of a loss to any one, as it is generally an awful nightmare of chromos and flowers.—*New York Letter.*

Women.

Some one has classified women under two headings—the beautiful and the good. The distinction may be too absolute, but it is certain that the wise man would rather admire than marry a beautiful woman. And it is no less certain that many men who have married women remarkable for their devotion have with sorrow seen an extraordinary change in their wives soon after marriage. In such a case the woman may not scruple to explain this change as due to the novel and jarring circumstances of married life. But she will not be saved by such sophistry. The father of the Jesuits knew all about it when he made it a rule of his life "that familiarity with all women ought to be avoided, even with the most devout; that the most innocent commerce with them, if it wound not our conscience, leaves some stain upon our reputation, and the smoke blackens, though the fire does not burn us."

It has been said that the beautiful woman is a book containing only a single page, which may be read at a glance; whereas the woman who is both beautiful and good is a book of many pages, proper perusal of which exacts a lifetime. It may be so; but why is it that the women of the latter uncommon type always survive their husbands or series of husbands?

Enough, however. It will be sufficiently evident from these few pages that women have always been esteemed as an amiable blunder, and are likely to be the cause of incredibly bitter blundering in the future. While there is time, let us entreat their leaders to look whither they are going. To the men of this generation, happily, it matters but little. For

When all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head:
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive.

We are thus assured of a measure of domestic happiness in our lives.

But, oh ye stern maidens, to whom your fair and youthful sisters look for guidance and instruction, we beseech you to have mercy on the men of the future!—*All the Year Round.*

Women's Work and Wages.

It is but just to say that women are themselves partially responsible for the oppressions to which they are subject. Whether it is an indication of inferiority, or the result of generations of masculine supremacy, it is true that qualities inherent in the nature of women impede their progress as wage-earners. Most women lack self-assertion, and are timid about pushing their own claims to preferment. They are also submissive to the existing order of things—not to the extent of accepting it as right, but to a degree which makes it difficult for reformers to rouse them to active protest. Now, it is the way of the business world that the man who succeeds financially, who gets the high salaries, whose services are eagerly sought for, whose opinions carry weight, is self-confident, self-assertive, and quick to demand his rights. The first two traits lead the community in general and his employers in particular to accept him at his own valuation. Compliance with his claims after that is a matter of course. It is desirable that merit, however modest, should be recognized and duly appreciated, but unfortunately this is not apt to be the case. It is only in Sunday-school books and apocryphal tales related for the encouragement of youth that the rich merchant, of his own motion, rapidly advances his worthy employes and takes the most talented into partnership without solicitation. In real life the favored one insists directly and indirectly that he is entitled to the promotion, and creates the impression that he is the one that renders the service by accepting the advancement. Women are not the only ones who suffer from lack of the quality known as "push." The world is full of men who have plodded on, half-recompensed, through a lifetime of labor, while early companions with far less ability have by sheer force of self-sufficiency and assertion gone on to wealth and prosperity.

Women, however, are uniformly timid, and as a class are under a disadvantage in the struggle for a livelihood. Whether it is better that they should cultivate the aggressive self-confidence and a talent for holding their own or whether they should continue to toil meekly for whatever pittance is bestowed upon them, depends largely upon the point of view.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

REGIOMONTANUS made the first almanac, in 1474.



THE CHILDREN

Entertaining and Amuisng Stories Relating to the Little Folks.

BE OBEDIENT TO YOUR PARENTS.

The Dwarf of the Red Bog, and How He Assisted a Little Girl and Her Poor Parents in Distress.

The Old Doctor's Story.

"I have a story to tell you, boys," the old Doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day, it had been, too—I met my father on the road into town. 'I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim,' he said, hesitating. Now I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and just out of the hay-field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty, and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing-class. My first impulse was to refuse, and do it harshly; for I was vexed that he should ask me after my long day's work. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think. 'Of course, father, I'll take it,' I said heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package. 'Thank you, Jim,' he said. 'I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day.' He walked with me to the road that turned off to town, and as he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again, 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.' I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house a crowd of the farm-hands stood at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face. 'Your father!' he said. 'He fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.' I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again, in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were, 'You've always been a good boy to me.' No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is no pang or remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect or coldness which we have shown to loved ones who are dead. Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured gibing, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath. And after all, it is such a little way that we can go together."

Dwarf of the Red Bog.

In a lonseome part of Ireland stands a great dark mountain, blue as a wall of sapphire, and with a crest like an eagle's beak. Under it is a small stone cabin surrounded with a fringe of green. Wild, black bogland lies beyond, skirted by a strip of deep red bog, which looks as warm in the sunshine as if it were a gold mine.

Little Mary, who lived in the cabin, had been so starved ever since she was born that she had given up trying to grow. Her small face was as white as the blossom of the bog cotton, and her body was almost as thin as the slender stem from which it swings in the breeze. There were eight children in the cabin younger than Mary, and they all stood round a noggin of milk which Mary had just milked from the cow.

"Give me a tint for the baby," said the mother, "and carry the rest to poor old Bid at the back of the bog. She's sick, children, and the rest of us are on our feet."

The children left off gazing at the milk, and Mary ran off with the noggin as fast as she could without spilling it.

She had just got to the black bog where the red one joins it, when she saw a very strange figure squatting on the ground, a dwarf, with his short arms thrown up as if to save him from falling backward, and with a most peculiar expression on his countenance. A cry seemed to come from him, and putting down her noggin, Mary ran to his assistance; but when she came close to the figure she found it was nothing but a great lump of bogwood that had been uncarted out of the bog. With a wild laugh, and a half-frightened glance over her shoulder, she picked up her noggin again and hurried on her way.

Bid's only son was miles off looking for work, and the bed-ridden creature was alone, except when angel messengers like Mary came and ministered to her.

"Mother says she's afeared it is the last time, Bid," said the child; "for the cow's going, and we'll all be on the road maybe, before the month is out."

"The Lord forbid!" said the old woman, when she had moistened her lips. "May he send you the rent up out of the earth, or down out of the sky, you that have kept the neighbor out of the poorhouse."

The dusk was darkening, the purple mountain, and the moon scudding wild and bright through cloud and mists, when little Mary, flying like a gull, stopped, poised on her toe, and stood gazing once more at the dwarf-like figure squatting forlornly on the very edge of the red bog. This time there was no mistake about the matter. The stump of bog wood was gone, and the strange figure was throwing up his arms frantically to attract to attract the little maidens attention. A plover gave a weird cry at the same moment, and the dwarf cried out:

"Help me up! oh, help me up! The awkward fellows have left me in a soft place, and I am sinking!"

Mary walked up on her tiptoes and looked at the dwarf. His eyes were quite crooked with excitement in his flat face, and his short, stiff legs were stuck fast in the red bog.

"Get me over to the black log, which is harder," he said, "and then I shall be all right. I don't want to sink back into the earth again." Mary took hold of his short, outstretched arms with both her little hands, and tugged as well as she was able. After several attempts she got him pulled out of the swampy ground, and trundled him over the hard, black peat, where he lay panting for several minutes, and blinking his extraordinary eyes up at the moon.

"I hope you are more comfortable now sir," said Mary, with a courtesy.

"Perfectly comfortable. And now, my dear, put your hands in my pockets, and take out what you can find. It's only an encumbrance to me after all these centuries. And it will pay your rent. Did you ever hear of gold?"

"No sir, said Mary.

"Put your hands into my pockets, then," said the dwarf.

Mary did as she was bid, and pulled up one after another a quantity of beautiful shining yellow things, brooches, collars and other curious ornaments of ancient Irish times, and she gathered them into the skirt of her petticoat.

"Now, run fast," said the dwarf, "for I wan't to go on looking at the moon. I haven't seen the face of a moon for I don't know how many centuries. Often it shone on me when I was a giant instead of a dwarf, and had a crown of leaves on my head and singing birds flying all around me. Tell your father that the heroes who gave me these gold things to keep will never ask them back again from him. They pass me sometimes marching across the bogland at dead of night, lamenting for the woods that are gone; but they are all flashing in splendor now, and have no need of such trumpery as these. Your father can sell the gold and buy any number of pigs and cows."

Then the dwarf gave an extraordinary yawn, and rolled his eyes so frightfully at the moon, that little Mary turned and fled without as much as saying "thank you." When she reached home she emptied the gold ornaments into her father's lap and told him her adventure exactly as it happened to her.

"The child has gone mad with hunger," cried Mary's mother, clasping her hands. But the father put the gold things into a sack and did not fail to sell them instead of the cow.

When the whole family went in the morning to look for the good-natured dwarf they found nothing but a huge stump of bog wood lying in a particularly awkward attitude on the edge of the red bog, just where it had been unearthed several days before. Where the dwarf's pockets had been there were deep, round holes. Somebody said that the stump had once been a tree in a mighty forest, and that the warriors of ancient Ireland often hung their golden collars and armlets on the branches of trees while they rested under the shade. Of course, that does not quite clear up little Mary's mystery; but anybody can see the gold ornaments in the Royal Irish Academy.—*Rosa Mulholland, in Donahoe's Magazine.*

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

A little way beyond the ancient church at Holderness is a brick residence, whose front is half-hidden by one of those monster elms that are the pride of our Northern States, and beneath its shade I saw a man who is passing his 95th year sitting comfortably in a great arm-chair. My wife told me that his aunt had recently died, aged 105; and, curious to know if there was any special reason for such longevity, I made inquiries. "No," said my informant, "only they were almost always out of doors and lived a quiet life."

Yet in that single instance lay a greater philosophy than he dreamed of, a sounder precept than he knew. To keep out of doors and avoid worry is a maxim that, if followed, would close a majority of our hospitals which, I regret to say, have a greater number of occupants with each succeeding year.—*American Magazine.*

THE best conductors of electricity are silver, copper, gold, zinc, platinum, iron, tin. The poorest conductors, or the best insulators, are dry air, ebonite, parafine, resin, sulphur, sealing-wax, glass, silk, wool, dry paper, porcelain.

HANDKERCHIEFS!

FOR LADIES.

HAND - KER - CHIEFS

IOR MEN.

HANDKERCHIEFS

FOR CHILDREN

This is going to be the

GREAT, BIG

SPECIAL SALE.

We are going to spread before the Fort Wayne public for the

Next Two Weeks,

and we are just in the condition to do it.

We are going to show

The Largest,

BEST SELECTED STOCK,

BEST VALUES

FOR THE MONEY YOU HAVE EVER SEEN.

MONDAY

It will begin, and the choice will hold out clean to the end.

It is a Big Stock

—AND—

THEY ARE CHEAP.

☞Take a Look at Them.☜

Root & Company.

ROSES

FINE YELLOW ROSES,

$1 A Dozen.

T. E. COVINGTON

FLORIST,

35 W. Washington St.

6-1mo.

M. F. KAAG,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

China, Glass,

—AND—

Queensware,

Library Lamps, Dinner,

Tea and Chamber

Sets.

Also an Elegant Line of Christmas Presents.

Use KLEIN'S SILVER AGE.

The Best stimulant in the world. Endorsed by physicians and druggists.



Used in leading hospitals. Max Klein, sole proprietor, Pittsburg, Pa. Sold wholesale and retail by

John Christen, 100 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne.

Here We are Again

Santa Claus outdone by Indiana's Boss Clothiers. Presents for everybody. No gimcracks, but everyone a daisy. Read the new list in to-day's issue.

Sam, Pete & Max.

The People's Clothiers.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1887.

THE CITY NEWS.

Two weeks from to-morrow will be Christmas.

Next Tuesday is the anniversary of the battle of Fredericksburg.

Seventy years ago the state of Mississippi was admitted into the union.

Hon. H. S. Biggs, of Warsaw has been holding court for Judge Walter Olds, who is ill.

Next Thursday will be the ninety-first anniversary of the death of Gen. Anthony Wayne.

The city council will meet in regular session next Tuesday evening. The standard and natural gas ordinances come up for final passage.

The funeral of Mrs. Jane Stirk took place this afternoon, from her late residence, corner Cass and Pearl streets. The interment was at Bullard cemetery.

Rev. Father Walters, of Lafayette, dedicated at his church last Thursday, the costly statuary imported by him from Paris. The ceremonies were imposing.

Col. R. S. Robertson returned last night from Upper Sandusky, O., where he defended Oscar Davis, of this city, on the charge of forgery. Mr. Davis was acquitted.

Hon. Henry Monning will go to Michigan City next week and with the other directors of the prison north will lease the labor of 200 convicts for a term of five years.

The Wabash *Times* says: "Theron P. Keator, of Fort Wayne, was in town last Friday closeted with Warren G. Sayre. It is rumored that they were discussing politics.

Mr. A. Geismar has received an offer from Chicago parties for his restaurant, and in all probability will step out of the Globe within a few days, to travel for the Scribner book publishers exclusively.

The Decatur *Democrat* says: "C. L. Centlivre, the Fort Wayne brewer, paid a business visit to this city, Wednesday.—Ben Fisher, the genial salesman of A. C. Trentman's wholesale grocery house of Fort Wayne, was in the city last Friday."

The party of Wabash railway officials who visited this city yesterday consisted of General Supt. Wade, Assistant Supt. Stevens, Supt. Mitchell, of the Bridge and Building department, Train Master Boughton, Road Master Houghton and Purchasing Agent Reece.

The K. of L. band has been reorganized and incorporated as the Union cornet band. The boys rehearsed last night and are rapidly attaining proficiency. The band will give an entertainment consisting of Christmas tree festivities and a social dance at Wagner's hall, East Main street, Thursday, December 29.

Hon. J. C. Branyan and Hon. B. M. Cobb visited Marion, Thursday last where the case of Wm. Fridiger, indicted with Blair Mock for the murder of Harry Vandevender, was pending in the Grant county circuit court. The state was fully convinced that the evidence did not warrant the charge against Fridiger, and it was accordingly dismissed.

Germania assembly, 4081, K. of L., now devotes the first Monday evening in each month to social entertainments. Monday evening last the members and their friends had an enjoyable time. Brief addresses were delivered and the Union cornet band and Stellhorn's orchestra enlivened the occasion with sweet music. This is a pleasant innovation in the K. of L. ranks.

The county commissioners acted upon five ditches yesterday as follows: People's ditch, Milan township; Edgerton and Small ditch, Milan and Maumee townships; Gregg ditch, Jackson and Maumee townships; Edgerton ditch, on the east line of Jefferson and Milan townships, and the Trier ditch, in Adams township. The last named was established, but remonstrances were filed against the other four. Reviewers will be appointed to re-view the proposed ditches at the March session.

The members of Sion S. Bass post, G. A. R., elected the following officers last night: Post commander, J. C. Peltier; senior vice commander, J. W. Vordermark; junior vice commander, C. H. Hilton; chaplain, Rev. Henry Brown; Surgeon, Dr. A. J. Laubach; quartermaster, Sol Soliday; officer of guard, George I. Roberts; officer of day, Ambrose Kintz; trustees, Christian Boseker, Enos White and Theodore Geller; delegates to the department encampment, Chas. A. Munson, Chas. A. Zollinger, Henry M. Williams, Rev. Henry Brown, Samuel M. Hench and Edmund Lincoln. The struggle for the offices was bitter and protracted. Rev. Henry Brown, who was elected chaplain and a delegate to the department encampment, is the pastor of the African M. E. church. Ex-Quartermaster H. O. Crosby was dismissed from the order.

Special importations of gents' gros grain heavy silk negligé and smoking garments and house coats, shown only by Sam, Pete & Max, holiday providers.

Just a little sunshine, just a little sleet. Then you need a ferry boat to help you over the street. In the absence of the boat we recommend a good pair of rubbers from THE HOOSIER.

Don't overlook the liberal offer made by the Nickel Plate for the holidays.

The quail law expires December 20th.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, lectures at Van Wert this evening.

The Business Men's exchange will hold an important meeting next Monday evening.

There was not an arrest made at Monroeville during November and the *Breeze* boasts of it.

The prohibitionists of Decatur are talking of starting a paper in behalf of their cause in that city.

The funeral of the child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Swartz took place this afternoon from the residence on Boone street.

Rev. D. C. Woolpert has returned from Huntertown, where he has been assisting his father for a few days, in the pulpit.

The Evangelical association will dedicate their new hall at Berne, Adams county, to-morrow. Rev. A. Geist, presiding elder of the Fort Wayne district, will officiate.

The *Index Medicus*, of Boston, reports an operation for popliteal aneurism by Dr. W. H. Meyers, of this city. The doctor put a ligature on the femoral artery at the apex of Scarpa's triangle. At the end of ten days he detached the thread and his patient recovered.

The Monroeville *Breeze* says: "Miss Flora Heller, of Fort Wayne, was in town Monday and Tuesday the guest of relatives and friends.—Miss Amelia Reamensnider, who for the past year has been making her home at Fort Wayne, has returned to remain with her parents over winter."

A Bohemian oats swindler came to grief in Whitley county a short time since. He undertook to collect the notes given in payment for the oats. He was arrested on the charge of conspiracy, on the complaint of the swindled farmers, and held in $500 bail. He deposited the money with his lawyers, they going on his bond, and then he skipped out.

Christmas comes this year on Sunday, December 25th. The custom of the country has been where a legal holiday fell upon Sunday to observe the following, as the holiday, but the statute of Indiana says, touching commercial settlements, that all notes, drafts, checks or other negotiable or commercial paper falling due or maturing upon such holiday (Sunday) shall be deemed as maturing the day previous, Saturday.

Mr. Stephen Koller, who left here several weeks ago for Los Angelos, Cal., writes glowingly of the climate and business prospects of that growing Pacific coast city to Mr. J. H. Young, the Calhoun street jeweler. He says that houses to rent were so scarce, that Mrs. Kiel, his sister, found herself unable to rent one and had to purchase a house and lot in order to get a place in which to reside. "Steve" will enter the real estate business.

Nelson Good, a former colored citizen of Fort Wayne, who is known to fame as "Snowball," was tried Monday for stealing a dress and cloak from Mrs. N. Zeigler, at Wabash. Good disposed of the property to a colored woman in Grant county, but subsequently Marshal Ellis, of Wabash, recovered the goods. Tuesday morning the jury returned a verdict of guilty and sentenced the thief to the northern prison for two years. Good is one of the toughest coons in the state and a pernicious rascal. He is a better citizen in prison than he would be anywhere else on earth.

The suberb chamber set of magnificent furniture will be presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, to one of their patrons, February 1st.

When you want cheap rubbers we are not in, but when you want good ones we are largely on hand with the best in the market. THE HOOSIER.

There will be a grand opening of Holiday Goods Thursday evening, December 15, 1887. All are very respectfully invited. No. 56 Calhoun street.

Men's sewed government shoes in all sizes.
Massachusetts Shoe Co.

OVERCOATS Special sale Saturday, December 10, until January 1.

At the **U. S.** 72 Calhoun Street.

Men's solid working shoes, $1.
Men's solid working shoes, $1.
Massachusetts Shoe Co.

A rattling good Roasted coffee at 23c per pound. All package coffees, 26c per pound

At the Star Grocery.

Excursion tickets will be sold on the Nickel Plate from December 23d to January 2d, good returning until January 4th, at rate of one fare for the round trip,

Special Notice.

After January 1st, 1888, (D. V.) I will devote my attention exclusively to diseases of women and diseases of the kidneys. All who are indebted to me will please call and settle.

W. T. FERGUSON,
m-fri-sat 82 West Berry street.

Don't buy a sewing machine before you see the Standard at
3-eod-tf PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S.

For the best line of millinery at the lowest possible prices go to Mrs. J. Baltes', No. 82 Calhoun street. Also stamping and dressmaking. 9-10t

Ladies' kid button shoes, $2. Same goods others sell for $2.50. Massachusetts Shoe Co.

Sleigh bells, skates, wringers, washing machines, pumps and everything in the hardware line at

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S
3-eod-tf 38 & 40 East Columbia St.

We always lead while others imitate our style of advertising signs, show windows, &c. But no one can imitate our prices. Men's buckle Arctics, 75c; ladies' buckle Arctics, 50c; women's flannel lined felt slippers, 35c. The Massachusetts Shoe Co., and the cheapest and best shoe store in Indiana.

Bread baked at the Star Grocery is more like the Genuine Home Made Bread than any other you will find.

The streets are muddy.

The hotels did a poor business to-day.

The paved streets are in a horribly muddy condition and ought to be cleaned.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heine are at Chicago.

The new sidewalk in front of the Third Presbyterian church has been completed.

John Whalen is suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs at the St. Joe hospital.

The new street cars began running on the north and south lines this morning and it makes a fellow's head swim to count them. There is a street car each way every three and one-half minutes on Calhoun street, with transfer facilities at Main. The cars are all beauties and give the city a metropolitan air.

Philip Hyman, of this city, has completed his new business buildings at Payne, O., and they will be ready for occupancy with the opening of the new year. They are built upon the site of the ones destroyed by the big fire in that town a few months ago, and are elegant and substantial structures. He says the building is great at Payne, and that the town is booming up under its stimulating influence. Mr. Hyman has big business interests there.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

Read and be Informed---Our Latest and Best.

John E. Small, No. 2 St. Mary's avenue, was presented with the fine corner lot, No. 173, Archer's addition.

David Gibson, Marion township; Robert Hosick, 44 Superior street; F. M. Schirin, Maumee; Mrs. E. Metty, 37 Barr street, was presented with a fine American watch.

A. Adams, Aboit township; Mrs. James Fox, 58 McClellan street; John Herman, 40 Bloon street; Phil E. Workman, 62 Walton avenue; E. Darrow, 248 South Calhoun street, were presented with a mantel clock.

Chris. Kanter, 199 Lafayette street; Hannah Daffron, Eel River township, was presented with a suit of clothing.

Wm. Sine, Lake township, carried off a first class overcoat.

Ben. Neiman, 272 East Washington street; R. Sanders, Bronson, Mich; John Krock, 416 East Wayne street; John Baily, 166 Jackson street; Robert Bell, Jefferson township will each decorate the dinner table with an elegant silver and crystal castor.

Wm. Bishop, 158 Hoffman street, toted home a choice half barrel of flour.

M. Greaney, 127 Fairfield ave; John Plehl, Winch's spoke factory, were each presented with a beautiful silver butter dish.

H. Bullerman, 236 West Jefferson street; H. Yergens, St. Joe township; A. Jones, 112 Wells street; Frank Cusick, Maples, Ind., each toted home a luscious ham.

Wm. Friday, 19 Walnut street; August Hair, Arcola, Ind.; Adolph Winchman, 27 Shick street; S. L. Bayless, Franklin avenue; George Yagle, 22 East Columbia street; L. Zeis, Maysville, Ind.; J. L. Sorg, Marion township; Andrew McConnel, Sheldon, Ind.; will each eat their soup with a set of fine English silver spoons.

A. Weinstock, West Washington street; J. G. Wyland, boards with John Stohr, Broadway; E. Pipenbrink, Lumbard avenue; H. L. Archibald, Tocsin, Wells county, Ind.; Vincenzo Mori, peanut stand; Peter Rothman, 74 Barr street; Earl Laurey, New Haven, Ind.; Edward Sordelet, Dawkin's Station; Charles Hoke, Pleasant township; Henry Lapp, 102 Butler street; John Jackman, Waterloo, Ind., will hereafter eat with a set of sterling English silver knives.

G. W. Hollowpeter, Cedarville, Ind.; M. A. Tracy, 196 E. Lewis street; Jacob Dunderman, Antwerp, Ohio, were each adorned with an elegant Seal Fur Cap.

Samuel Fulkerson, Washington township, toted home five pounds of tea.

Fred Heine, Adams township, was presented with five pounds of Mocha coffee.

Five thousand valuable presents including five capital gifts, to be given our patrons.
SAM, PETE & MAX,
The People's Clothiers.

Scotch Caps. Biggest bargain of the season, 25 cents.

U. S. 72 Calhoun Street, Opp. Aveline House.

Special low prices on dress good. A large assortment of handkerchiefs in plain white, colored borders and silk. Cashmere and silk mufflers in an endless variety at very low prices.
STEWART & HAHN.

We are selling fresh cut roses for less than others are selling those shipped in, sometimes cut a week before they are sold. MARKEY BROS.
5-6t

Seipp's extra pale Chicago beer on draught, at John Leichner, jr's. 8-3t

Holiday Excursions on the Nickel Plate.

Be sure to make your arrangements so that you can avail yourself of the offer made by N. Y. C. & St. L. railroad company for the holidays. Excursion tickets will be sold between all stations on the line at the rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale from December 23d to January 2d, inclusive, and good returning until January 4th.

No advance in prices of cut flowers at MARKEY BROS.,
5-6t Cor. Jefferson and Ewing.

OVERCOATS All marked down and special sale begins Saturday, December 10.

U. S. 72 Calhoun street, Opposite Aveline House.

Seipp's extra pale Chicago beer on draught, at John Leichner, jr's. 8-3t

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

COMPOUND EXTRACT

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Tobacco Ticket.

The Indianapolis *News* suggests the following national ticket for 1888:

For President,
JAMES G. BLAINE, of Maine.
For Vice President,
HORACE P. BIDDLE, of Indiana.
Platform:
Tobacco is a necessity.

The salient "point" to the above is that Mr. Blaine, in his latest interview, says that tobacco is a necessity, while Jugde Biddle, some years ago, delivered an opinion as chief justice of the Indiana supreme court, to the same effect. The question arises, would the users of tobacco, without regard to party, support the above ticket with unction and enthusiasm?

Mr. John E. Small, formerly of Marion township, and now residing in Archer's addition, on St. Mary's avenue, held ticket 4,169, and was presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete and Max, the people's clothiers, with the valuable city lot, corner Spring street and St. Mary's avenue.

A reduction of 10 per cent. will be made on ladies' and children's cloaks. Special low prices on underwear and hosiery at the Boston store.
STEWART & HAHN.

Carving knives and forks, shears, scissors and Roger's plated ware at
3-eod-tf PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S.

The second annual ball of the Switchmen's Mutual aid association at Morton club hall occurs Thursday evening, December 22. The switchmen are jolly good fellows and the prospects are that there will be as many tickets sold as last year when the hall was uncomfortably filled. 8-eod-6t

MEN'S SEAL caps for the Holidays at the U. S. 9-2t

A. Foster, the tailor, 15 West Wayne St. is as busy as ever. This is a good place for one who wants a good honest suit of clothes that will give good satisfaction for the money. 6-5t.

The Standard sewing machine makes the nicest Christmas present. For sale at
3-eod-tf PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S.

Dr. Fruth, of New York, at the Robinson house Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 13th and 14th, 1887. d&w3t

Mens', boys', youths' fine slippers, $3.50, down. THE HOOSIER.

Reduced rates for the holidays over the Wabash railway. One fare for the round trip between all stations. Tickets will be sold December 24th, 25th and 26th, December 31st and January 1st and 2d, good going on date of sale, and good to return up to and including January 3d, 1888. For tickets and all desired information, call on or address any ticket agent of the Wabash railway. 8-tf

Dr. Manville leaves the 29th to open an institute in Indianapolis in January. Patients will receive treatment by mail and express until cured. Don't delay seeing him. 6-eod-3t-wl

Dr. G. P. Barnum, the East Columbia street livery stable man, is letting funeral hacks for $3 and they are the finest vehicles in the city. Call on or telephone him. 8-tf

For a drink of original Old Crow, go to John Leichner, jr's. 8-3t

FOR CHILDREN!

Santa Claus Knocks

Overcoats Will be Acceptable

DOWN THEY GO.

We Have Too Many.

$1.25 Overcoats down to $1.
$2 Overcoats down to $1.50.
$2.50 and $3 Overcoats down to $2.
$4 and $4.50 Overcoats down to $2.50.
$5 and $5.50 Overcoats down to $3.95.
$6 and $7 Overcoats down to $4.50.
$8 Overcoats down to $5.
$9 Overcoats down to $5.50.
$10 Overcoats down to $7.50.

Sizes to fit ages 2½ to 12 years.

A. S. Lauferty & Co.

Removal Prices.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections. Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

March 30-eod a w 1yr.

Boston T Store.

We extend to the trading public an invitation to visit us and we will show a choice line of fruits, nuts, raisins, confections, etc., for the holiday trade. We have without a doubt as fine an assortment of Jams, Preserves and Canned goods as you will find. Our Teas and Coffees, as always, are the best the market affords. Dressed poultry a specialty.

A. J. Dittoe & Co.,

20 West Berry Street.

J. H. YOUNG

— DEALER IN —

WATCHES
DIAMONDS
AND FINE
SILVERWARE

All kinds of repairing neatly done on short notice.

No. 80 Calhoun Street.

TEAS! TEAS!

Oolong, Black, very fine.
Young Hyson, very fine.
Japan, strickly uncolored.
English Breakfast.

COFFEES!

Old Government Java.
Mocha
Maracaiba.
Costa Rica.
Rio.
Roasted fresh every day.

Pyke's Grocery,

80 Calhoun Street.

Aug. 15-1y

IT is said that Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is writing a novel of Washington life. It will be somewhat satirical in tone, and various noted men will figure in it under assumed names.

If you want to buy

FINE CLOTHING!

Go direct to the only manufacturer,

J. G. THIEME & BROTHER

Who make all their "ready-made" clothing, and which are better made and better trimmed than any eastern made clothing sold in the city. They also carry a large stock for

CUSTOM WORK!

A Suit From $25 Upward.

Nos. 37 and 39 Columbia Stseet

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

VOL. XXVII--NO. 305. SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10, 1887. PRICE THREE CENTS

HOSIERY!

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

Large and Attractive Stock

of Ladies, Misses and Childrens Hosiery. The assortment will be found complete, embracing all of the best makes, and in price will be found

Exceptionally Low!

For gentlemen the assortment will be found superb.

GEORGE DEWALD & CO.

Cor. Calhoun & Columbia

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—

Hamilton National Bank

OF FORT WAYNE,

At Fort Wayne, in the State of Indiana, at the close of business, December 7th, 1887.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$ 672,700 96
Overdrafts	17,029 61
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	200,000 00
U. S. bonds to secure deposits	80,000 00
U. S. bonds on hand	14,750 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages	12,023 75
Due from approved reserve agents	13,352 48
Due from other national banks	73,530 83
Due from state banks and bankers	4,629 81
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	10,686 64
Current expenses and taxes paid	8,544 25
Premiums paid	30,635 50
Checks and other cash items	17,462 89
Bills of other banks	78,657 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	859 00
Specie	73,707 00
Legal tender notes	45,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	9,000 00
Total	$1,387,949 71

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 200,000 00
Surplus fund	172,000 00
Undivided profits	28,399 05
National bank notes outstanding	180,000 00
Individual deposits subject to check	431,928 28
Demand certificates of deposit	211,324 12
United States deposits	74,252 96
Deposites of U. S. disbursing officers	725 37
Due to other National banks	1,546 05
Due to state banks and bankers	87,546 78
Total	$1,387,949 71

State of Indiana, Allen County, ss:

I, John Mohr, Jr., cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN MOHR, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of December, 1887. OWEN N. HEATON, Notary Public.

[Correct—Attest:]
AUGUST C. TRENTMAN, FRED ECKART, CHARLES MCCULLOCH, } Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

— OF THE —

Old National Bank

OF FORT WAYNE.

At Fort Wayne, in the State of Indiana, at the close of business, December 7th, 1887.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$775,329 79
Overdrafts	23,858 85
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	50,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand	2,250 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	5,286 81
Due from approved reserve agents	188,532 20
Due from other National banks	20,017 85
Due from state banks and bankers	9,756 81
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	9,117 80
Current expenses and taxes paid	8,022 06
Checks and other cash items	12,345 98
Bills of other banks	16,028 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	722 62
Specie	77,578 15
Legal tender notes	56,728 00
Redemption fund with U. S. treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	2,250 00
Total	$1,290,424 80

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$350,000 00
Surplus fund	70,000 00
Undivided profits	28,446 67
National bank notes outstanding	45,000 00
Dividends unpaid	80 00
Individual deposits subject to check	561,298 64
Demand certificates of deposit	117,979 16
Due to other National banks	9,996 66
Due to state banks and bankers	47,061 78
Total	$1,290,424 80

State of Indiana, County of Allen, ss.:

I, Jared D. Bond, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. D. BOND, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of December, 1887.

PAUL F. KUHNE, Notary Public.

[Correct—Attest.]
S. B. BOND, O. P. MORGAN, HENRY C. PAUL, } Directors.

Very Latest by Telegraph.

FOUR O'CLOCK P. M.

IN THE JURY'S HANDS

The Harper Case Goes to the Jury Without Argument—Dramatic Scenes in the Court Room.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 10.—The dramatic scenes in the Harper trial, this morning, kept the crowded court room in a hush of silence. Court was opened in the usual way. Harper appeared, accompanied by his wife, and her sister, and his little boy, a fine looking fellow of nine years. The testimony for the defense was virtually nothing.

Mr. Marchant told what was the state of the account of the Swifts Iron and Steel works in 1887. It amounted to $19,000 deposits, and $19,800 withdrawn —an over draft. Mr Phillips was called to show that the property of these works was worth over $3,000,000.

J. T. Larkin, the banker, was called to show that Wilshire was buying wheat for others than Harper, but all he could say was that his bank had handled some paper of Timberlake's, with endorsements by Harper and the court ruled it all out as incompetent.

Timberlake himself was called. He said Wilshire never bought for him, nor he for Timberlake. Wilshire had simply endorsed some of his paper. Mr. Blackburn said his purpose was to show that Wilshire's testimony, that he had bought for Harper only, was not true. The court reminded the counsel that Wilshire had testified that he bought a million bushels on his own account and if they could show he had bought more than this it might be done. The witness was excused.

Edgar Stark, the bank cashier, was called to tell of Timberlake's transaction, but it was ruled out, and Blackburn said: "Under that ruling of the court, we have no further testimony."

Mr. Harper and his counsel withdrew for consultation and Deputy Marshal Turner followed.

In ten minutes Mrs. Harper was called out. In fifteen minutes the parties all returned and Mrs. Harper was carrying her babe. She sat down beside her husband with the child on her knee, removed its white hood and displayed its lovely head and face, fair hair, bright eyes, fine complexion and full face. There was a whispered consultation at the table for a minute or two, during which, above the low hum of the crowd could be heard the lute like lines of the baby's voice, as it reached to the table after papers and cooed its delight. It was the only plea that was offered for its father, for when Mr. Blackburn arose, he said: "Under the ruling of the court as to the evidence offered, they had no more witnesses to offer." Mr. Burnet then said: "The government would rest."

Judge Wilson for the defense said: "They would submit the case without argument if the government would." Mr. Burnet said: "We will." Judge Jackson then prepared to deliver his charge to the jury.

Will Finish by Christmas.

The Indianapolis *News* says: "Judge Taylor, of Fort Wayne, concluded a three days' argument in the Brush-Jenny electric light case, before Judge Gresham last night, and he is credited with having made a great legal effort. C. C. Mitchell, of Woolwich, Conn., began the closing argument this morning, and from the deliberate manner in which he opened up, it seems probable that he will speak until about Christmas."

The Indiana Democrats.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 10.—Members of the democratic central committee are receiving letters and papers from all parts of the state, urging the importance of having the state convention very early next year, either in February or March, and this seems to be the general sentiment of the party.

A Splendid Bakery.

Mr. Ferdinand Keisling, who recently purchased A. J. Laughor's bakery, on Broadway, is offering his customers everything in the line of bread, cakes and sweetmeats. Mr. Keisling makes a specialty of baking for weddings and has no superior in his business. He solicits your patronage.

Mr. John Bothner, No. 136 Calhoun street, holds ticket No. 16, entitling him to the grand piano presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max. Mr. Bothner has been examining the different makes of pianos the past few weeks, expecting to purchase one for his daughter, and says Sam, Pete & Max are the boss Santa Claus.

Rubber Goods.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 10.—The manufacturers of rubber boots and shoes have, after repeated unsuccessful efforts, concluded the formation of a trust to be known as the Boston Rubber Boot and Shoe Trust.

Bewildering conceits in elegant mufflers, brocade silks, and every fabric known, shown in endless variety by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, gents' outfitters and haberdashers.

Smoked Finnan Haddies, pound 8c.
FRUIT HOUSE.

"Little Nugget" is a comedy that will make you laugh.

Christmas gifts shoes, slippers.
THE HOOSIER.

ASSASSINATED.

M. Ferry Shot and Seriously Injured in the Chamber of Deputies in Paris.

PARIS, Dec. 10.—M. Jules Ferry was fired at three times this afternoon by a man in the lobby of the chamber of deputies. Great excitement is reported. Ferry is seriously injured.

LATER.

M. Ferry was shot by a man named Aubertin, who appeared in the hall of the chamber of deputies and asked to see Ferry and Goblet. Goblet did not respond, but Ferry did and on his appearance Aubertin drew a revolver and fired three times at him. It is reported that one ball struck Ferry in the chest. It has been ascertained that the shots only grazed his skin. The bystanders tried to lynch Aubertin after he fired, but were prevented with difficulty.

A $10,000 Fire at Oxford.

LAFAYETTE, Dec. 10.—A fire at Oxford last night at 11 o'clock, totally destroyed the general store of Snyder & McConnell and the meat market of Jacob F. Albaugh. The contents were also destroyed. The loss is estimated at $10,000.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 10.—Late yesterday evening the main building of the Indianapolis Fertiling company was destroyed by fire. Loss, $20,000.

Took Twelve Rounds.

HUNTERS POINT, N. Y., Dec. 10.—It is reported here that Dempsey and Reagan fought on Long Island this morning and that Dempsey knocked Reagan out in twelve rounds.

Arensdorf Acquitted.

SIOUX CITY, Dec. 10.—John Arensdorf, whose trial for the murder of Rev. Mr. Haddock has excited widespread interest has been acquitted.

Sold Out.

TOLEDO, Dec. 10.—The Toledo Oil company, which has been running in opposition to the Standard, has sold out to the latter for $100,000.

Prince and Pugilist.

LONDON, Dec. 10.—John L. Sullivan boxed, Friday night, before the Prince of Wales, who was deligted with the performance.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 10.—Indiana, threatening weather.

A New Puzzle.

Mrs. Blanchard was entertaining some friends in the parlor one evening, when she heard a small voice she knew so well, saying: "Please excuse me, mamma." Then she saw a little figure standing in the doorway in white gown, with tangled curls and bright eyes, too bright for 10 o'clock at night, thought Mrs. Blanchard. Midget ran across the room to the refuge that had never failed her—mother's arms. "Mamma, dear," pleaded the little night owl, "I just learned to-day how to tell you I love you in such a beautiful new way. Please, may I show you? I'm so 'fraid I'll forget by morning." Midget held up her dimpled fingers. "Now, everybody do as I do," she said gleefully. "Hold your thumbs together so, now the next fingers the same way, but the next to that you must double in tight."

She held her chubby fingers in this position, the palms together, the thumbs lightly touching, also the forefingers, but the second fingers folded in so that her rosy nails and the dimples that stood for knuckles touched, then the third and the fourth fingers met at the tips as the thumbs and forefingers did. "Now," cried Midget, in great delight, "how far can you go from nurse?" and she parted the thumbs as far as they would go. "Now how far from cook?" and the forefingers went apart.

Then in suppressed glee she carefully explained, "You must skip the folded fingers and go to the next. Now how far can you go from your dear, sweet mamma?" she cried in great triumph. And odd it was that those queer little fingers would not separate, and the more you tried the closer they were, not Midget's tiny fingers, but papa's strong ones and Judge Mills' wrinkled ones. As long as the second fingers are held in bondage the third ones will not separate. Try it.—*Christian Weekly*.

Save your tickets. On the first of each month, till April 1st, a grand gift will be presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max to one of their patrons; whilst daily, till April 1st, thousands of valuable gifts will be distributed.

Men's working shoes, $1.00.
THE HOOSIER.

A daughter of Judge Morse, of Des Moines, Ia., is visiting Dr. Manville for treatment.

Best Brands Oysters.

Best selects, J. E. S., frying, 33c.
O. K's, 18c. S. and W., best stewing, 25c can.
FRUIT HOUSE.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.—Wheat, weak, at 77½c. Corn, steady, at 48½c. Oats, easier, Jan., at 30c. Rye, 60½c. Barley, nothing doing. Prime Timothy, $2.30@2.31. Flax seed, $1.24. Whisky $1.10. Pork, steady, January, at $14 62½ Lard, firm, at $7.22½. Short ribs, $7.50. Butter, quiet, creamery, 25@31c.; dairy, 21@24c. Eggs, fresh, 22c.

MR. SPENCER

Is Elected President of the B. & O. Railroad at a Salary of $25,000.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 10.—The directors of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad are now in session. Mr. Spencer has been elected president and his salary is understood to be $25,000 per annum. The salary of the late president, Robert Garrett, was $4,000.

Thomas M. King, the second vice-president, will probably accept the presidency of the Pittsburg and Western railroad. Orland M. Smith will remain third vice-president, with headquarters at Cincinnati. Milton H. Smith, of Cincinnati, of the Hamilton and Dayton railroad, is mentioned for second vice-presidency, and Mr. Sharp will get the first vice-presidency.

LOCAL NEWS.

See "Little Nugget" to-night.

Mrs. Henry Winklemeyer, who has been sick, is improving.

Judge O'Rourke to-day divorced Chas. T. Gross from Mary Gross.

The funniest comedy ever presented will be at the Temple to-night.

Mr. Chas. Haas, the well-known Wabash newspaper writer, is in the city.

Mr. Wm. Meyer, of the firm of O. B. Fitch & Co., will go to Indianapolis to-night.

The county commissioners have established the Bash and Paul roads in Aboit township.

John W. Ray and Cynthia A. Driscoll, Isaac Bennett and Emma Strand have been licensed to wed.

Geo. A. Gable sues Mary Gable et al for a partition of property. J. B. Harper is attorney in the case.

Hon J. H. Rice was in the city to-day en route to Indianapolis. Colonel Rice is always warmly welcomed in Fort Wayne.

The Caledonian club will meet Monday evening to make arrangements for the celebration of Robert Burns' birthday anniversary.

Arthur L., the four-year-old son of Mr. Fred Rippe, the well-known contractor, died last night of croup. The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon at 1 o'clock.

The following building permits have been granted: D. W. Bowen, to build a one story frame house on lot 9, Hanna's addition to cost $500; to Henry Jacobs, to erect a two story frame house on lot 50 Swinney's addition, to cost $1,200.

Solon Peck celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his birth yesterday. Eli Snyder handed him a gold-headed umbrella as a token of his esteem, and then Mr. Peck, who never says a word, sent numerous corks against the ceiling.

Otto Malinda, a waiter at the Globe restaurant, last night appropriated an umbrella belonging to Hon. W. H. Shambaugh. The fellow was arrested and this morning the mayor bound him over to the circuit court for trial. He was given ten days in jail.

We publish on one of the inside pages of to-day's issue the speech delivered by Henry W. Grady, the editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, the leading democratic paper in the south, at a recent prohibition meeting held in that city. Mr. Grady is Georgia's famed orator and an eloquent speaker.

January 2d is the time set for the presentation of the fine top buggy, by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, to one of their patrons.

Mr. Ruth, the draughtsman at the Bass foundry, left for Providence, R. I., this morning.

Seldom have our people been offered such a complete display of gents' and boys' gloves and mitts as Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max are showing as holiday novelties.

One hundred and eighty laughs in 180 minutes to-night, when "Little Nugget" will be presented.

There is nothing more elegant for little boys' wear than the Boucle and Stockinet suit which Sam, Pete & Max are selling at $5.00, worth fully $8.50.

Dr. Manville removed a scirrhus cancer from the eye of Miss Myers, yesterday morning.

Men's kip boots, solid, $2.25.
THE HOOSIER.

All the Star Grocery is asking for a large sack of flour is one dollar and seven cents.

Say, boys, if you are trying to save something out of this month's pay to get your best girl a nice present you can do it best by saving 50c or $1 on good shoes, by buying them at the "Massachusetts."

Since the Star Grocery has their new oven, their bread cannot be beat.

Large Florida oranges, dozen 45c.
Jamaica oranges, dozen 30c.
Malaga grapes, pound 15c.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Goats, Kids and Alligators in Men's fine slippers at THE HOOSIER.

Fine holiday display at
F. J. VOIROL'S, 244 Calhoun St.

THE SABBATH CALL.

Come to His Holy Temple and Let the Lord Be Praised For His Goodness Unto Us.

Live for something.

"Is your heart right?" Read Talmage's sermon.

Rev. Harden will preach at the Simpson M. E. church to-night.

Christian church, corner Jefferson and Griffith streets. Services at 10:30 and 7:30. Sunday school 9:15 a. m.

The members of the Cathedral Young Men's sodality are requested to meet at Library hall, Sunday, at 8 a. m.

Regular services at the First U. B. church to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

Come to the Simpson M. E. church at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. C. H. Wilkinson, pastor. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

Come promptly to the 7:30 service at the Baptist church and you will secure a seat. Polite ushers will meet you at the door.

Services to-morrow morning and evening at the First Presbyterian church. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Come.

First Baptist Sunday school meets at 12:15 p. m. Good music. Classes for those of all ages. All welcome. Come and study the life of Jesus.

Services at the Railroad Reading Rooms on Sabbath at usual hour, 3:30 standard time, for men only. All men are cordially invited. Come.

The subjects for sermons at the Congregational church are, "The Relations of Zeal and Knowledge," and "Kadesh Barnea," the eighth in an historical series. J. C. Cromer, pastor.

The Citizens' Reform League will hold its regular weekly meeting at the Berry Street M. E. church Monday morning at 10 o'clock sharp. All interested are expected to be present.

Berry street M. E. church, Rev. D. C. Woolpert, pastor—Public services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. to-morrow. Morning theme: "The Poet Laureate of Galilee;" evening: "Faith in the Supernatural."

Services at the Second Presbyterian church to-morrow at 10:45 a. m.; theme "Association With God;" and at 7:30 p. m., subject, "Life and Religion." Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited. J. M. Fulton, pastor.

Come and welcome to the services at Grace church, East Washington street. Theme, at 10:30 a. m., "The Tear of the Lord;" at 6:30 p. m., "Perilous Conclusions." Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. T. J. Bacher, pastor.

Usual services to-morrow in Trinity M. E. church, north side. Efforts will be made to seat all. Services continued throughout the week, conducted by Mrs. L. C. Jones, of Garrett. House crowded the past week. Welcome.

"Christ's Doctrine of the Spiritual Birth" will be the subject at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow, at 10:30. Sunday school at 2 o'clock. At 7:30 the theme will be "The Joy of Salvation." All welcome. Rev. F. G. Browne, pastor.

They call it "Stumptown" out where the Free Methodist church is. They have good meetings there. Rev. Harden preaches every Sunday. Subject to-morrow, at 10:30 a. m.: "Special Manifestations of the Presence of God;" at 7 p. m.: "The Christian Athlete." Sunday school at 2:30.

Trinity church, Rev. W. N. Webbe, rector. Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Subject of evening sermon, "Paul Before Felix; or, the Fearless Preacher." The evening Prayer Leaflet, containing the full order of service, enables every one to join in the worship. All cordially invited.

Be kind to your wife and children. You may not have them with you long. They need your love and affection. If you are in the habit of spending your evenings away from home, at the saloon or some other place where you have no business, change to-day, and your life will be more pleasant and prosperous, and your loved ones more happy.

On next Friday evening, Dec. 16, Professor Joost, in the interest of the young people of the Congregational church, will give at the Standard hall the operetta, "Cinderella." Much pains have been taken by the professor in training the young people, and a first class entertainment is expected. Both before and after the operetta an oyster supper will be served by the young people, directed by Mrs. Meyer.

Elaborate designs in satin and silk embroidered and hand painted braces and suspenders, shown only by Sam, Pete & Max, outfitters for the holidays.

"Poor things," she referred to her worn out rubber overshoes, and went to The Hoosier and bought a good pair.

If you want to see something nice in the jewelry line and at low prices go to
10-3t F. J. VOIROL, 244 Calhoun St.

Men's fine shoes, Congress, $1.25.
THE HOOSIER.

The Star Grocery has a fine lot of Cakes.

Seipp's extra pale Chicago beer on draught, at John Leichner, Jr's. 8-3t

DEFIANT IVES!

Registers at a Chicago Hotel Under an Assumed Name and Defies Criminal Prosecution.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.—Henry S. Ives mades a mysterious visit to Chicago yesterday, registering at the hotel as "Henry Ironton," and his attorney, Barrister Boone, registered as "H. S. Booming." He denied that he had stripped the treasury of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad of its available cash last June, but asserted that he paid the treasurer of the company over $600,000 to meet the claims against him. He was not afraid of any criminal prosecution and defird any one to affix any culpable or financial responsibility to him, on account of his connection with the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad.

Killed by the Cars.

LIMA, O., Dec. 10.—Last evening William Railing, a brakeman of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, was run over by the cars and ground to death while in the act of making a coupling.

Extra exertions have been made to produce the magnificent display of "our own specialties" in neck dressing. Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max feel satisfied they can suit all seeking "just the proper thing" for the holiday.

Go to F. J. Voirol for your Christmas presents. 10-3t

Last year's pop corn, good and dry,
At the Star Grocery.

Ladies' nice glove button shoes, $1.

Ladies' warm beaver shoes, $1.
Massachusetts Shoe Co.

Our procession of bargains would be an hour and a half passing a given point. Our readers are invited to call in and see for themselves our stock of fine shoes and slippers for the holiday trade. THE HOOSIER.

Get a pretty silver mustache cup and saucer, a pretty Christmas present for a gentleman at F. J. Voirol's, 244 Calhoun street. 10-3t

Plenty of dressed young chickens
At the Star Grocery.

If it is bottom prices on foot wear you want, don't waste time in fooling around, but go direct to the Massachusetts Shoe Co.

It will pay you to go up as far as F. J. Voirol's, 244 Calhoun street, for your Christmas presents. Frank's prices are always the lowest.

Felt slippers with thick felt soles, warm, comfortable and noiseless. All sizes from a child's No. 8 to a man's No. 11.
Massachusetts Shoe Co.

Women's lace or button, $1.
THE HOOSIER.

Mr. August Lordier, who keeps a saloon at 20 Clinton street, wants us to say that for the benefit of himself and customers, he doesn't want his door shaken for admittance to-morrow forenoon, for he will not open up.

It will be so cold that a blizzard will seem like a July zephyr, when the Massachusetts Shoe Co. gets left. They are selling men's rubbers for 33c, and men's buckle Arctics, 75c. New, fresh goods free from blisters or imperfections.

Youths' and boys' fine slippers, no cheap ones. THE HOOSIER.

Choice yellow New Orleans sugar, 5c pound.
FRUIT HOUSE.

"Little Nugget" is the comedy success of the season.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—— OF THE ——

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF FORT WAYNE,

At Fort Wayne, in the state of Indiana, at the close of business, December 7th, 1887.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$580,091 97
Overdrafts	20,441 42
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	50,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	30,094 13
Due from other National Banks	4,977 20
Due from State Banks and Bankers	197 99
Real estate, furniture and fixtures	3,085 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	7,586 40
Premiums paid	517 66
Checks and other cash items	32,469 27
Bills of other banks	23,598 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	1,067 53
Specie	17,014 21
Legal tender notes	72,267 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	2,250 00
Total	$845,825 00

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	$300,000 00
Surplus fund	90,000 00
Undivided profits	23,414 22
National Bank notes outstanding	45,000 00
Dividends unpaid	630 00
Individual deposits subject to check	283,686 29
Demand certificates of deposit	84,844 86
Due to other National Banks	26,174 82
Due to State Banks and Bankers	11,846 46
Total	$845,825 00

STATE OF INDIANA, COUNTY OF ALLEN, ss.

I, Lem R. Hartman, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

LEM R. HARTMAN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of December, 1887.

F. W. KUHNE, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
J. H. BASS, JOHN M. MILLER, W. FLEMING, } Directors.

NAPOLEON'S STAR.

BY C. C. MANN.

Napoleon called himself "the child of destiny," and said that he always saw a star before him which led him forward over the battlefield, to victory:

A star before me shining bright
Leads me along,
In destinies as in darkest night,
The steady rays of orb so light
Before me shine,
And where it leads, there I follow,
Follow to success.

It leads me to the battlefield,
And in the fray
Shines clear and bright before my eyes,
And from the field I homeward march
A conqueror,
And where it leads, there I follow,
Follow to success.

It may be kings are in my way,
It matters not,
Thrones easily are overthrown
And kingdoms fall in dust whene'er
My star leads on,
And where it leads, there I follow,
Follow to success.

Chicago, Ill.

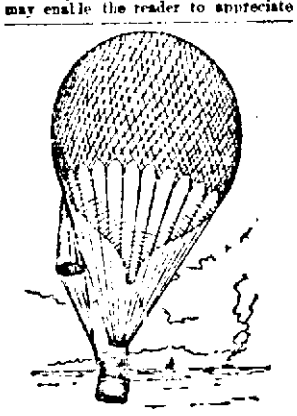
A DARING AERONAUT.

The Thrilling and Perilous Exploits of Thomas S. Baldwin, of Quincy, Ill.

Leaping from a Balloon and Falling Thousands of Feet to the Earth.

A novelty has been supplied to the lovers of excitement. Whether it falls under the head of aeronautics, gymnastics, or simply daring, does not seem easy to determine. It certainly involves all three, although the man who supplies the novelty is as cool as if he were folding a napkin.

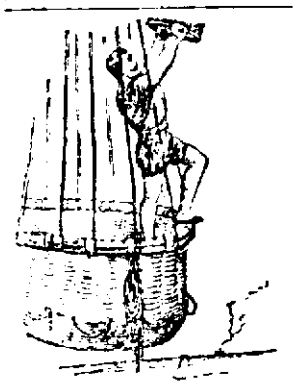
Perhaps an explanation of the feat may enable the reader to appreciate



IN MID AIR.

better how it should be determined. A young fellow twenty-seven years of age ascends by means of a balloon, sometimes as high as five thousand feet, throws himself over from the basket and drops to the ground. Happily, he is assisted by a parachute, or else he would not have dropped but once, and that once would have been too often.

Thomas S. Baldwin, of Quincy, Ill., is the name of the young man. He traveled for several years with a circus as a professional gymnast, then took to tight-rope walking, and finally to ballooning. His first jump from a balloon was made in January of this year at San Francisco. He jumped from a height of one thousand feet. This was enough to thrill twenty-five thousand people; but it was only the modest beginning. At Syracuse September last he had attained an elevation of



PREPARING TO JUMP.

five thousand feet before he switched off on the parachute route.

Mr. Baldwin remained in New York a few days after this before going West. What he has to say about this feat which he has successfully practiced, may prove of interest to the very large number who will never know from experience what such a journey means.

"What led you into this hazardous kind of feat?" was quite a natural question to begin with.

"Well, I am fond of things that are daring. I have been a gymnast performer for some time, and also a tight-rope walker. I was very much interested in ballooning, and accounts which I read of several descents from them by means of parachutes took my fancy. A Frenchman did it all right, but an Englishman tried it and came to grief. He was killed. The parachute collapsed. I gave the matter a good deal of thought, trying to work out the thing. Then I practiced before attempting the very high jump. There is a scientific principle enough in the feat to see what the effect ought to be of such an experiment. But there is enough uncertainty about it to make it a little dangerous. There is always the possibility of the parachutes collapsing, and if it does that at any height, why, it would be a miracle if a fellow escaped death. He would get crushed to pieces when he struck the ground."

"What sort of a parachute do you use?"

"I have used several kinds. I have them made of Wamsutta muslin, and without any ribs. Sometimes they have seven or eight ribs. It is about sixteen or eighteen feet in diameter. The cords which are attached to it come down and fasten to an iron ring. The ring is what I hold on to when I drop.

"How is the parachute arranged in the balloon?"

"It is fastened by the top to the side of the balloon so that the ring hangs somewhat below the top of the car. It is tied so that the weight of my body when it bears on the fastenings breaks them loose, and the parachute is free of the balloon. That I have to let go, and two or three times I have nearly lost it, and the poor old thing shows the wounds it has received where it is patched up. But it is a trusty old ship, though I mean to get a new one for next season."

"Well, tell me just how you make your arrangements."

"I get a good hold of the iron ring. That is pretty important, you can bet. It isn't easy to make any change on the way down, and if you let go, why, then you won't make any more jumps, that is all. But I am not afraid of losing my hold because I have not good enough grip. My hands are pretty strong, and I can hold on well enough. The dangerous part of this holding on is that my arms get strained so through the wrenching they get from the swaying motion, the oscillations, that sometimes the strain is very great and they become completely exhausted. After I have gripped on to the ring, I get carefully over the rim of the basket, and then drop. There is no need to spring out. It is not so good, because the straighter down one goes the easier it is for the parachute to fill out and be sustained by the air."

"What are your sensations on the way down?"

"The first hundred feet are the worst. The parachute does not fill at once, and so it is like falling sheer through that much space. And that is another reason why the drop has to be made a little carefully; otherwise I might get turned over, and though, of course, if I hold on, 'twill come all right, but the wrench on my arms would be violent, and the thing would shake more. It shakes quite enough now, I assure you, although I have improved a little on it in that respect. You can fancy what a fall of a hundred feet might be, though it is pretty hard to imagine it if you have never been through the thing. The sensation is not altogether pleasant. It is a giddy sinking through the air. The condensation of the atmosphere under the parachute, which is shaped like an umbrella, to catch the air more readily, brings me up suddenly. It is almost like a jerk, and to people looking at me I seem to stop for a moment. After that the descent is more gradual, though it is quite fast enough for ordinary purposes. The rate of descent is about 1,200 feet a minute. I have given the point of resistance which the parachute offers with a certain weight and when it is of a certain diameter a good deal of study. The sensation is pleasant enough in summer. Floating down through the air in that way is cool. It is something like coming down a rapidly running elevator. But your legs are free, and you feel your body with nothing around it.

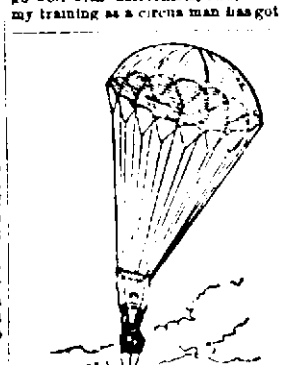
"The oscillations begin, however, and I am swayed from side to side like a pendulum. Sometimes I have been swung out at an angle of fifty or sixty degrees. The top part of the parachute, the umbrella part, does not sway in this manner. If it fills out all right there is nothing to fear there. But sometimes it does not, and then matters are ticklish."

"How do you land—lightly, or is it hard to escape getting bruised?"

"Generally, I have landed without doing myself any harm. When I see I am within six or seven feet of the ground I drop. I can land pretty well on my toes, and if I feel a momentum which would be likely to throw me violently down, I try to fall on my right side, and sometimes I turn three or four somersaults. This breaks the force. Of course, I can exercise no control over myself while I am in the air. I have to land wherever chance brings me. If it is a good height from which I drop, and there is a strong wind, I can easily come down at a place a mile or more from the place on the earth underneath the spot I jumped from. I am carried by the wind so that I do not feel it blowing on me very much. When I make an ascension near the water, like that at Rockaway Beach this summer, I take up a life preserver with me, so if I fall into the water at too great a distance from the shore to swim, I need not drown."

"Do you feel any nervousness or fear in undertaking the feat?"

"I always know that there is danger in it. I couldn't know as much about the subject as I do and be ignorant of that. But I do not feel much trepidation in undertaking it. The chances are that everything will come out all right, as they have done in all my descents. Then there is an excitement about it. It is a funny thing, though, to be performing a feat for an audience so far below you that you cannot see anything but a dark spot on the earth. When you get up so very high in a balloon I do not think that a person is as inclined to feel dizzy as at a much less height from which he can compare the relative altitudes. But I am not subject to dizziness. It doesn't go well with balloonists, and, besides, my training as a circus man has got me



ON THE WAY DOWN.

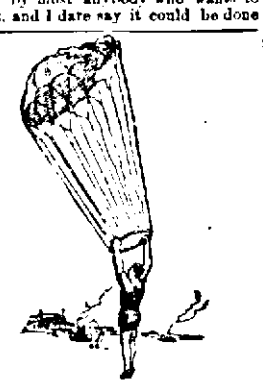
pretty accustomed to things which call for coolness. I do not lose my head, and do everything as coolly as if I were on the ground. The strain on the arms is usually the only thing that bothers me. I must get that stopped, if I can, or else I may be at to drop the business. Once I went up in a balloon without any car attached. There was only a ring where I held myself."

"What is the greatest height from which you have jumped?"

"I have jumped from five thousand feet. I think, however, that a parachute could be made so that a descent from a much higher altitude would be possible. Whether a man can be invented to stand the strain on his arms for the length of time which would be required to descend in, I do not know. You must remember that you can't stop to rest yourself any on the way down. You're there on the end of the parachute, and you feel you've got to stay there till your feet strike the earth. I came down into a tree once, but I didn't hurt myself. I have been carried along on the ground with my parachute for twenty feet."

"Are there any other balloonists who perform this feat?"

"I do not know of any living aeronaut who has attempted it. I dare say there will be others who may imitate my example. It is something that can be done by most anybody who wants to try it, and I dare say it could be done



THE PARACHUTE ACTING BADLY.

often enough to make a good many willing to try it. Most of the balloon gymnasts, however, have a trapeze fastened to a captive balloon, and when they are up about a thousand feet they perform feats on that."

"Do you think there is any practical value in a feat of this kind?"

"Well, it is always a valuable thing to do something new and show what a man can do. I don't suppose it does any good. Of course ballooning can be of use. They found that out in Paris when they used to send them out during the commune. And they are useful in time of war to reconnoiter the enemy's position. But I like it well enough, and people like to see it, too. There is always more interest in anything that looks dangerous."

"Do you intend to jump in this way next year?"

"Oh, I think it very likely that I may. There may be somebody else in the field next year, and then jumping matches could be arranged to see who would spring from the greatest elevation. It wouldn't take much more courage to go up a few thousand feet more and spring off. When you are up so high as that the earth looks pretty small. I came down through a cloud once. It was below me as far as it was above the spectators on the ground beneath."

Professor Baldwin, for he deserves the title of professor of aeronautics, has received two handsome gold



A WET LANDING.

medals for his feats. One is from his fellow-townsmen of Quincy, which shows that it is an appreciative city; another was the offering of the Knights of Pythias. Both were commemorative of his marvelous leaps.

PROF. GUSTAV RETZIUS has a chapter in his sketches of Finland respecting the uses which the Finnish people make of birch bark. Shoes are made of it. The bark, having been peeled, is cut into strips, rolled up carefully and put away for future use. When the Finnish peasant wants a pair of new shoes he takes out one of his rolls, cuts it up into strips of suitable width, soaks it in water to soften it, and then weaves it into the form he desires. It is all done very rapidly, a half-hour or less sometimes sufficing for the whole work. Many other uses are found for birch bark. The sheath in which the peasant carries his inseparable knife is made of it. It is woven into pockets or bags of various sizes, which are used all over Finland. Birch bark is made into salt tubs, cords and lines, brushes for washing out wooden vessels, boxes, sieves, and tubs, and many other articles for which we use wood or basket material.

IN Germany, says the *Blacksmith and Wheelright*, the smith, when finishing the shoe, punches a hole in the two ends, and when the shoe is cold he taps in a screw thread, and screws into the shoe, when on the horse's foot, a sharp-pointed stud of an inch in length, and with shoes thus fitted the horse can travel securely on the worst possible road; and I have never known one slip either when riding or driving; and draught horses are shod in the same way. When the horse comes home to stable the groom unscrews the pointed stud and screws in a button, so that no damage can happen to the horse, and the screw holes are prevented from filling. When the horse is going out the groom takes out the button and screws in the pointed stud, and there is no fear of the horse coming back with broken knees or strained sinews, and the public are spared the sight of horses down or slipping in all directions.

THE JOYS OF FOX-HUNTING.



THE joyous season for fox-hunting is again upon us, says Bill Nye, in the New York *World*, and with the gentle fall of the autumn leaf and the songh of the scented breezes about the gnarled and naked limbs of the



THE COSTUME.

wailing trees the huntsman comes with his hark and hullo and hurrah boys, the swift rush of the chase, the thrilling scamper 'cross country, the mad dash through the Long Islander's pumpkin-patch—also the mad dash, dash of the farmer, the low moan of the frozen-toed hen as the whooping horsemen run her down; the wild shriek of the children, the low melancholy wail of the frightened shote as he flees away to the straw-pile, the quick yet muffled plunk of the frozen tomato and the dull scrunch of the seed cucumber.

All—all indicate that our great national autumn sport, the sport which has for years characterized us as a nation and been imitated to some extent in England and our other colonies, is here.

The huntsman now takes the flannels off his fox, rubs his stiffened limbs with gargling oil, ties a bunch of firecrackers to his tail, and runs him around the barn a few times to see if he is in good order.

The foxhound is a cross of the bloodhound, the greyhound, the bulldog and the chump. When you step on his tail he is said to be in full cry. The foxhound obtains from his ancestors on the bloodhound side of the house his keen scent, which enables him while in full cry 'cross country to pause and hunt for chipmunks. He also obtains from the bloodhound branch of his family a wild yearning to star in an "Uncle Tom" company and watch Little Eva meander up the flume at $2 per week. From the greyhound he gets his most miraculous speed, which enables him to attain a rate of velocity so great that he is unable to pause during the excitement of the chase, frequently running so far during the day that it takes him a week to get back, when, of course, all interest has died out. From the bulldog the foxhound obtains his great tenacity of purpose, his deep-seated convictions, his quick perceptions, his love of home, and his clinging nature. From the chump the foxhound gets his high intellectuality and that mental power which enables him to distinguish almost at a glance the difference between a 2-year-old steer and a $2 bill.

The foxhound is about two feet in height, and 120 of them would be considered an ample number for a quiet little fox-hunt. Some hunters think this number inadequate, but unless the fox be unusually skittish and crawl under the barn, 120 foxhounds ought to be enough. The trouble generally is that hunters make too much noise, thus scaring the fox so that he tries to get away from them. This necessitates hard riding and great activity on the part of the whippers-in. Frightening a fox almost always results in sending him out of the road and compelling horsemen to stop in order to take down a panel of fence, every little while that they may follow the animal and before you can get the fence put up again the owner is on the ground, and after you have made change with him and mounted again the fox may be nine miles away. Try by all means to keep your fox in the road.

It makes a great difference what kind of fox you use, however. I once had a fox on my Pumpkin Butte estates that lasted me for three years, and I never knew him to shy or turn out of the road for anything but a loaded team. He was the best fox for hunting purposes that I ever had. Every spring I would sprinkle him with Scotch snuff and put him away in the bureau till fall. He would then come out bright and chipper. He was always ready to enter into the chase with all the chick and embonpoint of a regular Kenesha, and nothing pleased him better than to be about eight miles in advance of my thoroughbred pack in full cry, scampering 'cross country, while stretching back a few miles behind the dogs followed a pale young man and his financier, each riding a horse that had sat down too hard on its tail at some time and driven it into his system about six joints.

Some hunters, who are madly and passionately devoted to the sport, leap their horses over fences, moats, donjon keeps, hedges, and current bushes with utter sang froid and the wild, unfettered toot ongsomble of a brass band. It is one of the most spirited and touchful of sights to see a young fox-hunter going home through the gloam-



HER AND HIS FOX-HOUND.

ing with a full cry in one hand and his pancreas in the other.

Some like to be in at the death, as it is called, and it is certainly a laudable ambition. To see 120 dogs hold out against a ferocious fox weighing nine pounds; to watch the brave little band of dogs and whippers-in and horses with sawed-off tails, making up in heroism what they lack in numbers, succeeding at last in ridding the country of the ferocious brute which has so long been the acknowledged foe of the human race is, indeed, a fine sight.

We are too apt to regard fox-hunting merely as a relaxation, a source of pleasure, and the result of a desire to do the way people do in the novels which we steal from the English authors; but this is not all. To successfully hunt a fox, to jump fences 'cross country like an unruly steer, is no child's play. To ride all day on a very hot and restless saddle, trying to lose while your horse is trotting, giving your friends a good view of the country between yourself and your horse, then leaping stone walls, breaking your collar-bone in four places, pulling out one eye and leaving it hanging on a plum tree, or going home at night with your transverse colon wrapped around the pommel of your saddle and your liver in an old newspaper, requires the greatest courage.

Men who can do this must be cool and self-possessed. They are generally men who are prompt to act in case of danger, and often discover and allude in a shrill voice to a fire in a crowded theater long before anybody else knows anything about it.

Too much stress cannot be placed upon the costume worn while fox-hunting, and in fact that is, after all, the life and soul of the chase. For ladies nothing looks better than a close-fitting jacket, sewed together with thread of the same shade, and a skirt. Neat-fitting cavalry boots and a plug hat complete the costume. Then, with a hue in one hand and a cry in the other, she is prepared to mount. Lead the horse up to a stone wall or a freight car and spring lightly into the saddle with a glad cry. A freight car is the best thing from which to mount a horse, but it is too unwieldly, and frequently delays the chase. For this reason, too, much luggage should not be carried on a fox-hunt. Some gentlemen carry a change of canes, neatly concealed in a shawl-strap, but even this may be dispensed with.

For gentlemen a dark, four-button cutaway coat, with neat, loose-fitting white panties, will generally scare a fox into convulsions, so that he may be easily killed with a club. A short-waisted plug hat may be worn also, in order to distinguish the hunter from the whipper-in, who wears a base-ball



CHASING THE FOX.

cap. The only fox-hunting I have ever done was on board an impetuous, tough-bitted, four-and-aft horse that had emotional insanity. I was dressed in a swallow-tail coat, waistcoat of Scotch plaid Turkish toweling, and a pair of close-fitting breeches of etiquette tucked into my boot-tops. As I was away from home at the time and could not reach my own steed, I was obliged to mount a spirited steed with high, intellectual hips, one white eye and a big red nostril that you could set a Shanghai hen in. This horse, as soon as the pack broke into full cry, climbed over a fence that had wrought-iron briars in it, lit in a corn field, stabbed his hind leg through a sere and yellow pumpkin, which he wore the rest of the day, with seven yards of pumpkin vine streaming out behind, and away we dashed 'cross country. I remained mounted, not because I enjoyed it, for I did not, but because I dreaded to dismount. I hated to get off in pieces. If I can't get off a horse's back as a whole I would rather adhere to the horse. I will adhere that I did so.

On, on I rode, with my unconfined locks streaming behind me in the autumn wind. On and still on I sped, the big, bright pumpkin slipping up and down the gambrel of my spirited horse at every jump. On and ever on we went, shedding terror and pumpkin seeds along our glittering track, till my proud steed ran his leg in a gopher hole and fell over one of those machines that they put on a high-headed steer to keep him from jumping fences. As the horse fell the necklace of this hickory pole flew up and adjusted itself around my neck. In an instant my steed was on his feet again, and gayly we went forward, while the prong of this barbarous appliance ever and anon plowed into a brand-new culvert or rooted up a clover-field. Every time it ran into an orchard or a cemetery it would jar my neck and knock me silly. But I could see with joy that it reduced the speed of my horse. At last, as the sun went down, reluctantly, as it seemed to me, for he knew that he would never see such riding again, my ill-spent horse fell with a hollow moan, curled up, gave a spasmodic quiver with his little, nerveless, sawed-off tail, and died.

The other huntsmen succeeded in tracing the anise seed bag at sundown, in time to catch the 6 o'clock train home.

Fox-hunting is one of the most thrilling pastimes of which I know, and for young men whose parents have amassed large sums of money in the intellectual pursuit of hides and tallow the meet, the chase, the scamper, the full cry, the cover, the stellated feature, the yelp of the pack, the yip, the yell of triumph, the confusion, the whoop, the holla, the halloos, the hurrah, the abrasion, the snort of the hunter, the concussion, the award, the open, the earth-stopper, the strangulated hernia, the glad cry of the hound as he brings home the quivering seat of the peasant's pantaloons, the yelp of joy as he lays at his master's feet the strawberry mark of the rustic—all, all are exhilarating to the sons of our American nobility.

Fox-hunting combines the danger and the wild, tumultuous joy of the skating-rink, the toboggan slide, the mush-and-milk sociable, and the straw ride.

With a good horse, an air-cushion, a reliable earth-stopper, and an aniseed bag a man must indeed be thoroughly base who cannot enjoy a scamper 'cross country, over the Pennsylvania wold, the New Jersey mere, the Connecticut moor, the Indiana glade, the Missouri brake, the Michigan mead, the American tarn, the fen, the gulch, the buffalo wallow, the cranberry marsh, the glen, the draw, the canyon, the ravine, the forks, the bottom, or the settlement.

For the young American nobleman whose ducal father made his money by inventing a fluent pill, or who gained his great wealth through relieving humanity by means of a lining pad, a liver pad, or a kidney-pad, or a foot-pad, fox-hunting is first-rate.

Husband-Lover.



MY DEAR NEPHEW: I thought I had hit the nail on the head when in my last letter I told you to see the girl first. You say you are favorably impressed, in fact somewhat smitten. Having concluded she was a young lady such as you would choose for a wife, you thought you would first get my opinion. Well, my boy, you see now, I think, that in the long run the young lady's opinion will be of more value to you in deciding, or rather in helping you to a decision, than mine could possibly be. My advice now is, go ahead and cultivate her acquaintance and report to me again later on.

You have not asked me for any suggestions as to the best manner in which to go about the winning of a young lady's affections. There may be two reasons why you have not done so. 1. Because you feel that you don't need them; or, 2. If you do, that it has never occurred to you that I could give you any pointers worth having. However that may be, I courted a mighty nice girl once myself, and afterwards married her. I have also watched the young people of both sexes pretty closely for a great many years, and during that time my observations, added to my own personal experiences, may be of some service to you.

First then, in courting a girl, be honest, frank, manly, and independent. Then when you have won her heart, and with that her consent to become your wife, keep right on making it your business to be always honest, frank, manly, and independent. By doing this you will, you see, make just as good a husband as you were a suitor and lover. Many men make splendid lovers—always attentive, kind, polite, and loving—but as husbands they soon develop, or rather, I mean, degenerate into two-legged brutes of the worst kind. So I say be careful about this and try to keep your standard as a husband up to the same excellence as were your bright and shining qualities as a lover.

It has not occurred to me to mention it before, but I will say now that marriage is a very important thing. It is a leap toward either a hell or a heaven, so far as your earthly happiness is concerned; and the hell of an unhappy married life is as dark and miserable in its character as the heaven of a happy married existence is bright and joyous. Don't forget this. Yours, rather hurriedly, but with much love,
—*Uncle Sam, in Chicago Ledger.*

Exasperating Coolness.



He (roaring with passion)—"I tell you, madam, the brain of a man averages more by two ounces than that of a woman, and don't you forget it!"

She (extremely calm)—"Get a stool and come up into the higher atmosphere, William. You look warm down there."—*Puck.*

A Remedy.



"Oh, doctor, come at once, Johnnie has swallowed a mouse."

"Then the best thing you can do is to get him to swallow a cat."

Obeying Instructions.

Old Lady (to grocer's boy)—"Don't you know, boy, that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?"

Boy—"That's what the boss told me to do, mum."

Old Lady—"Told you to whistle?"

Boy—"Yes, 'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"IS THINE HEART RIGHT?"

Sunday Morning Services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Dr. Talmage Makes a Spiritual Diagnosis—Our Nature All Atwist and Askew and Unjointed—The More We Think About Heavenly Things the Better.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 4.—This is sacramental day in Brooklyn Tabernacle. The more than 4,000 communicant members and many strangers from all parts of the world make it a memorable scene. New members were received and some of them were baptized this morning.

The congregation, led by organ and cornet, sang:

> Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
> Shall never lose its power
> Till all the ransomed church of God
> Be saved to sin no more.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached. His subject was "Salutation from the Chariot," and his text II. Kings x. 15: "Is thine heart right?"

With mettled horses at full speed, for he was celebrated for fast driving, Jehu, the warrior and king, returns from battle. But seeing Jehonadab, an acquaintance, by the wayside, he shouts "Whoa! whoa!" to the lathered span. Then, leaning over to Jehonadab, Jehu salutes him in the words of the text words not more appropriate for that hour and that place than for this hour and place.

Is thine heart right? I should like to hear of your physical health. Well myself, I like to have everybody else well; and so might ask: Is your eyesight right, your hearing right, your nerves right, your lungs right, your entire body right? But I am busy to-day taking diagnosis of the more important spiritual conditions.

I should like to hear of your financial welfare. I want everybody to have plenty of money, ample apparel, large storehouse, and comfortable residence. And I might ask: Is your business right, your income right, your worldly surroundings right? But what are these financial questions compared with the inquiry as to whether you have been able to pay your debts to God; as to whether you are running yourself by the long-credit system of the soul? I have known men to have no more than one loaf of bread at a time, and yet to own a government bond of Heaven worth more than the whole material universe.

The question I ask you to-day is not in regard to your habits. I make no inquiry about your integrity, or you chastity, or your sobriety. I do not mean to stand on the outside of the gate and ring the bell; but coming up the steps I open the door and come to the private apartment of the soul; and with the earnestness of a man that must give an account for his day's work, I cry out, O man, O woman immortal: Is thine heart right?

I will not insult you by an argument to prove that we are by nature all wrong. If there be a factory explosion and the smoke-stack be upset, and the wheels be broken in two, and the engine unjointed, and the ponderous bars be twisted, and a man should look in and say that nothing was the matter, you would pronounce him a fool. Well, it needs no acumen to discover that our nature is all atwist and askew and unjointed. The thing doesn't work right. The biggest trouble we have in the world is with our souls.

Men sometimes say that though their lives may not be just right, their heart is all right. Impossible! A farmer never puts the poorest apples on top of his barrel; nor does the merchant place the meanest goods in the show-window. The best part of us is our outward life. I do not stop to discuss whether we all fell in Adam, for we have been our own Adam, and have all eaten of the forbidden fruit, and have been turned out of the paradise of holiness and peace; and though the flaming sword that stood at the gate to keep us out has changed position and comes behind to drive us in, we will not go.

The Bible account of us is not exaggerated when it says that we are poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked. Poor, the wretch that stands shivering on our doorstep on a cold day is not so much in need of bread as we are of spiritual help. Blind: why, the man whose eyes perished in the powder blast, and who for these ten years has gone feeling his way from street to street, is not in such utter darkness as we. Naked: why, there is not one rag of holiness left to hide the shame of our sin. Sick: why, the leprosy has eaten into the head and the heart and the hands and the feet, and the marasmus of an everlasting wasting away has already seized on some of us.

But the meanest thing for a man to do is to discourse about an evil without pointing a way to have it remedied. I speak of the thirst of your hot tongue only that I may show you the living stream that drops crystaline and sparkling from the Rock of Ages, and pours a river of gladness at your feet. If I show you the rents in your coat, it is only because the door of God's wardrobe now swings open, and here is a robe, white with the fleece of the Lamb of God, and of a cut and make that an angel would not be ashamed to wear. If I snatch from you the black, moldy bread that you are munching, it is only to give you the bread made out of the finest wheat that grows on the celestial hills, and baked in the fires of the cross, and one crumb of which would be enough to make all Heaven a banquet. Hear it, one and all, and tell it to your friends when you go home, that the Lord Jesus Christ can make the heart right.

First we need a repenting heart. If for the last ten, twenty, or forty years of life we have been going on the wrong way, it is time that we turned around and started in the opposite direction. If we offend our friends we are glad to apologize. God is our best friend, and yet how many of us have never apologized for the wrongs we have done Him!

There is nothing that we so much need to get rid of as sin. It is a horrible black monster. It polluted Eden. It killed Christ. It has blasted the world. Men keep dogs in kennels, and rabbits in a warren, and cattle in a pen. What a man that would be who would shut them up in his parlor. But this foul dog of sin, and these herds of transgression, we have entertained for many a long year in our heart, which should be the cleanest, brightest room in all our nature. Out with the vile herd! Begone, ye befoulers of an immortal nature! Turn out the beasts and let Christ come in!

A heathen came to an early Christian who had the reputation of curing diseases. The Christian said: "You must have all your idols destroyed." The heathen gave to the Christian the key to his house, that he might go in and destroy the idols. He battered to pieces all he saw, but still the man did not get well. The Christian said to him: "There must be some idol in your house not yet destroyed." The heathen confessed that there was one idol of beaten gold that he could not bear to give up. After a while, when that was destroyed, in answer to the prayer of the Christian the sick man got well.

Many a man has awakened in his dying hour to find his sins all about him. They clambered up on the right side of the bed, and on the left side, and over the headboard, and over the footboard, and horribly devoured the soul.

> Reject the voice of salvation,
> No longer dare delay;
> The wrath that sees the man who late does
> And meets a wrathy day.

Again, we need a believing heart. A good many years ago a weary one went up one of the hills of Asia Minor, and with two logs on His back cried out to all the world, offering to carry their sins and sorrows. They pursued Him. They slapped Him in the face. They mocked Him. When He groaned they groaned. They shook their fists at Him. They spit on Him. They hounded Him as though He were a wild beast. His healing of the sick, His sight giving to the blind, His mercy to the outcast silenced not the revenge of the world. His prayers and benedictions were lost in that whirlwind of execration. Away with Him! Away with Him!

Ah! it was not merely the two pieces of wood that He carried; it was the transgressions of the race, the anguish of the ages, the wrath of God, the sorrows of hell, the stupendous interests of an unending eternity. No wonder His back bent. No wonder the blood started from every pore. No wonder that He crouched under a torture that made the sun faint, and the everlasting hills tremble, and the dead rush up in their winding sheets as He cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But the cup did not pass. None to comfort.

There He hangs! What has that hand done that it should be thus crushed in the palm? It has been healing the lame and wiping away tears. What has that foot been doing that it should be so lacerated? It has been going about doing good. Of what has the victim been guilty? Guilty of saving a world. Tell me, ye heavens and earth, was there ever such another criminal? On that hill of carnage, that sunless day, amid those howling rioters, may not your sins and mine have perished? I believe it.

Oh, the ransom has been paid. Those arms of Jesus were stretched out so wide that when he brought them together again they might embrace the world. Oh that I might, out of the blossoms of the spring, or the flaming foliage of the autumn, make one wreath for my Lord! Oh, that all the triumphal arches of the world could be swung in one gateway, where the King of Glory might come in! Oh, that all the harps and trumpets and organs of earthly music might, in one anthem, speak His praise!

But what were earthly flowers to Him who walketh amid the snow of the white lilies of Heaven! What were arches of earthly masonry to Him who hath about His throne a rainbow spun out of everlasting sunshine! What were all earthly music to Him when the hundred and forty and four thousand on one side, and the cherubim, and seraphim, and archangels stand on the other side, and all the space between is filled with the doxologies of eternal jubilee!—the hosanna of a redeemed earth, the hallelujah of unfallen angels, song after song rising about the throne of God and of the Lamb. In that pure, high place, let Him hear us. Stop! harps of Heaven, that our poor cry may be heard.

Oh, my Lord Jesus, it will not hurt Thee for one hour to step out from the shining throng. They will make it all up when Thou goest back again. Come hither, O Blessed One, that we may kiss Thy feet. Our hearts, too long withheld, we now surrender into Thy keeping. When Thou goest back, tell it to all the immortals that the lost are found, and let Thy Father's house ring with the music and the dance.

They have some old wine in Heaven, not used except in rare festivities. In this world those who are accustomed to use wine on great occasions bring out the beverage and say, "This wine is thirty years old," or "forty years old." But the wine of Heaven is more than eighteen centuries old. It was prepared at the time when Christ trod the wine-press alone. When such grievous sinners as we come back, methinks the chamberlain of Heaven cries out to the servants, "This is unusual joy! Bring up from the vaults of Heaven that old wine. Fill all the tankards. Let all the white-robed guests drink to the immortal health of those new-born sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." There is joy in Heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth; and God grant that that one may be you!

Again, a right heart is an expectant heart. It is a poor business to be building castles in the air. Enjoy what you have now. Don't spoil your comfort in the small house because you expect a larger one. Don't fret about your income when it is $3 or $4 per day, because you expect to have after a while $10 per day, or $10,000 a year, because you expect it to be $20,000 a year. But about heavenly things, the more we think the better. Those castles are not in the air, but on the hills, and we have a deed of them in our possession. I like to see a man all full of Heaven. He talks Heaven. He sings Heaven. He prays Heaven. He dreams Heaven. Some of us in our sleep have had the good place open to us. We saw the pinnacles in the sky. We heard the click of the hoofs of the white horses on which visitors rode, and the clapping of the cymbals of eternal triumph. And while in our sleep we were glad that all our sorrows were over, and burdens done with, the throne of God grew whiter, whiter, and whiter, till we opened our eyes and saw that it was only the sun of the earthly morning shining on our pillow. To have a right heart you need to be filled with this expectancy. It would make your privations and annoyances more bearable.

In the midst of the city of Paris stands, or did stand, a statue of the good, but broken-hearted Josephine. I never imagined that marble could be smitten into such tenderness. It seems not lifeless. If the spirit of Josephine be disentabernacled, the soul of the empress has taken possession of this figure. I am not yet satisfied that it is stone. The puff of the dress on the arm seems to need but the pressure of the finger to indent it. The figure at the bottom of the robe, the ruffle at the neck, the fur lining on the dress, the embroidery of the satin, the cluster of lily and leaf and rose in the hand, the poise of her body as she seems to come sailing out of the sky, her face calm, humble, beautiful, but yet sad attest the genius of the sculptor and the beauty of the heroine he celebrates. Looking up through the rifts of the coronet that encircles her brow, I could see the sky beyond, the great Heavens where all women's wrongs shall be righted, and the story of endurance and resignation shall be told to all the ages. The rose and the lily in the hand of Josephine will never drop their petals. The children of God, whether they suffer on earth, in palaces or in hovels, shall come to the glorious rest. Oh, Heaven, sweet Heaven! at thy gate we set down all our burdens and griefs. The place will be full. Here there are vacant chairs at the hearth, and at the table, but there are no vacant chairs in Heaven. The crowns all worn; the thrones all mounted.

Some talk of Heaven as though it were a handsome church, where a few favored spirits would come in and sit down on finely-cushioned seats all by themselves and sing psalms to all eternity. No, no, "I saw a great multitude that no man could number standing before the throne. He that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city and it was 12,000 furlongs," that is, 1,500 miles in circumference. Ah! Heaven is not a little rotunda at one corner of God's dominion where a man's entrance depends upon what kind of clothes he has on his back and how much money he has in his purse, but a vast empire. God grant that the light of that blessed world may shine upon us in our last moment.

The commonest time we had in crossing the ocean was at the mouth of Liverpool harbor. We arrived at night all ready, we were obliged to lie there till the morning for the rising of the tide before we could go up to the city. How they pitched and writhed in the waves sometimes the last illness of the Christian is a struggle. He is almost through the voyage. The waves of temptation toss his soul, but he waits for the morning. At last the light dawns and the tides of joy arise in his soul and he sails up and casts anchor within the veil.

Is thy heart right? What question can compare with this in importance?

It is a business question. Do you not realize that you will soon have to go out of that store; that you will soon have to resign that partnership; that soon among all the millions of dollars' worth of goods that are sold in New York you will not have the handling of a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a pennyworth of anything; that soon if a conflagration should start at Central Park and sweep everything to the Battery, it would not disturb you; that soon, if every cashier should abscond, and every insurance company should fail, it would not affect you? What are the questions that stop this side the grave compared with the questions that reach beyond it? Are you making losses that are to be everlasting? Are you making purchases for eternity? Are you jobbing for time when you might be wholesaling for eternity? What question of the store is so broad at the base and so altitudinous and so overwhelming as the question, "Is thy heart right?"

Or is it a domestic question? Is it something about father, mother, or companion, or son, or daughter, that you think is comparable with this question in importance? Do you not realize that by universal and inexorable law all these regulations will be broken up? Your father will be gone, your mother will be gone, your companion will be gone, your child will be gone, you will be gone; then this supernal question will begin to harvest its chief gains, or deplore its worst losses, roll up into its mightiest magnitude, or sweep its vast circles. What difference now does it make to Napoleon III. whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan? whether he lived at the Tuileries or at Chiselhurst? whether he was Emperor or exile? They laid him out in his coffin in the dress of a field marshal. Did that give him any better chance for the next world than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? And soon to us what will be the difference whether in this world we rode or walked, were bowed to or maltreated, were applauded or hissed at, were welcomed in or kicked out, while laying hold every moment of the great future and burning in all the splendor of grief and overarching and undergoing all time and all eternity is the plain, simple, practical, thrilling, agonizing, overwhelming question, "Is thy heart right?" Have you within you a repenting heart, an expectant heart? If not I must write upon your soul what George Whitefield wrote upon the window pane with his diamond ring. He tarried in an elegant house over night, but found that there was no God recognized in that house. Before he left his room in the morning with his ring he wrote upon the window pane, "One thing thou lackest." After the guest was gone the housewife came up and looked at the window and saw the inscription and called her husband and her children, and God, through that ministry of the window glass, brought them all to Jesus. Though you may to-day be surrounded by comforts and luxuries, and feel you have need of nothing, if you are not the children of God, with the signet ring of Christ's love, let me inscribe upon your souls, "One thing thou lackest." I pray you that, whatever else you may miss, you may not miss Heaven. It is too bright a home to lose. Your soul has been bought at too dear a price. I preach to you of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. Casting all your sins behind you, I beg of you to start this morning for the kingdom. "Yes," you say, "I will start, but not now." William III. made proclamation, when there was a revolution in the north of Scotland, that all who came and took the oath of allegiance by the 31st of December should be pardoned. Maclan, a chieftain of a prominent class, resolved to return with the rest of the rebels, but had some pride in being the very last one that should take the oath. He postponed starting for this purpose until two days before the expiration of the term. A snow storm impeded his way, and before he got up to take the oath and receive a pardon from the throne the time was up and past. While the others were set free, Maclan was miserably put to death. He started too late and arrived too late. In like manner some of you are in prospect of losing forever the amnesty of the Gospel. Many of you are going to be forever too late. Remember the irreparable mistake of Maclan!

Benedict Arnold.

Benedict Arnold was a native of Connecticut, where he was born in Norwich, January 3, 1740. He joined the patriots soon after the Revolution broke out and was commissioned a Colonel in the service of Massachusetts. In 1775 he led a force of about 1,000 men through the northern forest, with the intention of capturing Quebec. Gen. Montgomery's forces were joined by Arnold at the St. Lawrence, and the attack made, but it failed. Montgomery met his death there and Arnold was seriously wounded. Arnold became a Brigadier General, and in 1776 was noted for the skill and courage displayed in a naval battle on Lake Champlain. Some writers suggest that Arnold was disappointed after this because he was not made one of the first Major Generals; he became one in 1777. He was in the battle of Bemis Heights, and after that he quarreled with Gen. Gates. He was a volunteer at the fight at Stillwater, without a command, and was distinguished for his daring. He was again wounded, and was forced to retire for several months. He commanded in Philadelphia in 1778, and, living extravagantly there, contracted debts. In 1779 he married the daughter of Shippen, afterward Chief Justice of the State. Charges were made against him, and he was sentenced by court-martial to be reprimanded by the Commander-in-chief. Washington was very mild in his reproof. Arnold was very much chagrined. In August, 1780, he requested and was given command at West Point, then the most important fortress of the young republic, and this he offered to surrender to Sir Henry Clinton. The capture of Andre disclosed the plot of the traitor, and prostrated it. Arnold escaped to a war vessel of the British. He at once entered the British service, and commanded an expedition against Virginia. Near the conclusion of the war he went to England, where he met with no especial marks of favor. He died in London in 1801, poor and despised, where he was buried. *Toledo Blade.*

MONEY gets tight so often that it will have a bad reputation for sobriety before long.—*Texas City Journal.*

YOU should never tease backfields. They are apt to get fractious. *Texas [illegible].*

[illegible] polls, like the mar age [illegible] are [illegible] the horse.

GEORGIA'S FAMED ORATOR.

Henry W. Grady Speaks with Mighty Power for Prohibition.

The Law Has Worked Unspeakable Good in Atlanta, Therefore Continue It.

With the Saloons Removed the Improvident Have Become Provident.

The Eloquent Testimony of Former Enemies of Prohibition.

The Great Increase of Poll Taxes and Proportionate Decrease of Crime.

Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, made a thrilling address at a recent Prohibition meeting in Atlanta.

He said he was not originally a Prohibitionist, but a High License man, and that he did not wish to discuss the general principle of Prohibition, or, indeed, to commit himself to it. He had consented to speak about Prohibition only as a present matter affecting Atlanta's welfare. He based his appeal for another two years' trial of Prohibition upon two propositions: First, Prohibition has not had a full and fair trial; second, the trial, imperfect as it has been, is a demonstrable success. He said:

In insisting that Prohibition has not had a fair trial, I do not mean to beg the second proposition I laid down, namely, that it has been a demonstrable success. Is there a man here to-night who has not the fairness and the unprejudiced mind that will lead him to give an important question a full trial—is there a man who will abandon this experiment when it can be shown that working even imperfectly it has worked unspeakable good?

I commit myself to that word with perfect fearlessness. I say "unspeakable" good. If I talk until my tongue loses its power of articulation, I could not give you one-half of the instances of good that have been put in my hands by kind friends this evening. I will hastily glass a few, none of which will fail to prove significant.

When you go to get the effect of a new movement for good or evil, where do you go? Not to the rich and idle, because you may swell or diminish their income and yet not change their habits, you simply diminish the hidden surplus. Not to the middle class, because when you diminish their income they simply pinch themselves, and pinch so quietly that their neighbors do not know it, or swell their incomes and they loosen out a little and save something up to surplus. You cannot tell it there; but go to the poorer classes, the men who labor for their daily bread, and whose wages barely suffice to give it to them, and there you find the first signs of a good or evil movement. It is at once the truth and reproach of our civilization that starvation follows so close on labor that an evil movement is detected in the hollow cheeks of little children and the haggard faces of women before it is made manifest to the higher classes.

Mr. George Adair rents houses to 1,300 tenants. He states that he has issued in the last year one distress warrant where he issued twenty-two years ago. (Applause.) I claim to be an intelligent man with some courage of conviction; but I pledge you my word, if that fact were established to my satisfaction, I would vote for this thing if I never heard another word on this subject. Have you thought what that means, a distress warrant? It means eviction; it means the very thing that is to-day kindling the heart of this world for poor Ireland. It means turning a man and her little children out of the home that covers them, and to which they are entitled. I was astonished at Col. Adair's statement. Mr. Tally, who rents 6 or 700 houses, says: "I used to issue two or three distress warrants—four or five—a month. I have not issued one in eighteen months." (Applause.) Now, both of them are Prohibitionists. Let me try you with Harry Krouse. He was an anti-Prohibitionist. He said: "My distress warrants averaged thirty-six to the year, and I have not issued one in twelve months." I said:

"Then, my friend, I don't carry your conscience, but how can you be an anti-Prohibitionist?"

"I ain't. My knowledge of the thing, day by day, among people I used to pester and evict has changed my convictions, and I am a red-hot Prohibitionist."

I went down to Mr. Scott, who did not vote for prohibition, and asked him. He said: "I have issued as many as twenty-five distress warrants in a month, and I have issued six in the last eighteen months, and five were to get people out of houses because they were obnoxious to the neighbors. I have issued one single distress warrant for failure to pay rent."

I said, "You didn't vote for prohibition."

He said, "I did not believe it was practicable."

I asked, "What do you think now?"

He said, "I am going to work and vote for prohibition." (Applause.)

Mr Roberts was a Prohibitionist. He is a square man and an intelligent man, and is running for Council, which is a good sign. (Laughter and applause.) He says: "My testimony is the same. I formerly issued two or three distress warrants every month, and I have not issued one in twelve months."

Gentlemen—and ladies (laughter), especially ladies: Is there any possible answer to that? Is there any industrial, any social, any economic revolution that has been worked since this world began that would account for the diminution in this most vicious and intolerable of legal enactments? Have you thought about what a distress warrant is?

Have you ever thought about a woman being turned out of her house—the little cottage that covers her and her children? Can you picture—you who live in comfortable houses filled with light and warmth and books and joy—can you think of these people human beings, our brothers and sisters, the poor mother, brave though her heart is breaking, huddling her little children about her and the father, weak but loving, and loving all the deeper because he knows his weakness has brought them to this want and degradation, and little children, those of whom our Savior said, "Suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not." there asking, Mamma, where will we sleep to-night?

Can you picture that and then their taking themselves [illegible] the woman putting her hand with undying love and faith in the hand of the man she swore to follow through good and evil report, and marching up and down the streets.

This pitiable procession through the outlook [illegible] streets, by [illegible] children and [illegible] windows, looking for a hole where, like the foxes, they may hide their poor heads.

My friends, they talk to you about personal liberty, that a man should have the right to go into a rum shop and see this pitiable procession—now stopped—parading up and down our streets again. They talk to you about the shades of Washington, Monroe and Jefferson. I would not give one happy, smiling little woman, uplifted from that degradation, happy again, [illegible] with the [illegible] clinging on her heart, [illegible] and her children about her knee, her husband redeemed from drink at her side—I would not give one of them for all the shadow of all the men that ever [illegible] or [illegible] fought!

At the end of this sentence there was tremendous cheering. Men and women waved their handkerchiefs, some of them standing up.

What it comes simply this, that where Mr. Adair, [illegible] kind sorts of people, issued [illegible] [illegible] warrants a year ago, he issues [illegible] now. It means that out of every [illegible] families evicted two years ago there are [illegible] happy families in their homes to-night. (Applause.) And yet we are told we must vote to restore the old order, because it has reduced [illegible] [illegible]. (Applause.)

[illegible] end of this sentence the [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] on walking stick and [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible].

My friends, I [illegible] that statement be [illegible] which I do not believe his recent [illegible] is fairly and permanently [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] here [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] the fact that he is able to stand it. I say [illegible] spirit of [illegible], that I do say, if there is a law of [illegible] a governmental theory, if there is, may it please you, an untried experiment that will shelter one honest woman and two innocent children in their homes, it is our duty to vote that law, and this Government's duty to enforce it, though it should tear all down [illegible]. (Applause.) And the reason for that is not based in [illegible], but [illegible]. If the Government owes any duty to the individual, it is that every man, woman and child that leads an honest life is entitled to food and shelter, and if there is a difference to be found between diminishing the luxury of the rich, or protecting the poor in their birthright, it is manliness and humanity, and good government, to let the rich suffer. (Applause.)

Now, I have talked to you about the rent, about the house that a man and his wife live in; I have shown you, not by my own assertion, but by the statements of the only experts in the city—the real estate men, who for years have handled from 1,500 to [illegible] houses—I have shown you, I say, that where twenty suffered before, nineteen are protected under "prohibition that don't prohibit." What would we have with prohibition that did prohibit?

Let me go one step farther. When you talk first about a house that a man lives in, you get right at him. I have finished with that.

The next step is to get our employers and get their testimony. I went to Mr Boyd, of Van Winkle & Co., and he said: "Where I formerly had ten or fifteen garnishments at a time to answer, I now have not [illegible]."

The garnishment, [illegible] to the distress warrant, is the most [illegible] form of debt collection. It means [illegible] the law lays its hand on a man's wages and holds them in its grasp, though his little children may clamber about his knees and cry for bread. Now, where there were twenty necessary then, there is one now.

Mr. Boyd is a Prohibitionist; let me give you Grant Wilkins. He is a man of profound convictions. You can cut him up into postage stamps and he would not deny a thing he thought was right. He said he was one of the most violent, if that word may be used, of the anti-Prohibitionists. He said: "I have told them I was not going to attend their Anti meetings, that I did not intend to have anything to do with it this time. I came to that conclusion simply because I work 225 men, and I see what Prohibition has done for them, and I believe my duty requires I should let it alone. My foreman goes to their homes and sees them; they live better, their homes are better, they have shoes where they were shoeless, and they have plenty to eat where they formerly barely lived. I have had thirty garnishments at once in my shop, and I have been running seven months, and I have not answered one single garnishment."

That is the first time in a long and pleasant friendship that I have known Grant to acknowledge he was wrong. I could absolutely weary you with testimony like that. (Cries of "Go on!")

There is a man—I cannot give his name. Col. Maddox knows him. He is a member of the Anti-Prohibition Committee; he is one of the largest manufacturers in this city, and, as a rule, his associates are against Prohibition. He went into Col. Maddox's office, and Col. Maddox slapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Hello, Anti!"

"No, sir; not much."

"You are printed that way," said Col. Maddox.

"It's wrong," he said.

What changed him? The marked and undoubted improvement in the working people. He said:

"My wife and I rode out on Decatur street the other day. I looked at the street and the improved conditions down there, and said, 'My dear, I am a Prohibitionist from this time forward.'" He was converted against his convictions.

Mr. Grady turned and caught sight of Judge Hillyer, whose face was beaming, and having occasion to ask the Judge a question, said: "By the way, doesn't the Judge look happy to-night?" Whereat the audience cheered heartily, and the Judge laughed and looked happier than before.)

Mr. Riordan was an Anti-Prohibitionist in the last race. He came into Col. Maddox's office—by the way, Col. Maddox's office seems to be a sort of a place for them to come. Mr. Riordan says: "I was an Anti-Prohibitionist on principle—a personal liberty man, I suppose—but I work from sixty to a hundred men, and I have seen a change that as an honest man I dare not disregard, and I am for prohibition."

Ladies and gentlemen, how can you answer such as that? I am not a profound lawyer. I don't know how much personal liberty I have got. Sometimes I wish I had more, looking with a smile at Mrs. Grady, who sat in the audience. That is purely a personal matter to which we need not allude further. I don't want any profound knowledge of law that clouds my brain and judgment when such facts appeal to me!

Col. Maddox himself did not vote in the last election until the last moment. He believed prohibition was impracticable and visionary. He might have had the personal liberty touch. He was not going to vote, and his wife said—and the wife is nearly always the best half of the two, and is in this case—his wife said: "My dear, you vote to-day; we have a boy." He voted under protest, but he did not believe in it; it was new fangled. Six months afterwards he was sorry he voted for it; looked like the town had gone to ruin. But to-day he is a wise and intelligent man, and he has looked about him and heard what people say, and seen the town prosper and thrill with a growth greater than she ever felt before, and he is a dyed-in-the-wool Prohibitionist.

Mr. Rucker was the same way, and is ready to work night and day for prohibition.

Do you know J. C. Allen? Those who do not are behind. He was an anti-Prohibitionist. He was so strong an anti-Prohibitionist that he would not let a brother-in-law—not his mother-in-law—talk to him on the subject. He was rabid. He did not want to discuss it. He had a little dry goods store next to a saloon. Prohibition was voted in, and he has prospered since in spite of himself, which reminds me of a distinguished Frenchman who was kicked upstairs. The saloon was vacated, owing to circumstances over which the owner had no control. It did not look well vacant, and Mr. Allen rented it; and where the old red eye used to stand he put calico, and to-day he is doing a splendid business, and people who used to go there to buy their body's failing and their soul's damnation, go there to buy ribbons and dresses for their wives and little ones, as good men ought to do. "Seeing all this," I said, "how can you be an anti?" and he says, "I ain't; I have changed, and I am as dry as a powder-horn."

On Decatur street there were twenty-three bar-rooms where there are now four wine-rooms in what you might call the last extremity. All except one are occupied by grocers, dry goods stores, boot and shoe shops, or by some sort of business that builds up a man in place of a traffic that tears him down. Where is the paralysis of business? Four saloons and nineteen stores doing business in place of twenty-three bar rooms.

I have told you in getting evidence of improvement or deterioration in a city that you must go to the working classes. Especially is this true of Atlanta, because this is the third city in the United States in the proportion of workers to population. Lawrence, Mass., leads with [illegible] per cent of her population wage-earners. Lowell follows with 48 per cent., and Atlanta and Fall River tie for third place with 47 per cent.

Now here is a class of people representing in the workers of our number 47 per cent of the entire population. Add the women and children who do not work and we see this class represents 75 or 80 per cent. of our population. If I have shown that this class is benefited in an unspeakable manner by the untried experiment of Prohibition, is it not our duty to continue this experiment, that the greatest good may come to the greatest number?

There is just one thing further. What harm has it done? If it has done harm, let us see what. They said we were going to be ruined, that bats and owls would fly in and out, and the real estate men have the renting of nine out of ten houses that were rented. They testify without a break, absolutely without a break, that they have fewer houses on their lists than they have ever had since they have been in business. Two of them have advertised in the last few days for 100 houses, and to-day Mr. [illegible] told [illegible] that he actually left his office [illegible] [illegible] he was [illegible] the people who wanted to get [illegible] close in this town.

Mr. [illegible] told me that he could get tenants [illegible] in thirty days from to-morrow. They tell us we have lost in population. There are just as many houses in Atlanta to-day and [illegible] and they [illegible]. Well, if the population has decreased, who fills them? Perhaps they are vacated [illegible] shades of Lincoln and Jefferson and Monroe!

[illegible] in attendance at the [illegible] than last. How do you account for that? (Laughter.) It has been two years since [illegible] was adopted, and there are [illegible] more children in the schools. That means one of two things, and you can take [illegible] of the dilemma: either there are more people here, or there are more people who go to school.

[illegible] Artemus Ward says: [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

My friend, Mr. Homer Alexander, whom I [illegible] at the [illegible], [illegible] called Hooper, [illegible] [illegible] in which he [illegible].

[illegible] on statistics. [illegible] is worth noting [illegible] examined the [illegible] Court [illegible] docket [illegible] afternoon and it shows a marked and steady decrease in [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible] falling [illegible] per cent, [illegible] there [illegible] shown [illegible] in [illegible] and [illegible].

[illegible] increase to [illegible], and in [illegible] there was a decrease [illegible] [illegible]. This was with the experiment only half tried. The present docket extends from 1881 to 1887. Crime in 1887 is less than half that of '86, and less than any year of the docket. There was scarcely a case of vagrancy for a year past.

I assume to keep no man's conscience; I assume to judge for no man; I do not assume that I am better than any man, but that I am weaker. But I say this to you: I have a boy as dear to me as the ruddy drops that gather about this heart. I had my hopes already centering in his little body, and I look to him to-night to take to himself the work that, strive as I may, must fall unfinished at last from my hands. Now, I know they say it is proper to educate a boy at home; that if he is taught right at home he will not go wrong. That is a lie to begin with, but that don't matter. I have seen some of as good people as ever lived turn out badly. I accept my responsibility as a father. The boy may fall from the right path as things now exist. If he does, I shall bear that sorrow with such resignation as I may; but I tell you, if I were to come to recall barrooms to this city, when I know that he was protected in their absence, and that my boy should fall through their agency, I tell you—and this conviction has come to me in the still watches of the night—I could not, wearing the crowning sorrow of his disgrace and looking into the eyes of her whose heart he had broken—I could not, if I had voted to recall these barrooms, find answer for my conscience or support for my recourse. (Applause.) I don't know how any other father feels, but that is the way I feel, if God permits me to utter the truth.

Then, looking over the vast audience, stilled to hear the voice of the speaker, Mr. Grady said with great earnestness and eloquence:

The best reforms of this earth come through waste, and storm, and doubt, and suspicion; the sun itself when it rises on one day wastes the radiance of the moon and blots the starlight from the skies, but only to unlock the earth from the clasp of night and plant the stars anew in the opening flowers. Behind that sun, as behind this movement, we may be sure there stands the Lord God Almighty, master and maker of this Universe, from whose hand the spheres are rolled to their orbits, and whose voice has kept the harmony of this world since the morning stars sang together. (Tremendous, loud and long-continued applause.)

HELPS TO HEALTH.

Opening of the Fort Wayne Medical and Surgical Sanitarium.

[Fort Wayne Gazette, Dec. 1, 1887.]

Yesterday Dr. G. W. McCaskey opened to the public the Fort Wayne Medical and Surgical Sanitarium, at 24 West Berry street. Several thousand dollars have been expended in fitting the place to be the paradise for invalids it now is, and the public will experience a grateful surprise upon its inspection, and the sick will be glad to know that at this invalids' home can be found the rest, the medical attention and the appliances for special treatment of diseases that only the best sanitariums afford.

The entrance is at 24 West Berry street, but enough rooms of the adjoining building are used to provide excellent accommodations for nearly twenty-five patients. These rooms are furnished with much taste and an elegance that is expected at hotels of the first-class.

On the east side of the principal building the rooms which were formerly used by the Park House as office, dining-room and kitchen have been converted into bath-rooms. Mr. M. F. Teague, of Indianapolis, manages this department and is assisted by polite and skillful persons, who furnish the visitors electric baths, Turkish baths, hot air baths, vapor baths, medicated baths, or such other treatment of this character as their condition may require. The massage treatment is here made a specialty.

Patients will be furnished with a dietary specially adapted to each case, and those requiring operations will be furnished well lighted and well ventilated apartments, kept with a scrupulous regard to the teachings of antiseptic surgery.

Queer Antipathies.

It seems absolutely incredible that Peter the Great, the father of the Russian navy, should shudder at the sight of water, whether running or still, yet so it was, especially when alone. His palace gardens, beautiful as they were, he never entered, because the river Mosera flowed through them. His coachman had orders to avoid all roads which led past streams, and if compelled to cross a brook or bridge, the great Emperor would sit with closed windows, in a cold perspiration. Another monarch, James I., the English Solomon, as he liked to be called, had many antipathies, chiefly tobacco, ling, and pork. He never overcame his inability to look with composure at a drawn sword; and it is said that on one occasion, when giving the *accolade*, the King turned his face aside, nearly wounding the new-made knight. Henry III., of France, had so great a dislike to cats that he fainted at the sight of one. We suppose that in this case the cat had to waive its proverbial prerogative and could not look at a king. This will seem as absurd as extraordinary to lady lovers of that much-petted animal, but what are we to say of the Countess of Lamballe, of unhappy history, to whom a violet was a thing of horror! Even this is not without its precedent, for it is on record that Vincent, the painter, was seized with vertigo and swooned at the smell of roses. Scaliger states that one of his relations was made ill at the sight of a lily, and he himself would turn pale at the sight of water-cresses and could never drink milk.

Charles Kingsley, naturalist as he was to the core, had a great horror of spiders; and in "Glaucus," after saying that every one seems to have his antipathetic animal, continues: "I know one that himself tired from childhood to zoology by land and sea, and bold in asserting and honest in feeling that all without exception is beautiful, who yet cannot, after handling and petting and examining, all the day long, every uncouth and venomous beast, avoid a paroxysm of horror at the sight of the common house-spider."

A Talented Family.

The McSpilkins family is one of the most fashionable in Austin. The old man, however, is not as nice as he ought to be, but the rest of the family are highly accomplished. Somebody was speaking of them the other day, and he remarked how they all played on some instrument.

"What does the old lady play?" asked a bystander.

"She plays on the piano."

"And the youngest daughter?"

"She plays on the harp."

"And the next daughter?"

"She is very proficient on the guitar."

"And the boy?"

"He plays on the fiddle."

"Well, does the old man play?"

"You bet he does. He plays the starvingest game of draw poker in Travis County.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHEN does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it? When he folds it.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. jan24

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CATARRH SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE We mail enough to convince. B. S. LAUDERBACH & CO., 773 Broad st., Newark, N. J.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. Send for circular.

LADY and GENTLEMEN AGENTS WANTED in every city and town. A great opportunity. Agreeable work. Address, THE WOMAN PUBLISHING CO., 122 Nassau St., New York.

$25 A WEEK and upwards positively secured men agents selling *Dr. Scott's Genuine Electric Belt, Suspensory* and other appliances. Sample free. These are the only original and genuine. No humbug. Address Dr. SCOTT, 844 Broadway, N. Y.

LADIES ARE OFFERED plain needlework at their own homes (town or country) by a wholesale house. Profitable, genuine. Good pay can be made. Everything furnished. Particulars free. Address, Artistic Needlework Co., 135 8th st., N. Y. City.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

HINDERCORNS.

The safest, surest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, &c. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. Never fails to cure. 15 cents at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

MARVELOUS
MEMORY
DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems. Any book learned in one reading. Recommended by Mark Twain, Richard Proctor, the Scientists, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judah P. Benjamin, Dr. Minor, &c. Class of 100 Columbia law students; two classes of 200 each at Yale; 400 at University of Penn. Phila., and 400 at Wellesley College, &c., and engaged at Chautauqua University. Prospectus post free from
PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth ave., New York.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT

FOR

IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists everywhere.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS.

The cabinet organ was introduced in its present form by Mason & Hamlin in 1861. Other makers followed in the manufacture of these instruments, but the Mason & Hamlin Organs have always maintained their supremacy as the best in the world. Mason & Hamlin offer, as demonstration of the unequaled excellence of their organs, the fact that at all of the great World's Exhibitions, since that of Paris, 1867, in competition with the best makers of all countries, they have invariably taken the highest honors. Illustrated catalogues free.

PIANOS.

Mason & Hamlin's Piano Stringer was introduced by them in 1882, and has been pronounced by experts the "greatest improvement in pianos in half a century."

A circular, containing testimonials from 300 purchasers, musicians and tuners, sent, together with descriptive catalogue, to any applicant.

Pianos and organs sold for cash or easy payments; also rented.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO.
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

Letter From the Assistant Foreman of the Delivery Department—A Subject in Which Thousands are Deeply Interested.

[illegible]

LOST Manhood, Youthful Imprudence, Nervous Debility, ... Nervous Weakness, ... Medicine Co. ... Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

Daily Sentinel

SUBSCRIPTION, per week........................ 10c.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1887.

EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS of the third-mortgage bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad have been taken by a German syndicate in which the Rothschilds and the Deutsche Bank of Berlin are the principals.

CAPT. W. D. FITCH, of Williamsburg, S. C., has a pocket-knife which was found in the gizzard of a large turkey gobbler killed at his place. The knife is three and a half inches long and about the size of an ordinary knife. The handle is made of dark-colored horn, and trimmed with bright metal at each end, which no doubt caused the turkey to take it for some kind of an insect. The handle of the knife shows signs of having been wasted by digestion. The turkey was healthy and fat. Capt. Fitch's mother lost the knife. It is curious how such a large, hard instrument could be swallowed by a turkey, and how it could survive with it in its gizzard.

A CYLINDRICAL steel railroad car is being built in Boston for private use. At one end is a smoking-room, with toilet facilities adjoining; then there is to be a buffet, with a complete cooking outfit. A parlor with comfortable chairs and lounges and an upright piano occupies the center of the car. On one side of the car there will be two state-rooms, with all the improvements, including bath-room. At the other end of the car there will be an observation-room, with long windows each side of the outside door. The car is sixty-two feet long over all, and on each side there are eleven windows of unusually large size, each filled with a single pane of heavy glass. The cylindrical form of the car gives a very wide appearance to the interior, although it is really the same width as the Pullman cars.

IT is a curious fact that there is hardly a reigning monarch in Europe whose family is of the same nationality, pur sang, as the people governed. The house of Austria is really the house of Lorraine, and even in their origin the Hapsburgs were Swiss. And if the Emperor Francis Joseph be not, strictly speaking, an Austrian, still less is he a Hungarian, although he is King of Hungary. The King of the Belgians is a Saxe-Coburg; the King of Denmark is a Holsteiner; the infant monarch of Spain is a Bourbon; the King of Italy is a Savoyard; the King of Roumania and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria are both foreigners; the founder of the Bernadotte dynasty in Sweden was born in Pau less than a century and a quarter ago; the Czar is a Holstein Gottorp, and the King of the Hellenes is likewise a Holsteiner. Even in the English royal family there is very little English blood left. The Hohenzollerns were originally Suabians, and, therefore, partly Bavarian and partly Swiss. Neither was the historic house of Orange, in which patriotism has nearly always been the first instinct, Dutch to begin with.

Salt Rheum

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

RECORDER McCOOK, of the Probate Court, in Cincinnati, says that, as a rule, women are less selfish than men. He comes to this conclusion after reading 100 old wills, in which he found many cases where the husband made provision to cut off the widow's supplies in case she remarried, and in his whole experience he has read but one will of a married woman wherein any such stipulation was made respecting her husband.

The Babies Cry for It

And the old folks laugh when they find that the pleasant California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is more easily taken and more beneficial in its action than bitter, nauseous medicines. It strengthens the liver, kidneys, stomach, and bowels, while it arouses them to a healthy activity. For sale by Thieme & Gross.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
Jan. 19-eodawly.

REV. FATHER COOK.

He Treats the Labor Struggle from a Standpoint that Must Interest Every Citizen.

Possibly 500 people assembled at the Catholic Library hall, last evening, to listen to the first lecture in the course by the Rev. Father Cook, a distinguished missionary priest.

Prof. Fred Reincke's full orchestra rendered a delightful musical prelude and at the close of the last number, the lecturer stepped on the stage.

Seated with him on the rostrum were Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of this city; Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, of Nashville, Tenn.; Vicar General Joseph H. Brammer, Chancellor J. F. Lang, Rector J. H. Oechtering, of St. Mary's church; Rev. Father Koenig, of St. Paul's church; Rev. Father Denhmig, of Avilla, Rev. Father O'Leary, Rev. Father Delaney, Rev. Father Becks, Rev. Father Meesman, Rev. Father Muench and others.

The Very Rev. Father Brammer presented the lecturer, and slowly the learned evangelist explained why it was the province of a priest to speak on the subject of the evening, "Capital and Labor," because he was enlightened by the wisdom and experience of a church eighteen centuries old in dealing with the question on a plane of right and justice.

He pictured the uncertainty of fortune in the affairs of men and the evolution that transforms riches into poverty, and poverty into riches in a day. He acknowledged the chasm between capital and labor, the disposition to unload the yoke of toil and the spirit of distrust engendered by the existence of monopolies and the far reaching power and influence of the monied interests. The laborers, too, have marshaled themselves into a mighty host to battle with the encroachments of their fancied enemy and the skies convey the rumblings of discontent that makes the final contest fearful to contemplate.

For this reason he insisted it was time for the church to exert its soothing, guiding influence.

The speaker said the war between capital and labor was as old as the world and then he traced the ameliorating remedies of the ages, beginning with Plato, who first planted the seed of socialism, by declaring the people of Greece were all born on a plan of equality, but in the next breath the philosopher advised the death of cripples, the blind and old and young who were of no service to his republic. The property was equalized, but the nation tumbled under the Plato regime. The doctrine was later revived in France, but succumbed to the greed for wealth. Robert Owen introduced it in England and for twenty-three years his followers divided the fruits of their labors with each other.

England passed eighty-seven bills to coerce the labor of Ireland, but were as far from settlement to-day as ever and so ran the story of strife and its remedies.

He punctured the socialistic idea of equality, gave ludicrous illustrations of the Henry George theory of a common ownership of real estate and a division of its earnings, adding that while men were equal before just laws and their Creator, they differed in individual, mental and moral attributes. So long as this is true men will occupy different spheres in life and continue to make up a world of all sorts of people in all sorts of conditions and circumstances. He did not believe that education would solve the problem, but he did not support that idea with characteristic force, simply citing the fact that when Greece and Rome were at the zenith of their glory, there was more slavery and tyranny than the world has since known.

The Catholic church, he said, seeks to solve the strife and bestow on men a common brotherly interest. The rich were given riches to assist the poor, the intellectual were gifted to instruct the ignorant; the great were powerful to lift up the weak and needy, and between them the church decreed absolute honesty and justice. If the employer paid the employe but half what he earned, he was a thief; if the employe earned but half the wages paid by the employer, he, too, was a thief. He advised contentment, thrift and a sacred regard for individual rights and liberties and then, with God's grace in every home and his ministers spreading the gospel of truth and peace, he believed all good would follow.

He likened men to the blocks of a stately temple. Some supporting its walls, some adorning its cornices, some piercing the skies, and every one in its place. So with man. He will find his place in the temple of life according to his fitness and the graces nature bestowed on him.

THE AGED AND YOUNG

Bow to the King of Death and are Called to Their Eternal Home.

The following deaths have been reported to the city undertakers during the week:

Christian Gallmeier, 83 years, old age.

Mrs. Absolem Bayless, 30 years, typhoid fever.

Frank Feulner, 79 years, paralysis.

Erd Muthe Vogel, 77 years, paralysis and dropsy.

Jane Stirk, 76 years, old age.

A. Gallagher, 58 years, general debility.

Catharine Ossaforth, 41 years, cancer of stomach.

Pauline Sattler, 18 years, inflamatory rheumatism.

Matilda Gable, 39 years, cancer.

Mary Shuster, 8 years, spasms.

William Bence, 5 years, uremic poisoning.

John Swartz, 5 years, measles.

William Hildebrandt, 2 years, typhoid fever.

John Welch, 2 months, inflammation of the bowels.

Frank Treppe, 1 day, exhaustion.

Charles Miller, 1 day, exhaustion.

The Cashier of the German bank of Baltimore, August Weber, Esq., says: Having used Salvation Oil for some time I find it a sure cure for headache, sprains, neuralgia, &c., and take great pleasure in recommending it.

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 Cts. Caution. The Genuine *Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup* is sold only in *white wrappers*, and bears our registered Trade-Marks to wit: *A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red-Strip Caution-Label*, and the fac-simile signatures of *John W. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co.* Sole Prop's, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

SALVATION OIL,

"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain."

Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Sores, Frost-bites, Backache, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, &c. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 Cents a Bottle.

FACTS & FUN

"Samuel" Cox's latest and best. "The Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey." The best and fastest selling book since our "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant."

WRITE FOR TERMS TO AGENTS, TO
CHAS. L. WEBSTER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

WEAK MEN! Debilitated through Indiscretions or Excesses, WE GUARANTEE TO CURE by this New Improved Electric Belt & Suspensory, ... MEN ONLY ... The Sanden Electric Co. 169 LaSalle st., Chicago.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2818 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

DR. A. C. HOXSIE'S
CERTAIN CROUP CURE

Is not a "Quack" nostrum, but the tried and tested remedy of a distinguished physician, in regular standing and practice. It is

THE KING OF REMEDIES FOR CROUP, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c.

And ACKNOWLEDGES NO COMPETITOR.

ONE HUNDRED and TWENTY-FIVE DOSES for 50cts.

CATARRH You will save Money, Time, Pain, Trouble, and will cure Catarrh by using ELY'S CREAM BALM

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE EASY TO USE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BRO'S OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. Ely Bros., Druggists, 235 Greenwich st., N.Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

March 12-mady

Holiday Presents!

A Magnificent Display

Of the latest, the newest, the best selected stock of useful and ornamental

Christmas Presents

Prices lower than ever before. Our plush cases will be sold at any price to close out, as we shall not handle these goods again. Come early and secure bargains. Look; you may see something you want.

PRESENTS FOR LADIES—Manicure Cases, Work Boxes, Toilet Cases, Triplicate Mirrors, Odor Cases, Fine Perfumery, Purses and Card Cases.

PRESENTS FOR GENTLEMEN—Shaving Cases, Mugs, Razors, Brushes, Cigars and Cigar Cases, Whisk Brooms and Cases, Traveling Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Pocketbooks, Mirrors, etc.

THIEME & GROSS,

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

94 CALHOUN ST.

Corner Wayne.

Comicalities in Plants.

There is Jack-in-the-Pulpit, the flowers of the plant known as the Indian turnip (Arisæma triphyllum:) who could never look at one of these singular blossoms without that same stirring of the risible faculties which one experiences in pursuing a parody or caricature, or witnessing a pantomime? The very sight of one is provocative of mirth. How many times in my school-days did I challenge the teacher's frown by involuntary giggles at the whimsical look of the imprisoned Jack! Monk's hood of the genus aconitum has quaint, comical flowers, suggestive of an old lady's head in a night-cap. The well-known fly-trap (Dionæa muscipula) strikes the mind with all the effect of a joke. The leaves of this plant are fringed with stiff bristles, and fold together when certain hairs on their upper surface are touched, thus seizing insects that light on them. Seeing the leaf stand temptingly open, a poor fly pops in for shelter or food. No sooner has it touched its feet than some sensitive fibers are affected, and the cilia at the top closes in upon the intruder, imprisoning him as effectually as if a boy had taken and closed him in a box. The pitcher-plant or monkey-cap of the east, although not particularly ludicrous, has a whimsical arrangement which borders closely upon the human economy. To the foot-stalks of each leaf of this plant, near the base, is attached a kind of bag, shaped like a pitcher, of the same consistence and color as the leaf in the earlier state of its growth, but changing with age to a reddish purple. It is girt around with an oblique band or hoop, and covered with a lid neatly fitted, and movable on a kind of hinge or strong fiber, which, passing over the handle, connects the vessel with the leaf. By the shrinking or contracting of this fiber the lid is drawn open whenever the weather is shadowy or damp. When sufficient moisture has fallen and the pitcher saturated, the cover falls down so firmly that evaporation cannot ensue. The water is thus gradually absorbed through the handle in the foot-stalk of the leaf, giving sustenance and vigor to the plant. As soon as the pitchers are exhausted, the lids again open to admit whatever moisture may fall; and when the plant has produced its seed, and the dry season fairly sets in, it withers, with all the covers of the pitchers standing open. The flower of the bee orchis is like a piece of honeycomb, and the bees delight in it. Then there is the snap dragon, the corolla of which is cleft, and turned back so as to look like a rabbit's mouth, especially if pinched on the sides, when the animal appears as if nibbling. The flower of the cock's comb and the seed pod of the mostynia proboscindea bear curious resemblance to the objects which have suggested their names. Some kinds of the mendicago have also curious seed-pods, some being like bee hives, some like caterpillars, and some like hedgehogs—the last being itself an essentially ludicrous object.—*Floral Cabinet.*

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's own true laxative. This pleasant California liquid fruit remedy may be had of Theime and Gross, druggists, large bottles at fifty cents or one dollar. It is the most pleasant, prompt, and effective remedy known to cleanse the system; to act on the Liver, Kidneys, and bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to cure Constipation, Indigestion, and kindred ills.

My son has been afflicted with nasal catarrh since quite young. I was induced to try Ely's Cream Balm, and before he had used one bottle that disagreeable catarrhal smell had all left him. He appears as well as anyone. It is the best catarrh remedy in the market. —J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

Mr. A. Nichols suffered from catarrh for years. He purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm of us. He is now almost cured, and says you cannot recommend it too highly.—Evers Bros., Druggists, Independence, Iowa.

FITS: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

SCHEUMANN & SCHOPPMANN,

Funeral Directors and Embalmers,

No. 39 West Main Street,

Fort Wayne, - - - Indiana.

Furnish the finest Hearses and Carriages in the city. Night calls receive prompt attention. Leave orders at Winkelmeyer Bros.' office, opposite our rooms. Apr 23-6mo.

J. C. PELTIER,

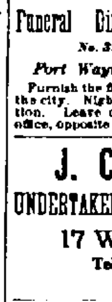
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

17 W. Wayne St.

Telephone No. 174.

May 23 1y.

WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS Of the body enlarged and strengthened. Full particulars sent sealed free. ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure* Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

DOING good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

THE INCURABLE CURED!

HOPKINSVILLE, KY., Feb. 24, 1887.
Gentlemen—Seven years ago a sore developed on my nose from a finger nail scratch. I used a few simple remedies, but the sore would not yield. I grew worse every year for seven years. Many thought I had a cancer. Over a year ago I commenced taking S. S. S., and two dozen bottles entirely cured me. When I began with Swift's Specific I was in very poor health, and could hardly drag about. After I had finished the course of S. S. S. I was strong and buoyant, and had a good appetite. I regard it as a most valuable medicine for ladies in weak, delicate health. It is a household medicine with me. Yours respectfully,
MRS. R. W. WILSON.

SPARTANBURG, S. C., April 2, 1887.
Gentlemen—For twenty years I have had a sore on my left cheek. It had gradually been growing worse. The many physicians whom I had consulted were unable to do me any good. Last fall a year ago I began using S. S. S. At first it inflamed the sore, and it became more virulent than ever; so much so, indeed, that my family insisted that I should leave off the medicine. I persisted in using the S. S. S. At the end of two months the sore was entirely healed. Thinking that the evil was out of my constitution, I left off the medicine; but in November, ten months after, a very slight breaking out appeared. I at once began again on S. S. S., and now that is also disappearing. I have every faith in S. S. S. It has done me more good than all the doctors and other medicines I ever took. Yours truly,
A. R. SHANDS.

WINSTON, N. C., April 12, 1887.
Gentlemen—Two or three years ago a cancer came on my face. It soon grew to be quite large. It wore on me, and my general health was very poor. Last September I began a course of S. S. S., which I have continued to the present time with the happiest result. The cancer has entirely disappeared, there being no evidence or symptom of a cancerous character left. My general health is good now, and my appetite better than it has been in years. I am 82 years old, and to-day I am working in the field planting corn. Yours truly, JONAS LEMASTER.

Gentlemen—I had a sore on my upper lip for eight years. Seven different doctors attempted in vain to heal it. One gave me a small vial for five dollars, which was a "certain cure." It is needless to say that it did me no good. About two years ago I became quite uneasy, as people thought I had a cancer, and I took a course of eighteen bottles of S. S. S. The result has been a complete cure. The ulcer or cancer healed beautifully, leaving scarcely a perceptible scar. From that day I have been in excellent health, the Specific having purified my blood thoroughly, increased my appetite and perfected my digestion. In a word, I feel like a new woman, and, best of all, the eight year ulcer is gone entirely. Yours sincerely,
MRS. W. P. CARSON.
Trenton, Todd Co., Ky., Feb. 25, 1887.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

BEFORE ORDERING A

WINTER SUIT,

do yourself the justice to examine the

Large Stock of Goods

CARRIED BY

JAXTHEIMER

The Merchant Tailor,

52 West Main Street.

No finer fabrics are imported than he carries, and

A Fit Guaranteed

IN EVERY CASE.

Give him a call. Oct. 11-4mo

Coal! Coal! Coal!

Now is the time to buy your Coal

At Bottom Prices

Look out for an advance soon! Best of Anthracite (Hard) Coal and Bituminous (Soft) Coal always on hand at Lowest Market Prices. Also

WOOD & KINDLING

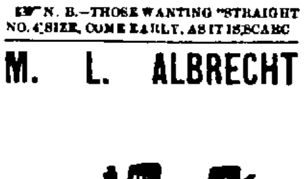
at the "Oldest Coal Yard" in the city.

WILDING & SON

193 Calhoun Street.

N. B.—THOSE WANTING "STRAIGHT NO. 4" SIZE, COME EARLY, AS IT IS SCARC

M. L. ALBRECHT



CORNER OF MAIN AND BARR STREET.

C. M. DAWSON,

Attorney at Law!

Rooms 5 and 6 Bank block. General legal business, commercial and criminal law specialties. Agent "Bradstreets."

D. D. WEISELL DENTIST 34 Calhoun St.

A Boon

To mankind, said a member of the State Medical Society of Ga., at one of its meetings, "and the prescription ought to be given to the medical fraternity for the benefit of the Profession, for no such combination exists in the Pharmacopea as that of Simmons Liver Regulator." The late THOS. H. POWERS, of Philadelphia, America's greatest chemist, asserted "it was like the discovery of Dover, in his celebrated Dover's Powder, it could not be improved and it was wonderfully strange that the combination had never been made in an officinal form."

L. M. HINTON, M. D., Washington, Ark., says: "No other remedy within my knowledge can fill its place. I have been practicing medicine for twenty years, and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the Liver to action and at the same time aid (instead of weakening) the digestive powers."

Symptoms such as bitter or bad taste in the mouth; pain in the back, often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough often mistaken for Consumption, indicate Liver disease, and if not regulated in time great suffering, wretchedness and death will often ensue.

Price $1. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared by J. H. ZEILIN & Co., Philadelphia, Pa

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "gone-ness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at $1.00, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

LADIES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home, with

PEERLESS DYES,

They will do everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for strength, brightness, amount in packages or for fastness of color, or non-fading qualities. May do not crock or grant. For sale by Thomas & Green, druggists and chemists, 6 Calhoun st., and H. S. Northurst, druggist and apothecary, 74 Calhoun st.

mar 26-dawly.

GOT ALL THERE WAS

He Scoured the Field, Pumped Everybody He Met, and This is the Best He Could Do.

This was a wet day for the railroad men.

This was a wet and a dull day for news gathering.

The trains on the Wabash were all on time this morning.

The Bass Foundry and Machine works paid off their employes to-day.

Harry Templar is now engaged in office work at the city carriage works.

J. K. Stevens, of the Bass foundry moulding rooms, has the thanks of our reporter for favors.

The Kerr Murray foundry and the Horton Manufacturing company paid off their employes to-day.

J. K. Bradley, formerly of the Bass foundry, has taken a position in the Pittsburg machine shops.

C. Nuffer, an employe on the Wabash railroad, sustained a fractured arm and injured hip by falling yesterday.

Broadway has two broom manufacturing establishments now, one of them having been started only a few days ago.

Henry Heinke, of the Pittsburg boiler shops, has gone to Chicago, where he was called by the sickness of a near relative.

Fred Reinhold, one of the employes of the Bass foundry had a chip of iron fly into his eye this morning, inflicting a painful injury.

Mr. B. F. Kaup, of Tiffin, Ohio, the traveling freight agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, was in the city a day or two this week.

C. L. Daseler, the clerk in the Pittsburg car shops, has recovered from his recent sickness and taken his position behind the desk again.

Henry Matsch is the assistant foreman of the Pittsburg planing mills, and frequently occupies the desk in the car shops, where he makes out his reports.

Mr. Ruskin thinks there is a great future for American art—but he hardly realizes the enormous demand over here for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Indeed, he doesn't.

Fred Stetter, an employe of the organ factory, is suffering with two badly cut fingers and a thumb on account of fooling with a buzz saw and will take a vacation for some time.

I. F. Howey has taken the position of time keeper in the Pittsburg car shops in place of Frank Schell, who quit a few weeks ago. Mr. Howey makes a pleasant and competent clerk.

Geo. A. Stink, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, is rejoicing to-day over the arrival of a new bright-eyed little girl at his house, and to say that George is happy is perhaps putting it mildly.

J. H. Sloan, the clerk in the Pittsburg machine shops, is always found at his desk and is pleasant in the transaction of his business duties. He is popular among the employes of his department.

Over 600 of the officials and the employes of the Pennsylvania company attended the funeral of the late master mechanic of the road, Robert Curtis, which occurred on Tuesday last at Columbus, Ohio.

The steam heating apparatus is now in full operation in the Pittsburg car shops and is working like a charm. The employes will not suffer from the cold weather while at work in that department this winter.

George Patterson, a machinist in the Pittsburg shops, was engaged yesterday driving a wedge, when it flew out and hit him in the face, inflicting a painful injury to his nose. George remained on duty, however, but carries around with him an olfactory organ that looks as if he had been engaged in a free-for-all fight.

Charles Lancaster, of the Bass foundry moulding rooms, was just a little bit ill-humored this morning, because some of the boys had stolen the rammer for his eight inch pipes, and in this connection it might be added that Ed. Kramer knows something about it. By the way, his girl, in Irishtown, has "gone back" on Ed.

After diphtheria, scarlet fever, or pneumonia, Hood's Sarsaparilla will give strength to the system, and expel all poison from the blood.

A BIG VERDICT.

Mrs. Ferdinand Meyer Gets a Verdict of $7,000 Against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The circuit court jury came in this morning, after deliberating all night, and reported a verdict of $7,000 for Mrs. Catherine Meyer, who sued the Pennsylvania railroad company for $10,000 damages, for the killing of her husband, Police Officer Ferdinand Meyer, on the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne road, some nine months ago.

It will be recalled that Mr. Meyer left the police station to go to his beat on Broadway. He followed the line of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railroad west from Fairfield avenue. He met an approaching train and stepped aside, out of the way, to an adjoining track. He did not notice the train coming behind him and was run down and killed.

His widow sued for $10,000 damages, with the result named.

Prophylactic in Sickness.

"Typhoid Fever has broken out here here again, but wherever Darbys Prophylactic Fluid has been freely used there has been no fever."—M. B. Lancaster, P. M., Ed. Central Alabamian.

"The Fluid is not merely a deodorizer, but a disinfectant—a destroyer of the disease germs in an atmosphere which cannot be breathed without danger."—New York Evening Post.

The Story Teller.

Yarnly was a raconteur; a story teller, as we say in England, or liar, as the precisian would put it. He was as full of stories as an egg is full of the spirit of meat, or a Democratic delegate is full of the spirit of the occasion the night before convention. No man ever encountered Yarnly without receiving samples of Yarnly's stock in trade, and no man ever parted from him without mentally promising himself that, voluntarily, he would never meet Yarnly again.

Yarnly was a pleasant fellow, a very pleasant fellow. I don't remember ever to have seen him out of temper. And yet it was a fearful strain on one's good nature to meet Yarnly, and many a time I have gone miles out of my way to escape him.

Ordinarily, however, Yarnly wasn't so bad. He was bound to tell you a story or two. That was a matter of course, and one always braced himself to pass through the ordeal as manfully as possible. It was when somebody had been so foolish as to venture upon telling of a story in Yarnly's presence that Yarnly came out strong. Hardly had the misguided person finished his tale ere Yarnly began to unload. It was interesting, it was pathetic, to note the gradations of despair which settled upon the unfortunate man who had set Yarnly a-going. He would laugh good-naturedly at Yarnly's opening story; the next would evoke an idiotic, ghastly smile; this would be followed, after the infliction of number three, by a look of painful weariness, and the victim would pass rapidly from despondency to extreme vexation and utter despair, till face outrivaling in acute anguish and undying hatred the visages of the lost in Dante's inferno.

But, Yarnly, nothing daunted, would keep on, story following story in unending succession, stories supposed to be new, and stories unmistakably old, until the poor wretch, who has been forced to listen, sought refuge from his tormentor in cowardly flight.

I hated this story-telling habit of Yarnly's, hated it with all the venom that was in me; and yet I pitied him. I pitied him because of his inability to enjoy another's relations. Let the story be ever so entertaining; no matter if it were fresh from the mint of the relator's vivid imagination, Yarnly would show no interest in it whatever. He would listen, to be sure, but only to hear the pause which warned him that his own opportunity had come, for Yarnly could hear a pause as well as the Irishman of the authentic narrative. It was all that Yarnly could hear or cared to hear when another was speaking. But when the other's voice ceased, he opened his ears as he opened his mouth; he was unwilling to lose a syllable of one of his own stories. His affection grew with repetition, and it was a pleasure which made one almost forget his own pain to witness the light which irradiated Yarnly's features as he delivered himself of one of his oft-told tales.

And then Yarnly was so easily reminded. Let the occasion be what it would, utter in his presence the most serious remark or the most trivial commonplace, and instantly and inevitably was he reminded of what he was pleased to denominate "a good thing," and the "good thing" you had to take willy-nilly, and half a dozen more "good things" to keep it company.

It got so in time that I could readily pick out Yarnly's victims from the crowd of passers-by in the street, or in a gathering of the people. When I saw a man with a woe-begone expression in his face, and demoralization figured in his form and expressed in his gait, and especially when I saw one with the buttonhole of his coat frayed and distended, then did I know him for a Yarnly sufferer.

When Yarnly died, so I am told, a friend was telling him a little story. As usual Yarnly was eagerly awaiting its conclusion, in order to take up the ball and reel off a few of his own tales; but just as his friend ceased to speak, Yarnly ceased to breathe. It was probably the most dreadful death that ever befell mankind.

If Yarnly's spirit has winged its flight to the realms of the blest, he can never be happy there if the memory of his disappointment in his dying hour still haunts him, and if he has gone in another direction, nothing that he shall there experience can possibly compare in bitterness to the pang which the memory of that lost opportunity must forever keep fresh in his perturbed mind.—*Transcript.*

His Lavatory.

"Have you a bawth-room in the house?" asked a Boston guest of a Western landlord.

"A what?"

"A bawth-room, a—a—lavatory."

"Blamed if I know what you're driving at."

"He wants to clean up," said a bystander, bitter versed in polite language.

"Aw, that's it!" said the landlord. "You'd orter to of said so at first; come along with me."

And he led the man from Boston out into the back yard, where there was a rusty tin pan and a pail of "roily" water on the stump of a butternut tree.

"There yo air," he said proudly; splash away all yer mind to. I'll send the towel out as soon as them folks up stairs is done with it. Pitch in; there ain't no extra charge for the lavatory, as you call it; and there's a bucket of suit soap on the bench. Use all yer mind to, it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

YOU can be cured of your RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA or NERVOUS HEADACHE by using ATH-LO-PHO-ROS.



Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture "MORISH GIRL" to ATHLOPHOROS CO. 312 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

INFANTILE SKIN DISEASES

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched, and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the Cuticura Remedies. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion your valuable remedies saved his life, and to-day he is a strong, healthy, child perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.

GEO. H. SMITH,
Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashland, O.
Reference: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN,

Are born into the world every day with some eruptions affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf, or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning and disfiguration of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and a single application of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, with a little Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Hence, no mother who loves her children, who takes a pride in their beauty, purity and health, and in bestowing upon them a child's greatest inheritance,—a skin without a blemish and a body nourished by pure blood—should fail to make trail of the Cuticura Remedies.

Sold everywhere. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Cuticura Soap, 25 cents; Cuticura Resolvent, $1.00. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by Cuticura Medicated Soap

CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH.

No single disease has entailed more suffering or hastened the breaking up of the constitution than Catarrh. The sense of smell, of taste, of sight, of hearing the human voice, the mind,—one or more, and sometimes all, yield to its destructive influence. The poison it distributes throughout the system attacks every vital force, and breaks up the most robust of constitutions. Incurred, because but little understood, by most physicians, importantly assailed by quacks and charlatans, those suffering from it have little hope to be relieved of it this side of the grave. It is true, then, that the popular treatment of this terrible disease by remedies within the reach of all passed into hands at once competent and trustworthy. The new and hitherto untried method adopted by Dr. Sanford in the preparation of his Radical Cure has won the hearty approval of thousands. It is instantaneous in affording relief in all head colds, sneezing, snuffling and obstructed breathing, and rapidly removes the most oppressive symptoms, clearing the head, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste and hearing, and neutralizing the constitutional tendency of the disease towards the lungs, liver and kidneys.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, price $1. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

Kidney Pains,

Strains and Weaknesses,



Relieved in one minute by that marvelous Antidote to pain, Inflammation and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster. Especially adapted to instantly relieve and speedily cure Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weakness. Warranted vastly superior to all other plasters. At all druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00; or, postage free, of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Tutt's Pills

Regulate The Bowels.

Costiveness deranges the whole system and begets diseases, such as

Sick Headache,

Dyspepsia, Fevers, Kidney Diseases, Bilious Colic, Malaria, etc.

Tutt's Pills produce regular habit of body and good digestion, without which, no one can enjoy good health.

Sold Everywhere.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—Ladies for our fall and Christmas trade to take light, pleasant work at their homes. $1 to $2 per day can be quietly made. Work sent by mail any distance. Particulars free. No canvassing. Address at once, CRESCENT ART CO., 147 Milk Street, Boston, Mass. Box 4170.

ADVERTISING ADVERTISERS should address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce Street, New York City. For Select List of 1,000 Newspapers. Will be Sent FREE on Application.

WANTED.

WANTED.—A lady cook at 17 East Main street. 7-41

WANTED.—To rent a house, with all modern conveniences. Call or leave word at this office. 7-tf

LOST,

STRAYED OR STOLEN.—A black pointer dog, with white breast, 7 months old. Finder will be rewarded if left at 212 East Lewis street. Will the colored man who called in answer to above call again at noon or in the evening. 7-41-p

LOST.—Last Wednesday, a red Irish setter puppy 6 months old. A reward of five dollars will be given for the return of said dog to No. 82 West Washington street. E. S. Heine. 7-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT.—Four room on first floor, good well and cistern, at 253 West Washington street. 10-tf

FOR RENT.—House with nice yard, in good neighborhood. Inquire at Hoffman Bros., 200 W. Main street. 10-tf

HOUSE FOR RENT.—With five rooms everything complete at 2 Hugh street. Enquire at the corner of Francis and Hugh streets. 8-tf

FOR RENT.—Three story brick building, corner Lafayette and Lewis street, about Dec. 1st. For particulars call upon Skelton & Watt, 156 Calhoun street. 6Tues-Wed-Thurs-tf.

HOUSE FOR RENT.—343 West Jefferson street. Inquire at Godden & Monahan's hat store. 25-tf

FOR RENT.—A brick house with eight rooms and basement. Good barn for three horses. Water and gas all through the house. A good location for a physician. 123 E. Main street. Enquire of J. B. Dickerson, No. 19 Lafayette. 6-tf

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, 70 Calhoun street.

Residence, 69 West Wayne street.

GREAT BARGAINS!

In Country and City Property by A. H. CARIER, Dealer in Real Estate and General Insurance Agent.

Planing mill, situated on 8 city lots in the center of the city; fully equipped with machinery and tools for doing good work, with a good run of custom. For sale at a great bargain, or if not sold immediately will be rented to a responsible party. Also, the lumber on hand will be sold with the mill if desired.

ALSO:

About 14 acres, in suburb of city, the most beautiful ground in Allen county for elegant residences, on New Haven turnpike near toll gate.

The most desirable building lot in the city, adjoining the new Presbyterian church, on East Washington street, 62½x150 feet.

Good dwelling house and full lot on Oak street, at a bargain.

Two one story dwellings on Oak street, lot 67x150 feet, rent well to good tenants, cheap for cash or part on time.

Vacant lots in Chute's homestead addition and in other parts of city suburbs.

Fine nice lots in Abbotts addition at the new switch yards, very cheap.

For full particulars apply at my office, rooms 1 and 2 Foster block, Court St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

A. H. CARIER.

Nos. 1 and 2 Foster Block, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

WHITE Bronze Monuments

Are Beautiful,

And do not decay like stone. Investigate before purchasing.

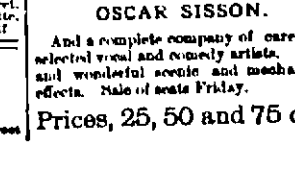
LONGACRE & CO.,

No. 46 Harrison Street,

Fort Wayne, - - Ind.

Jan. 16 d&wly.

SCHONE & WELLMAN.



UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

39 WEST BERRY STREET.

Orders can also be left at 225 East Washington and at 44 Prichard street. Nov.6-ly

To Farmers & Timber Men.

Wanted by N. G. OLDS & SONS.

At their factory, corner of Lafayette and Toledo streets, south of the Wabash Railway track,

Second growth Hickory Butts.
Second growth Elm Butts.
Hickory, Oak and Ash Logs.
Oak and Hickory Spokes.

For particulars and prices apply at our office.

N. G. OLDS & SONS. 71-m

Geo. R. Bowen.

Plumbing,

Steamfitting,

Sewering.

Particular attention given to

Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc.

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

AMUSEMENT.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

Saturday, December 10th

SISSON & CAWTHORN'S COMEDY COMPANY.

Under the management of S. W. Brady presenting.

Little Nugget

The Brightest, Funniest and Best musical comedy ever written. Headed by the talented young Irish comedian.

HERBERT CAWTHORN

Ably supported by the charming soubrette and accomplished vocalist,

MISS JOSIE SISSON

Also the favorite Eccentric Comedian,

OSCAR SISSON.

And a complete company of carefully selected vocal and comedy artists. New and wonderful scenic and mechanical effects. Sale of seats Friday.

Prices, 25, 50 and 75 cts.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON

PLUMBERS

Steam and Gas Fitters.

—DEALERS IN—

GAS FIXTURS

Main Street, East of Clinton
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brass Work Iron and Lead Pipe

Lift and Force Pumps,

Hose, Bath Tubs, Wash Bowls, Rubber Hose, etc.

Gas Fixtures regilt, bronzed and made equal to new.

$6 a Day--A Gold Mine

For agents. Grandest Money Making Business ever offered. A golden harvest for the next two months. $75 Per Month and expenses to active men to sell our goods. No capital required. No peddling. Sample case of goods and valuable information and full particulars FREE. No humbug; we mean just what we say. Address at once STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., Boston, Mass. Oct.26-d&wfm.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect May 1, 1887.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York, *6:50 a. m., *12:05 p. m., *3:00 p. m., *9:00 p. m., *1:45 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *3:00 a. m., *12:45 p. m., *5:15 p. m., *1:30 a. m. | accommodation leaves at 8:30 a. m. For Monmouth, *4:00 p. m.

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH.		GOING NORTH.
10 30 am—Ar—	Cincinnati Ex.....—Lv.	
	Detroit Ex..... "	4 40 pm
3 40 pm "	Detroit Ex..... "	11 30 am
5 20 pm "	Way Freight..... "	6 40 am

All trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.
Lv. 2 10 pm	Express	Lv. 2 40 pm
Lv. 6 10 am	Accommodation.	Lv. 6 45 pm

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Oct., 1887.

GOING NORTH.

For Grand Rapids and North.....	Lv.	2 40 am
" " "	"	8 05 am
For Grand Rapids.....	"	2 10 pm
From Grand Rapids.....	Ar.	6 00 pm

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati...	Lv.	8 35 am
" " "	"	1 00 pm
" " "	"	11 30 "
From " "	Ar.	6 35 pm

Trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE

FROM SOUTH		GOING SOUTH
9 30 pm—Ar—	Ind. & Cin. Ex..	Lv—5 30 pm
4 10 pm "	Cin. & L. Mail.....	" 10 50 am
5 30 pm "	Freight.....	" 5 30 am
6 00 pm "	Freight	" 6 00 am

Trains daily except Sunday.

WABASH RAILWAY.

WESTWARD.

No.		Arrive	Depart
65	Pacific Ex. daily....	6 50am	7 00am
61	Mail & Ex'n. ex Sy	1 45am	1 50pm
63	Fast Mail, daily....	8 10pm	8 17pm
97	Andrews ac. frt.	.....	8 30am

EASTWARD.

No.		Arrive	Depart
62	N. Y. Ex. daily.....	6 45am	6 55am
66	ma...a Ex's, ex S'y..	1 25pm	1 45pm
64	Limited Ex's daily	8 22pm	8 26pm
72	Indiana ac. frt.	.....	8 30am

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TRADE MARK

First Stroke of Pain

EVERY YEAR TO THOUSANDS.

The Class.—Fifty million population. Pain for the first time to one in every ten. Five million need relief. How? Promptly, permanently. Certainty of cure at reasonable cost. How to find out? On reputation, through experiment, by proof.

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The Proof.—1. The testimony cannot be disputed. 2. It has been renewed after lapse of years. 3. No return of pain in years. 4. It has cured in all ages and conditions. 5. It has cured all forms of suffering. 6. It has cured all stages of painful ailments. 7. It has cured cases considered hopeless. 8. It has caused crutches and canes to be thrown away. 9. Its best cures are chronic cases.

The Price.—1. The best always first and cheapest. 2. The best is the promptest, safest, surest, most permanent. 3. The benefits derived are beyond price. 4. Examples show that no competition can show like results. 5. It is the best.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION CONTAINING PRICKLY ASH BARK AND PRICKLY ASH BERRIES SENNA - MANDRAKE - BUCHU AND OTHER EQUALLY EFFICIENT REMEDIES.

Seit der Zeit seiner Einführung ist der Prickly Ash Bitters als ein Universalmittel zum Reinigen des Blutes, zur Kräftigung der Leber, Galle, Nieren und des Magens bekannt.

Dyspepsia, Verstopfung, Gelbsucht, Kopfschmerz u. s. w. werden leicht und schnell beseitigt durch den heilkräftigen Einfluss des Prickly Ash Bitters.

Der Prickly Ash Bitters ist ein purgirendes Arzneimittel, und kann seiner heilsamen Wirkung wegen nicht als ein Getränk gebraucht werden, ebenfalls durch seinen angenehmen Geschmack [illegible].

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER KIDNEYS STOMACH AND BOWELS FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS PRICE DOLLAR

Prickly Ash Bitters Co., Alleinige Eigenthümer, St. Louis & Kansas City.

KIDDER'S DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR

INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for Indigestion that they have ever used.

We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES. IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY. IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhœa, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DIGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price $1 per large bottle). If he does not have it, send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE EASY TO USE PRICE 50 CENTS ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

TRY the CURE. HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts. at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., New York.

FOR ALL DISORDERS OF THE

Stomach, Liver and Bowels

—TAKE—

PACIFIC LIVER PILLS

STRICTLY VEGETABLE.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Sick Headache, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Nervousness, Jaundice, etc. For sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 Cents.

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CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED BY... FREE [illegible] A. S. Lawrence & Co., Boston, Mass.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Notes on the Lesson for December 11—"Parable of the Tares."

[From the Chicago Standard. By Rev. J. M. Coon.]

The lesson may be found in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, from the twenty-fourth to the forty-third verses. Time, A. D. 28. Place, Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Tares.—The tare abounds all over the East, and is a great nuisance to the farmer. It resembles the American cheat, but the head does not droop like the cheat, nor does it branch out like oats. The grain, also, is smaller, and is arranged along the upper part of the stalk, which stands perfectly erect. It is a strong soporific poison, and must be carefully winnowed, and picked out of the wheat, grain by grain, before grinding, or the flour is not healthy. Of course the farmers are very anxious to exterminate it, but this is nearly impossible. (W. M. Thomson.) The tares and wheat both belong to the special group of wheatlike grasses. Their structure, mode, and conditions of growth are almost the same; and it is only when the fruit is formed that the impostor is detected by its smaller and darker ear. The darnel, or tare, is the only species of grass that is possessed of deleterious properties. If its seeds are mixed with wheat, the bread thus produced causes nausea, giddiness, paralysis, and, in extreme cases, even death. (Macmillan.)

Wheat and Tares Together.—Six reasons why in the kingdom of grace wicked men should be inseparably mingled with godly: (1) Because hypocrites can never be severed but by him that can search the heart; (2) because if men should make the separations weak Christians would be counted no Christians, and those who have a grain of grace under a load of imperfections would be counted reprobates; (3) because God's vessels of honor for all eternity, not as yet appearing, but wallowing in sin, would be made castaways; (4) because God, by the mixture of the wicked with the godly, will try the watchfulness and patience of his servants; (5) because thereby he will bestow many favors on the wicked, to clear his justice and render them the more inexcusable; lastly, because the mixture of the wicked, grieving the godly, will make them the more heartily pray for the day of judgment. (A. Fuller.)

The True and the False.—A Western farmer pointed out to a friend from the East a grove of trees. He asked him what they were. "Chestnuts," was the confident reply. "Come and see," the farmer said. The ground was strewn with acorns. Greatly surprised, the traveler looked up. The leaves, surely, were chestnut leaves, but the boughs hung full of acorns. It was the chestnut-oak of the West. Not the leaf but the fruit decided its species. We often detect the chestnut-oaks. What only begins to appear here is made clear to all beings at the harvest, or the judgment. Then is made a careful and final separation between the true and the false. (Anecdotes on Bible Texts.)

The Field Is the World.—Because the phrase "kingdom of heaven" is used we might suppose that this parable treats of the church, and is designed to teach that none should be excluded from the church. But we are expressly told that the field is the world (v. 38). It is on the earth—but not necessarily in the church—that the wheat and the tares are to be allowed to grow together. If it be asked how it could be said that the kingdom of heaven could be likened to this, we reply that the kingdom of heaven has various elements—a king, subjects, laws, territory, etc. Now this kingdom may be treated of with special reference to its territory, which is the whole earth (Ps. 2: 8), and to its king, how he will deal with those who are rebellious in this territory. There is no reference to church discipline in the parable. True, the principle here laid down, as a principle of common sense, may wisely apply to some cases of church discipline; but it has no such application here.

LESSONS OF THIS PARABLE.

This parable explains the entire structure of the system of probation under the Christian dispensation, or perhaps through all time. As the former parable describes the planting of the dispensation, so this describes its struggle with evil in the world until the judgment day. It is not so much a parable of the church as of the world and the church under the Messiah; for the field is the world. While probation lasts wickedness is permitted to develop itself. There is to be no organic destruction of wicked men by God or angels; there must be no persecuting them to destruction by the servants of God; they must be allowed to live and work their destiny; nor will they be forcibly changed or irresistibly regenerated in their nature. [Whedon.] The parable of the tares accounts for the existence of evil in this world, and declares that it is not from God; at the same time it assures us of God's perfect goodness, and of His desire and design (short of compulsion) that the whole world should be saved; for, as our Lord declares, "the field is the world." That is, in His will and design, the church is coextensive with the world. The parable assures us also of the continuance of the church visible unto the end of the future, full, and final victory of good over evil, and of the everlasting reward of virtue and the eternal punishment of sin. (C. Wordsworth.)

Our Savior teaches here: 1st, That hypocrites and deceived persons must be expected in the church. 2d, That this is the work of the enemy of man. They are not the work of Christianity, any more than traitors are of patriotism, or counterfeiters are of the proper effect of legislating about money. They belong to the world; and hypocrisy is only one form of sin. The Christian religion never made a hypocrite; nor is there a hypocrite on the face of the earth whose principles and practice it does not condemn. 3d, That all hope of removing them entirely would be in vain. 4th, That an attempt to remove them altogether would injure real Christianity by causing excitements, discord and hard feelings even among Christians. 5th, That he will himself separate them at the proper time. There is no doubt that it is the duty of the church to attempt to keep itself pure, and to cut off gross and manifest offenders. (1 Cor. 5: 4, 5.) He refers to those who may be suspected of hypocrisy, but against whom it cannot be proved; to those who so successfully imitate Christians as to make it difficult or impossible to distinguish them. (Barnes.)

By the parable of the wheat and the tares, he teaches that his kingdom would not be established by uprooting the wicked from the earth; and that good and bad would continue to grow together on the earth; that his kingdom did not depend on [illegible]; that his disciples must expect to live in the same world with the wicked, and endure all the evils of a warfare growing out of their presence and their pernicious influence. They [illegible] not to execute them because they were not Christians, nor seek to forward his kingdom among men by a resort to violence. (Tuller's Commentary.)

Do you belong to the tares or the wheat? Are you a good seed sown by the Son of man, or one of the seeds which are scattered broadcast by the evil one? You are one or the other. If you are not a Christian, perhaps you say that you can not see much difference between yourselves and those who are. That is not the case. There is a vast difference between the tares and the wheat outwardly. There is [illegible] between those who are children of God and those who are not, however [illegible] those who are, so that they [illegible] with him where he is eternally. Tares are weeds worthless or real [illegible]. (Hazen.)

Sunday School Lesson for December 18, "Other Parables." Matt. 13: 31-33, 44-52.

The Hindoo Vedas, or Laws of Menu, addressed to a civilized people, were edited by Kullnea, about 500 B. C.

Each man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other.—*Emerson.*

Believe me, there is no earthly happiness equal to the unceasing pursuit of knowledge.—*Augustin Thierry.*

Never use lye to clean tin; it will soon spoil it; make it clean with soap and water and rub with whiting.

SOME STRANGE CONFESSIONS.

Several Good Stories Which Convey Very Needful Morals.

The Rochester (N. Y.) *Union* reports having this dialogue with an eminent physician:

"Can you cure a cold for me?"

"I dare say; where is it?"

"Do you treat yourself for colds?"

"That depends on how bad they are. I had one last week and fixed myself up a dose, but I didn't dare take it. I kept it over night and gave it to a 'deadhead' patient the next day!"

"Then you don't dare take your own medicine?"

"No! I don't dare, and I have no family physician."

A gentleman, a short time ago, consulted his physician about a severe rheumatic attack. As he was leaving, the doctor said:

"Should my prescription afford any relief, let me know it, as I am suffering from an affection similar to yours, and for the last twenty years have tried in vain to cure it!"

The best of physicians now have the frankness to admit that the schools have not yet mastered all there is to know about the causes of disease, and the best methods of cure. There has been a great advance, no doubt, in medical science, in the last fifty years. Doctors themselves do not take their own physic, even though they may saturate the systems of their patients with poisonous drugs, nor do they bleed, blister, and torture, as formerly.

Byron died, it is claimed, because of overbleeding by his physicians. Washington met the same fate!

Scientific investigation shows that most ailments proceed from derangement of primary organs, of which the kidneys are the most important. Every drop of blood coursing through the system passes through these organs, and if they are deranged, the blood speedily becomes impure, and carries the seeds of disease to every part of the body. If we keep the organs regulated by the use of a simple vegetable compound like Warner's safe cure, which Prof. Lattimore, New York State Board of Health Analyst, of the Rochester University, says: "I find entirely free from mercury and all poisonous and deleterious substances"—there is little danger of bright's disease, apoplexy, rheumatism, or any of the common ailments, nearly all of which originate in or are made fatal by diseased (though unsuspected) kidneys. This great remedy has the reputation, which seems well founded, of curing more diseases than any one other remedy ever known. It restored the son of the Danish vice Consul Schmidt of 60 Wall street, New York, from Bright's disease, and Gen Christiansen, of Drexel, Morgan & Co., Bankers of New York, who knew of the case, pronounced it a wonderful remedy.

As appropriate to the doctors who give to their patients what they will not take themselves, we quote this story:

"Oh, Mr. Smith, help me out," exclaimed a young lady at a church fair. "I've sold a tidy for $15 that only cost 15c. What percentage is the profit?"

"Percentage, madam?" exclaimed the lawyer with merriment. "That transaction is beyond percentage—it is simple larceny!"

The professional man who takes one's money when he can do one no equivalent service will understand the moral!

Morphia—Terror of Being Its Slave.

Watch a morphia habitue deprived of the drug. The first slight uneasiness and sense of discomfort gradually passes into extreme restlessness, accompanied by the most profound depression; the stomach becomes so irritable that nothing can be retained, and there is nausea and a distressing sensation of emptiness and sinking. The whole nervous system, which has been working so long under a deadening weight, abuses its liberty and runs absolutely riot; a breath of air which would bring relief to an ordinary sufferer is painful to him; so sensitive is the skin that a touch distresses, and even the eye and ear are incapable of tolerating the most ordinary stimulations. To these troubles is added sleeplessness; the patient cannot get a moment's rest; or, if he should close his eyes in sleep, horrible dreams and indefinite terror take possession of him, and make him dread that condition which others look to for consolation and relief. Incapacity to take food, prolonged sleeplessness, constant sneezing, yawning, and vomiting, painful acuteness of all his senses, and other troubles sink the sufferer into a condition of prostration and despair, only to be relieved by morphia. Who, then, can wonder if the wretch yields again to the drug which has so long enslaved him? Hovering between a longing to be free and a feeling of incapacity to endure his agonies, he asks reproachfully whether it is true that science has discovered no means of relief, no substitute for morphia, which may be given him until the storm be past. No, we have no means at our disposal which will do more than alleviate these sufferings; and if the morphia habitue will be freed, he must place himself under such control as can prevent his giving way under the trial, as he almost invariably will if left to himself.

But, severe as the ordeal is, he has this consolation and this great inducement to submit to it—namely, that it is short. A few days will see him through the worst, and although he may not be comfortable for a week or two, his discomfort is endurable, and becomes less and less, until it gradually passes into ease and health.—*Nineteenth Century.*

When His Ma Saw His Pants.

A boy was riding along Elm street, Chicago, in a cart drawn by a large Newfoundland dog. The steed went along nicely until he sighted a canine friend ahead, when he started on a run to renew acquaintance. The boy was a little scared at first as they bumped along over the rough pavement, but he soon regained his courage, entered into the spirit of the chase, and urged the dog along by every means in his power. The youngster managed with much difficulty to keep his seat in the cart until Dearborn avenue was reached, when, in attempting to turn the corner, the cart collided with some lumber piled against the curbstone, and boy, dog, and cart went rolling in a confused and struggling heap along the pavement. As soon as the dog could extricate himself he made a break for home, letting a frightened yelp at every jump. When the boy struggled to his feet one eye was rapidly closing and blood was flowing from several severe scratches on his face. He gave the broken cart and his dusty clothes a sorrowful look, and it was not a very happy smile that flitted over his face as he looked at the rapidly disappearing dog, and muttered: "Ay! ! ion, but you think you're mor'n just howling now, don't you? But just you wait'n hear me howl when ma sees these new [illegible]."—*Chicago Tribune.*

An exchange says: "Mules and horses in the far west frequently die of a peculiar trouble. The beard of wild oats or barley becomes fixed in the animal's jaw, encysts, and grows there, assisted by the tartar of the teeth. A calcareous formation of this sort, oval in shape and weighing a pound, was recently taken from the mouth of an Oregon horse."

Waste of Tissue Without Repair.

Vigor begins to decline when dyspepsia invades the stomach. The disease, prolonged through neglect, entails grievous loss of flesh and serious waste of the muscular tissue. To invigorate thoroughly and speedily, a sound stomachic is required. There is none comparable to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, since it institutes, and if continued, perpetuates a repair of the tissues, which have declined in bulk, vigor and elasticity in consequence of non-assimilation of the food. No time should be lost in beginning the reparative process, nor should there be any delay in removing those ailments of frequent occurrence, which contribute to and foster an enfeebled condition of the stomach and nerves, viz.: constipation and liver complaint, disorders which the Bitters will assuredly extinguish. It also remedies and prevents malarial and kidney troubles, and is a prime auxiliary in the recovery of strength for convalescents from wasting disease.

California's Biggest Orchard.

California has some big orchards, and the largest is in the Suisun Valley, and is owned by A. T. Hatch, President of the California Fruit Union. Mr. Hatch has 200 acres in pear trees, 130 in peaches, 70 in apricots, 10 in nectarines, 210 in almonds, 40 in cherries, 100 in plums and prunes, besides 40 acres of currants and gooseberries, and hundreds of lemon and orange trees. Of these acres, 300 bore fruit this season to the amount of 2,000 tons, which brought the owner $100,000. He calculates that when the whole orchard is in full bearing it will produce 8,000 tons of fruit, worth $400,000.—*Chicago News.*

How to Select a Wife.

Good health, good morals, good sense, and good temper are the four essentials for a good wife. These are the indispensables. After them come the minor advantages of good looks, accomplishments, family position, etc. With the first four, married life will be comfortable and happy. Lacking either, it will be in more or less degree a failure. Upon good health depends largely good temper and good looks, and to some extent good sense also, as the best mind must be affected more or less by the weaknesses and whims attendant on frail health. Young man, if your wife is falling into a state of invalidism, first of all try to restore her to health. If she is troubled with debilitating female weaknesses, buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will cure her.

Regulating the Seal Industry.

A Californian, largely interested in the fur seal industry, says that sealskins are expensive, not because they are scarce, but because the trade limits the supply. If all the skins that could be taken were poured on the market, the fur would become so common that it would cease to be desired by the wealthy. So the seal catchers agree upon the total number that they will put upon the market, and they make their report to the furriers of London and Paris, who meet each spring and decide upon prices.—*Chicago News.*

An ugly complexion made Nellie a fright,
Her face was all pimply and red,
Though her features were good and her blue eyes were bright,
"What a plain girl is Nellie!" they said.
But now, as by magic, plain Nellie has grown
As fair as an artist's bright dream;
Her face is as sweet as the flower new-blown,
Her cheeks are like peaches and cream.
As Nellie walks out in the fair morning light,
Her beauty attracts every eye,
And as for the people who called her a fright,
"Why, Nellie is handsome," they cry.

And the reason of the change is that Nellie took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which regulated her liver, cleared her complexion, made her blood pure, her breath sweet, her face fair and rosy, and removed the defects that had obscured her beauty. Sold by druggists.

The wife of the King of Holland has a bad trick of winking her eyes. The courtiers do not know which way to look when the pretty Queen winks at them, and some very sad blunders frequently occur, owing to this physical defect. A young attache of the Belgian minister who returned the Queen's wink found himself "returned with thanks" to his native land by the next mail, and since then none of the Hollanders has dared to sauce back.

It isn't called high mass on account of steep pew rents; that is a mistaken idea.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat should not be neglected. Brown's Bronchial Troches are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

The orderly of the day is very frequently and disreputably the disorderly of the night.—*Washington Critic.*

Chronic Coughs and Colds.

And all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, can be cured by the use of Scott's Emulsion, as it contains the healing virtues of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites in their fullest form. Is a beautiful creamy Emulsion, palatable as milk, easily digested, and can be taken by the most delicate. Please read: "I consider Scott's Emulsion the remedy par excellence in Tuberculous and Strumous Affections, to say nothing of ordinary colds and throat troubles."—W. R. S. Connell, M. D., Manchester, Ohio.

A good way to find a girl out is to call when she isn't in.

Prickly Ash Bitters warm up and invigorate the stomach, improves and strengthens the digestive organs, opens the pores, promotes perspiration, and equalizes the circulation. As a corrector of disordered system there is nothing to equal it.

It's curious how affection and confection seem to harmonize.

A Family Jewel.

Doctor David Kennedy, the famous surgeon and physician, of Rondout, N. Y., has sent us a copy of his book, "How to Cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders," a work of great intrinsic merit, apart from many elegant life illustrations of rare beauty. We find on examination that it is a work of exceeding merit, one which should be kept and read in every home. In addition to the studied and valuable medical lessons inculcated by the Doctor, there are two articles from the widely known author, Col. E. Z. C. Judson Ned Buntline, which add to the interest of the work. The printed price of this book is only 25 cents, but any one inclosing this notice with the name of the paper from whence it is taken, with 2-cent postage stamp, will receive the book free by mail.

THE LEADING FEATURES

Of the Youth's Companion Announcement for 1888, just published, are its six illustrated Serial Stories, by Trowbridge, Stephens, and others, its two hundred Short Stories and Tales of Adventure, its articles by eminent writers, including the Right Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone, Professor Tyndall, Gen. Lord Wolseley, Louisa M. Alcott, Gen. George Crook, and one hundred other popular authors. The Companion has two Million Readers a week. Every family should take it. By sending your subscription now, with $1.75, you will receive it free to Jan. 1, 1888, and a full year's subscription from that date.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets Possess Powerful Potency, Pass Painlessly, Promote Physical Prosperity.

The Indian name for a lunatic is the-man-with-his-train-of-thought-off-the-track.

The Popular Thoroughfare.

The Wisconsin Central Line, although a comparatively new factor in the railroad systems of the Northwest, has acquired and enviable popularity. Through careful attention to details, its service is as near perfection as might be looked for. The train attendants seem to regard their trusts as individual property and as a result the public is served par-excellence. The road now runs solid through fast trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Minneapolis with Pullman's best and unequaled dining cars; it also runs through, solid sleepers between Chicago, Ashland, Duluth, and the famous mining regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan.

Ex-Mayor G. G. Steketee, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is proprietor of an unfailing Pin Worm Cure. See his advts.

We Submit Facts

In regard to Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism, and ask you if you are afflicted with this disease to try the medicine which has so greatly benefited others. Hundreds of people who suffered the tortures of rheumatism, even in its severest forms, have been perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It corrects the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of the disease, and gives strength to every part of the body.

"My wife has been troubled a long time with inflammatory rheumatism, and was so bad last spring that it was hard work for her to walk. She derived more real help from taking four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla than from any other medicine she has taken." Joseph F. Green, cor. First and Canal streets, Dayton, Ohio.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla last spring, and can truly say it helped me very much. To those suffering with bilious complaints, nervous prostration, or rheumatism, I earnestly recommend it." Mrs. E. Carpenter, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

DR. BAIRD'S GRANULES Cure Dyspepsia, Malaria, Piles, Heart Disease, Impure Blood, Kidney Disease, Torpid Liver, Habitual Constipation, Etc. A new principle, a new remedy. Purely Vegetable. A full size box sent FREE, postage prepaid, to any invalid, or their friends sending their address at once. Give account of case, symptoms, etc. Address DR. BAIRD, 157 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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THE PULPIT



Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled; Neither Let It Be Afraid.

GOD COMFORTS THE AFFLICTED.

Let the Love of Christ Jesus Constrain You to Fidelity to His Service.

Down on Mission Halls.

The *British Weekly* says: "Our bloated towns are responsible for much of the trouble between classes; they are unhappily the cause of that unchristian representation of the Master—a mission hall, maintained by the rich for the poor, because distance and mutual shyness make it well-nigh impossible for them to sit together and kneel together in their Father's house. Sad is the burlesque of our great uniting Gospel, none the less so that many of the most zealous are spending themselves in home-mission work. Well might Dr. Landels ask if the haughtiness and the 'distance' of worldly society have any part or place in the church. We should all know that they have not; but we have 'mission halls.'"

Roman Catholics Among the Indians.

The Roman Catholics are hard at work in their home-mission fields among the Indians of the west. According to a Roman Catholic contemporary, the Roman Catholic Board of Missions operating among the Indians has now under its control thirty-five boarding and twenty day schools, with an attendance of 2,190 boarders and 870 day scholars. The schools receive a subvention of $231,880 from the Government, which has also furnished food and clothing for 400 boarding pupils, at a cost of $30,000. Whereupon the *Christian at Work* raises this interrogation point: Under what provision in the fundamental law is this appropriation made? One copy of the constitution contains an express prohibition against such an appropriation of public moneys. When was the first amendment to the constitution appealed?

Doing or Suffering.

We have seen the device on the seal of a missionary society which represents a bullock standing between a plow and an altar, with the inscription, "Ready for either—for toil or for sacrifice." The whole history of Christianity has proved that the great object cannot be secured without both the toil and sacrifice. Says the apostle: "I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church." In the agony of the atoning sacrifice, Jesus had no sharers. But He has left unexhausted, enough of the bitter cup of His previous toils and trials to remind His followers, amid their great work, what salvation cost Him.

A readiness for hard work on the one hand, and for sacrifices on the other, can alone evince not only our attachment for His cause, but also our love to Him. O, Christian! let the love of Christ constrain you to fidelity to His service. Bring all your acquisitions, your possessions, your energies, and binding yourself to the horns of the altar, there stand ready either for work or sacrifice. This is the spirit which, under God, will overcome the world. This is the consecration at which Heaven rejoices and hell trembles. Whether it be labor or suffering, doing or giving, living or dying, to which you are summoned, be ever able to say, "Ready for either."

My Happiest Hour.

A Christian soldier thus tells his experience in the happiest hour of his life:

It was when I lost my arm at the battle of Seven Pines, on the peninsula. We made a charge about the middle of the afternoon. The firing was heavy; I fell, severely wounded. I was shot through the groin, and received a flesh wound beside this in the arm.

On coming to myself the firing was receding, and there were none near me but the dead and wounded, as helpless as myself. I began to be very thirsty, and the pain of my wound, especially that through the body, was intense.

About twenty yards from me I could hear the cool rippling sound of a little brook running among some thick bushes. As I tried to drag myself toward it, for the lower part of my body was helpless, I found my arm was broken.

Slowly and with great pain I reached it, only to find the water running in a channel some two feet below the level of the field, and utterly out of my reach. It had been a hot day, and I was parched with thirst and fever. Water was there in my sight, almost in my reach, and I was dying for the want of it. I dragged myself farther over, lost my balance and fell into the stream. By God's good providence I was able to save myself a little, so that my face did not go under. I fainted with the pain, and lay unconscious I know not how long.

When I came to myself I found my broken arm under me, the lower part of my body in the stream, which was twenty inches deep, and my head resting on the bank. The cool water had stopped the flow of blood. Above me on the field were the sound and voices of the stretcher bearers, collecting the wounded and burying the dead. I tried to shout so they could hear me, but was too weak. I was down in the brook, and the dense, thick bushes completely hid me from any one above.

Hearing the voices receding, I tried to lift myself and call with all my might, and in the effort fainted again.

When I came to all were gone, and the field was still. I was left alone to die. "He was among the missing" would be all my friends would know of me.

I thought of my young wife and little one in my New England home. It was hard, very hard, to think of dying so—so lonely, so very lonely.

There was only one place I could go for comfort. I went there, and this sweet passage came into my mind. The dear Lord seemed to say: "Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid." I was able to give myself, my wife, my child to His care. The peace of God came down into my soul and filled it with joy unutterable.

I looked up into the clear blue sky, which I could see here and there through the leaves, and saw overhead the white, fleecy clouds sailing past, and the sun stooping toward the west. I thought before the sun sets I shall be beyond the sky, at home. I shall have one of those many mansions. I shall see Jesus and my Father, God.

My peace ran like a river. I tried to sing. There, alone in those Virginia woods, buried to the neck in water, and left, as I thought, to die, I spent the happiest hour in my life; and, as I sank once more into unconsciousness, hoped to awake with God.

I was found just alive and cared for by the Confederates as they came on the ground. God gave me great favor with them, and they were kind to me.

A Shrinking Elephant.

Shortly before our arrival one of the animals had greatly disgraced himself by refusing to carry a certain of goods weight which had been piled on his back. There is the regulation weight, and the beasts know to an ounce what they ought to carry, and if any of the mahouts attempt to put a surplus amount on his or their backs it is immediately shot onto the ground. The animal in question had been duly laden with a weight which was under the regulation scale; but although it had been twice weighed, as Mrs. Gamp would say, before his own eyes, he still refused to carry it. This was too much for even his indulgent driver, so he accordingly reported, and just as we arrived he was about to be tried for his extraordinary and obstinate conduct. Several elephants were led out into a large court-yard, forming a kind of circle round the delinquent, who seemed already to feel his position acutely, for he glanced anxiously from time to time at his mahout, who was visibly affected, and who stood by his head. A karen presided over the court-martial and read aloud the indictment against the offender, the elephants which constituted the jury apparently listening with great attention. After the statement was finished and the mahout examined, who, by the way, gave his evidence with great reluctance, the karen decided that the case had been distinctly proved, and the culprit was adjudged the punishment of twenty strokes. Upon the announcement of the verdict the jury marched in a most solemn manner to a distant part of the yard and returned with a switch about as large as a fair-sized scaffold-pole. In the meantime the mahout had been addressing the offender, who was now weeping copiously, large drops of tears falling from his eyes, and occasionally a shrill and peculiar sound issued from his capacious throat. The executioners of the law were at hand, and stood about twelve to fourteen feet apart, each balancing with peculiar nicety in his trunk the aforesaid switch. The culprit was led up to the place, and as he passed number one there was a sound heard which resembled somewhat a sharp clap of thunder; it was the first blow delivered by the dread myrmidons of the law. The blow was followed by a sharp, shrill scream, although there was evidently an attempt on the part of the culprit to suppress any exhibition of pain. This punishment continued until the whole of the sentence had been carried out. Although I felt considerable sympathy with the unfortunate delinquent I was at the same time intensely amused with the thorough business-like air with which these ministers of justice carried out the sentence. There were no light blows delivered; but, as a matter of fact, each elephant determined to administer a heavier blow than his neighbor, and the sly twinkle in the eye as the blow was delivered was a sight to see.—*Primrose Magazine.*

THE Russian Empire is composed of fifty governments and provinces.



THE LADIES

A Budget of Interesting Talk Relating to the Tender Sex.

SOME FEMININE CHARACTERISTICS.

Matters Sober and Satirical, with a Spice of Humor, Prepared Specially for Our Fair Readers.

This is Hospitality.

"My father is a very genial man," she said, "and desires that I shall extend the hospitalities of the house to every caller. Will you take something before you go?"

"Well, yes," replied the youth, "I will, with your permission, take a kiss from you."

The maid was abashed, but the youth was equal to the occasion, and the hospitalities were extended.—*Boston Courier.*

She Knew Positively.

The Wanderer spent a very enjoyable evening recently with a family in a city not far from Boston. There were young men and middle-aged people present, and the conversation was both varied and entertaining.

A young gentleman present in the course of the evening made the remark that he had seen it stated that a woman could make any man she chose propose to her, providing she had sufficient opportunities for cultivating the acquaintance.

There were varied opinions expressed, the majority favoring the general idea that a woman could make any man marry her when she set out to do it.

At this point a female member of the circle, a most esteemed relative and friend of those present, stopped her reading and said, emphatically, "I don't believe it."

As the Wanderer knew she had tried the theory no less than three times in days gone by, he did not venture to argue the point, and the conversation was suddenly changed.

Concerning Garters.

Four years ago we very reluctantly gave up a pair of spiral wire garters, worn below the knee, which held our stockings perfectly smooth, and did not interfere with perfect circulation, this spiral arrangement having no relation to the nerve and muscle-paralyzing elastic garter. But we were told anything worn around the leg was in the nature of a ligature, and must be abandoned; so away went our comfortable and satisfactory spirals, while we plunged into a mild form of rioting in different styles and patterns of attachments, recommended as "improved and hygienic."

We were seeking truth, in detail, and discomforts only added to our zeal to find just the right thing at last. One after an another of these harnesses did we wear, until satisfied that none of them fulfilled the requirements of a perfect stocking support. The stockings were held firmly? Yes; but every one of these attachments brought pressure to bear somewhere where it ought not to be, causing the wearer not only bodily discomfort, but positive injury.

Our advice to women is to have a good, substantial silver garter of the spiral pattern, made, since the silver will wear for years, and can always be kept bright and shining; and as the garter gives readily with each movement of the leg, is cool and light, and brings no steady pressure upon any sensitive part, it is a great improvement over anything else we are familiar with, and our knowledge of supports is thorough and comprehensive.—*Anne Jenness Miller, in Dress.*

Women Bohemians.

The woman who leads the Bohemian life on the hall-bedroom basis generally makes her own coffee, either on a gas or oil stove, and has a couple of rolls with perhaps an egg or two for breakfast. Her lunch is most frequently eaten at a bake shop, and her one solid meal is taken at dusk in a dingy restaurant of the sort that have placards on their walls imparting the welcome intelligence that beefsteak and potatoes may be had for fifteen cents, and mince pie for five. A woman who lives this way can support life on $7 and $8 a week. By cutting off on her restaurant dinner she can even reduce her expenses to $5.

The art of cultivating literature on a little oatmeal has been handed down by tradition from the early days of Grub street. Henri Murgher's famous remark to the effect that the Bohemian life leads either to the hospital or to the academy holds good for the New York female Bohemian. She may die of gastritis and be buried at public expense, or she may ascend to the next stage of the Bohemian life, which means a large square room, with two or three square meals at a good restaurant. The extravagant existence costs from $12 to $20 a week. Life on the square is, however, only vouchsafed to a few of the Bohemian sisterhood. The hall-bedroom Bohemian is truly the typical character. The lodging-house landlady rarely accords the use of her parlor to her tenants. This is not much of a loss to any one, as it is generally an awful nightmare of chromos and flowers.—*New York Letter.*

Women.

Some one has classified women under two headings—the beautiful and the good. The distinction may be too absolute, but it is certain that the wise man would rather admire than marry a beautiful woman. And it is no less certain that many men who have married women remarkable for their devotion have with sorrow seen an extraordinary change in their wives soon after marriage. In such a case the woman may not scruple to explain this change as due to the novel and jarring circumstances of married life. But she will not be saved by such sophistry. The father of the Jesuits knew all about it when he made it a rule of his life "that familiarity with all women ought to be avoided, even with the most devout; that the most innocent commerce with them, if it wound not our conscience, leaves some stain upon our reputation, and the smoke blackens, though the fire does not burn us."

It has been said that the beautiful woman is a book containing only a single page, which may be read at a glance; whereas the woman who is both beautiful and good is a book of many pages, proper perusal of which exacts a lifetime. It may be so; but why is it that the women of the latter uncommon type always survive their husbands or series of husbands?

Enough, however. It will be sufficiently evident from these few pages that women have always been esteemed as an amiable blunder, and are likely to be the cause of incredibly bitter blundering in the future. While there is time, let us entreat their leaders to look whither they are going. To the men of this generation, happily, it matters but little. For

When all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head:
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive.

We are thus assured of a measure of domestic happiness in our lives.

But, oh ye stern maidens, to whom your fair and youthful sisters look for guidance and instruction, we beseech you to have mercy on the men of the future!—*All the Year Round.*

Woman's Work and Wages.

It is but just to say that women are themselves partially responsible for the oppressions to which they are subject. Whether it is an indication of inferiority, or the result of generations of masculine supremacy, it is true that qualities inherent in the nature of women impede their progress as wage earners. Most women lack self-assertion, and are timid about pushing their own claims to preferment. They are also submissive to the existing order of things—not to the extent of accepting it as right, but to a degree which makes it difficult for reformers to rouse them to active protest. Now, it is the way of the business world that the man who succeeds financially, who gets the high salaries, whose services are eagerly sought for, whose opinions carry weight, is self-confident, self-assertive, and quick to demand his rights. The first two traits lead the community in general and his employers in particular to accept him at his own valuation. Compliance with his claims after that is a matter of course. It is desirable that merit, however modest, should be recognized and duly appreciated, but unfortunately this is not apt to be the case. It is only in Sunday-school books and apocryphal tales related for the encouragement of youth that the rich merchant, of his own motion, rapidly advances his worthy employes and takes the most talented into partnership without solicitation. In real life the favored one insists directly and indirectly that he is entitled to the promotion, and creates the impression that he is the one that renders the service by accepting the advancement. Women are not the only ones who suffer from lack of the quality known as "push." The world is full of men who have plodded on, half-recompensed, through a lifetime of labor, while early companions with far less ability have by sheer force of self-sufficiency and assertion gone on to wealth and prosperity.

Women, however, are uniformly timid, and as a class are under a disadvantage in the struggle for a livelihood. Whether it is better that they should cultivate the aggressive self-confidence and a talent for holding their own or whether they should continue to toil meekly for whatever patronage is bestowed upon them, depends largely upon the point of view.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

BUTTE MONTANA made the first almanac, in 1174.



THE CHILDREN

Entertaining and Amuisng Stories Relating to the Little Folks.

BE OBEDIENT TO YOUR PARENTS.

The Dwarf of the Red Bog, and How He Assisted a Little Girl and Her Poor Parents in Distress.

The Old Doctor's Story.

"I have a story to tell you, boys," the old Doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day, it had been, too—I met my father on the road into town. 'I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim,' he said, hesitating. Now I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and just out of the hay-field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty, and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing-class. My first impulse was to refuse, and do it harshly; for I was vexed that he should ask me after my long day's work. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think. 'Of course, father, I'll take it,' I said heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package. 'Thank you, Jim,' he said. 'I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day.' He walked with me to the road that turned off to town, and as he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again, 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.' I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house a crowd of the farm-hands stood at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face. 'Your father!' he said. 'He fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.' I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again, in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were, 'You've always been a good boy to me.' No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is no pang or remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect or coldness which we have shown to loved ones who are dead. Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured gibing, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath. And after all, it is such a little way that we can go together."

Dwarf of the Red Bog.

In a lonesome part of Ireland stands a great dark mountain, blue as a wall of sapphire, and with a crest like an eagle's beak. Under it is a small stone cabin surrounded with a fringe of green. Wild, black bogland lies beyond, skirted by a strip of deep red bog, which looks as warm in the sunshine as if it were a gold mine.

Little Mary, who lived in the cabin, had been so starved ever since she was born that she had given up trying to grow. Her small face was as white as the blossom of the bog cotton, and her body was almost as thin as the slender stem from which it swings in the breeze. There were eight children in the cabin younger than Mary, and they all stood round a noggin of milk which Mary had just milked from the cow.

"Give me a tint for the baby," said the mother, "and carry the rest to poor old Bid at the back of the bog. She's sick, children, and the rest of us are on our feet."

The children left off gazing at the milk, and Mary ran off with the noggin as fast as she could without spilling it.

She had just got to the black bog where the red one joins it, when she saw a very strange figure squatting on the ground, a dwarf, with his short arms thrown up as if to save him from falling backward, and with a most peculiar expression on his countenance. A cry seemed to come from him, and putting down her noggin, Mary ran to his assistance; but when she came close to the figure she found it was nothing but a great lump of bogwood that had been uncarted out of the bog. With a wild laugh, and a half-frightened glance over her shoulder, she picked up her noggin again and hurried on her way.

Bid's only son was miles off looking for work, and the bed-ridden creature was alone, except when angel messengers like Mary came and ministered to her.

"Mother says she's afeared it is the last time, Bid," said the child; "for the cow's going, and we'll all be on the road maybe, before the month is out."

"The Lord forbid!" said the old woman, when she had moistened her lips. "May he send you the rent up out of the earth, or down out of the sky, you that have kept the neighbor out of the poorhouse."

The dusk was darkening the purple mountain and the moon scudding wild and bright through cloud and mists, when little Mary, flying like a gull, stopped, poised on her toe, and stood gazing once more at the dwarf-like figure squatting forlornly on the very edge of the red bog. This time there was no mistake about the matter. The stump of bog wood was gone, and the strange figure was throwing up his arms frantically to attract to attract the little maidens attention. A plover gave a weird cry at the same moment, and the dwarf cried out:

"Help me up! oh, help me up! The awkward fellows have left me in a soft place, and I am sinking!"

Mary walked up on her tiptoes and looked at the dwarf. His eyes were quite crooked with excitement in his flat face, and his short, stiff legs were stuck fast in the red bog.

"Get me over to the black log, which is harder," he said, "and then I shall be all right. I don't want to sink back into the earth again." Mary took hold of his short, outstretched arms with both her little hands, and tugged as well as she was able. After several attempts she got him pulled out of the swampy ground, and trundled him over the hard, black peat, where he lay panting for several minutes, and blinking his extraordinary eyes up at the moon.

"I hope you are more comfortable now sir," said Mary, with a courtesy.

"Perfectly comfortable. And now, my dear, put your hands in my pockets, and take out what you can find. It's only an encumbrance to me after all these centuries. And it will pay your rent. Did you ever hear of gold?"

"No sir, said Mary.

"Put your hands into my pockets, then," said the dwarf.

Mary did as she was bid, and pulled up one after another a quantity of beautiful shining yellow things, brooches, collars and other curious ornaments of ancient Irish times, and she gathered them into the skirt of her petticoat.

"Now, run fast," said the dwarf, "for I want to go on looking at the moon. I haven't seen the face of a moon for I don't know how many centuries. Often it shone on me when I was a giant instead of a dwarf, and had a crown of leaves on my head and singing birds flying all around me. Tell your father that the heroes who gave me these gold things to keep will never ask them back again from him. They pass me sometimes marching across the bogland at dead of night, lamenting for the woods that are gone; but they are all flashing in splendor now, and have no need of such trumpery as these. Your father can sell the gold and buy any number of pigs and cows."

Then the dwarf gave an extraordinary yawn, and rolled his eyes so frightfully at the moon, that little Mary turned and fled without as much as saying "thank you." When she reached home she emptied the gold ornaments into her father's lap and told him her adventure exactly as it happened to her.

"The child has gone mad with hunger," cried Mary's mother, clasping her hands. But the father put the gold things into a sack and did not fail to sell them instead of the cow.

When the whole family went in the morning to look for the good-natured dwarf they found nothing but a huge stump of bog wood lying in a particularly awkward attitude on the edge of the red bog, just where it had been uncarthed several days before. Where the dwarf's pockets had been there were deep, round holes. Somebody said that the stump had once been a tree in a mighty forest, and that the warriors of ancient Ireland often hung their golden collars and armlets on the branches of trees while they rested under the shade. Of course, that does not quite clear up little Mary's mystery; but anybody can see the gold ornaments in the Royal Irish Academy.—*Rosa Mulholland, in Donahoe's Magazine.*

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

A little way beyond the ancient church at Holderness is a brick residence, whose front is half-hidden by one of those monster elms that are the pride of our Northern States, and beneath its shade I saw a man who is passing his 93th year sitting comfortably in a great arm-chair. My wife told me that his aunt had recently died, aged 105; and, curious to know if there was any special reason for such longevity, I made inquiries. "No," said my informant, "only they were almost always out of doors and lived a quiet life."

Yet in that single instance lay a greater philosophy than he dreamed of, a sounder precept than he knew. To keep out of doors and avoid worry is a maxim that, if followed, would close a majority of our hospitals which, I regret to say, have a greater number of occupants with each succeeding year.—*American Magazine.*

THE best conductors of electricity are silver, copper, gold, zinc, platinum, iron, tin. The poorest conductors, or the best insulators, are dry air, chanite, paraffine, resin, sulphur, sealing-wax, glass, silk, wool, dry paper, porous lain.

HANDKERCHIEFS!

FOR LADIES.

HAND - KER - CHIEFS

IOR MEN.

HANDKERCHIEFS

FOR CHILDREN

This is going to be the

GREAT, BIG

SPECIAL SALE.

We are going to spread before the Fort Wayne public for the

Next Two Weeks,

and we are just in the condition to do it.

We are going to show

The Largest,

BEST SELECTED STOCK,

BEST VALUES

FOR THE MONEY YOU HAVE EVER SEEN.

MONDAY

It will begin, and the choice will hold out clean to the end,

It is a Big Stock

—AND—

THEY ARE CHEAP.

☞Take a Look at Them.☜

Root & Company.

ROSES

FINE YELLOW ROSES,

$1 A Dozen.

T. E. COVINGTON

FLORIST,

35 W. Washington St.

6-1mo.

M. F. KAAG,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

China, Glass,

—AND—

Queensware,

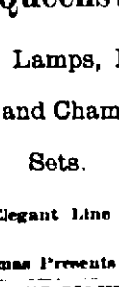
Library Lamps, Dinner,

Tea and Chamber

Sets.

Also an Elegant Line of Christmas Presents

Use KLEIN'S SILVER AGE.



The Best stimulant in the world. Endorsed by physicians and druggists.

Used in leading hospitals. Max Klein, sole proprietor, Pittsburg, Pa. Sold wholesale and retail by

John Christen, 100 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne.

Here We are Again

Santa Claus outdone by Indiana's Boss Clothiers. Presents for everybody. No gimcracks, but everyone a daisy. Read the new list in to-day's issue.

Sam, Pete & Max.

The People's Clothiers.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1887.

THE CITY NEWS.

Two weeks from to-morrow will be Christmas.

Next Tuesday is the anniversary of the battle of Fredericksburg.

Seventy years ago the state of Mississippi was admitted into the union.

Hon. H. S. Biggs, of Warsaw has been holding court for Judge Walter Olds, who is ill.

Next Thursday will be the ninety-first anniversary of the death of Gen. Anthony Wayne.

The city council will meet in regular session next Tuesday evening. The standard and natural gas ordinances come up for final passage.

The funeral of Mrs. Jane Stirk took place this afternoon, from her late residence, corner Cass and Pearl streets. The interment was at Bullard cemetery.

Rev. Father Walters, of Lafayette, dedicated at his church last Thursday, the costly statuary imported by him from Paris. The ceremonies were imposing.

Col. R. S. Robertson returned last night from Upper Sandusky, O., where he defended Oscar Davis, of this city, on the charge of forgery. Mr. Davis was acquitted.

Hon. Henry Monning will go to Michigan City next week and with the other directors of the prison north will lease the labor of 200 convicts for a term of five years.

The Wabash *Times* says: "Theron P. Keator, of Fort Wayne, was in town last Friday closeted with Warren G. Sayre. It is rumored that they were discussing politics.

Mr. A. Geismar has received an offer from Chicago parties for his restaurant, and in all probability will step out of the Globe within a few days, to travel for the Scribner book publishers exclusively.

The Decatur *Democrat* says: "C. L. Centilivre, the Fort Wayne brewer, paid a business visit to this city, Wednesday.—Ben Fisher, the genial salesman of A. C. Trentman's wholesale grocery house of Fort Wayne, was in the city last Friday."

The party of Wabash railway officials who visited this city yesterday consisted of General Supt. Wade, Assistant Supt Stevens, Supt. Mitchell, of the Bridge and Building department, Train Master Boughton, Road Master Houghton and Purchasing Agent Reece.

The K. of L. band has been reorganized and incorporated as the Union cornet band. The boys rehearsed last night and are rapidly attaining proficiency. The band will give an entertainment consisting of Christmas tree festivities and a social dance at Wagner's hall, East Main street, Thursday, December 29.

Hon. J. C. Branyan and Hon. B. M. Cobb visited Marion, Thursday last where the case of Wm. Fridiger, indicted with Blair Mock for the murder of Harry Vandevender, was pending in the Grant county circuit court. The state was fully convinced that the evidence did not warrant the charge against Fridiger, and it was accordingly dismissed.

Germania assembly, 4081, K. of L., now devotes the first Monday evening in each month to social entertainments. Monday evening last the members and their friends had an enjoyable time. Brief addresses were delivered and the Union cornet band and Stellhorn's orchestra enlivened the occasion with sweet music. This is a pleasant innovation in the K. of L. ranks.

The county commissioners acted upon five ditches yesterday as follows: People's ditch, Milan township; Edgerton and Small ditch, Milan and Maumee townships; Gregg ditch, Jackson and Maumee townships; Edgerton ditch, on the east line of Jefferson and Milan townships, and the Trier ditch, in Adams township. The last named was established, but remonstrances were filed against the other four. Reviewers will be appointed to re-view the proposed ditches at the March session.

The members of Sion S. Rose post, G. A. R., elected the following officers last night: Post commander, J. C. Peltier; senior vice commander, J. W. Vordermark; junior vice commander, C. H. Hilton; chaplain, Rev. Henry Brown; Surgeon, Dr. A. J. Lanlach; quartermaster, Sol Soliday; officer of guard, George I. Roberts; officer of day, Ambrose Kintz; trustees, Christian Baseker, Enos White and Theodore Geller; delegates to the department encampment, Chas. A. Munson, Chas. A. Zollinger, Henry M. Williams, Rev. Henry Brown, Samuel M. Hench and Edmund Lincoln. The struggle for the offices was bitter and protracted. Rev. Henry Brown, who was elected chaplain and a delegate to the department encampment, is the pastor of the African M. E. church. Ex-Quartermaster H. O. Crosby was dismissed from the order.

Special importations of goods' grey grain heavy silk negligee and smoking garments and house coats, shown only by Sam, Pete & Max, holiday providers.

Just a little sunshine, just a little sleet. Then you need a ferry boat to help you over the street. In the absence of the boat we recommend a good pair of rubbers from THE HOOSIER.

Don't overlook the liberal offer made by the Nickel Plate for the holidays.

The quail law expires December 20th.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, lectures at Van Wert this evening.

The Business Men's exchange will hold an important meeting next Monday evening.

There was not an arrest made at Monroeville during November and the *Breeze* boasts of it.

The prohibitionists of Decatur are talking of starting a paper in behalf of their cause in that city.

The funeral of the child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Swartz took place this afternoon from the residence on Boone street.

Rev. D. C. Woolpert has returned from Huntertown, where he has been assisting his father for a few days, in the pulpit.

The Evangelical association will dedicate their new hall at Berne, Adams county, to-morrow. Rev. A. Geist, presiding elder of the Fort Wayne district, will officiate.

The *Index Medicus*, of Boston, reports an operation for popliteal aneurism by Dr. W. H. Meyers, of this city. The doctor put a ligature on the femoral artery at the apex of Scarpa's triangle. At the end of ten days he detached the thread and his patient recovered.

The Monroeville *Breeze* says: "Miss Flora Heller, of Fort Wayne, was in town Monday and Tuesday the guest of relatives and friends.—Miss Amelia Reamenanider, who for the past year has been making her home at Fort Wayne, has returned to remain with her parents over winter."

A Bohemian oats swindler came to grief in Whitley county a short time since. He undertook to collect the notes given in payment for the oats. He was arrested on the charge of conspiracy, on the complaint of the swindled farmers, and held in $500 bail. He deposited the money with his lawyers, they going on his bond, and then he skipped out.

Christmas comes this year on Sunday, December 25th. The custom of the country has been where a legal holiday fell upon Sunday to observe the following, as the holiday, but the statute of Indiana says, touching commercial settlements, that all notes, drafts, checks or other negotiable or commercial paper falling due or maturing upon such holiday (Sunday) shall be deemed as maturing the day previous, Saturday.

Mr. Stephen Koller, who left here several weeks ago for Los Angeles, Cal., writes glowingly of the climate and business prospects of that growing Pacific coast city to Mr. J. H. Young, the Calhoun street jeweler. He says that houses to rent were so scarce, that Mrs. Kiel, his sister, found herself unable to rent one and had to purchase a house and lot in order to get a place in which to reside. "Steve" will enter the real estate business.

Nelson Good, a former colored citizen of Fort Wayne, who is known to fame as "Snowball," was tried Monday for stealing a dress and cloak from Mrs. N. Zeigler, at Wabash. Good disposed of the property to a colored woman in Grant county, but subsequently Marshal Ellis, of Wabash, recovered the goods. Tuesday morning the jury returned a verdict of guilty and sentenced the thief to the northern prison for two years. Good is one of the toughest coons in the state and a pernicious rascal. He is a better citizen in prison than he would be anywhere else on earth.

The suberb chamber set of magnificent furniture will be presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, to one of their patrons, February 1st.

When you want cheap rubbers we are not in, but when you want good ones we are largely on hand with the best in the market. THE HOOSIER.

There will be a grand opening of Holiday Goods Thursday evening, December 15, 1887. All are very respectfully invited. No. 56 Calhoun street.

Men's sewed government shoes in all sizes.
Massachusetts Shoe Co.

OVERCOATS Special sale Saturday, December 10, until January 1.
At the U. S. 72 Calhoun Street.

Men's solid working shoes, $1
Men's solid working shoes, $1.
Massachusetts Shoe Co.

A rattling good Roasted coffee at 23c per pound. All package coffees, 26c per pound
At the Star Grocery.

Excursion tickets will be sold on the Nickel Plate from December 23d to January 2d, good returning until January 4th, at rate of one fare for the round trip.

Special Notice.

After January 1st, 1888, (D. V.) I will devote my attention exclusively to diseases of women and diseases of the kidneys. All who are indebted to me will please call and settle.
W. T. FERGUSON,
m-fri-sat 82 West Berry street.

Don't buy a sewing machine before you see the Standard at
3-eod-tf PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S.

For the best line of millinery at the lowest possible prices go to Mrs. J. Baltes', No. 82 Calhoun street Also stamping and dressmaking. 9-10t

Ladies' kid button shoes, $2. Same goods others sell for $2.50.
Massachusetts Shoe Co.

Sleigh bells, skates, wringers, washing machines, pumps and everything in the hardware line at
PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S
3-eod-tf 38 & 40 East Columbia St.

We always lead while others imitate our style of advertising signs, show windows, &c. But no one can imitate our prices. Men's buckle Arctics, 75c; ladies' buckle Arctics, 50c; women's flanned lined felt slippers, 35c. The Massachusetts Shoe Co., and the cheapest and best shoe store in Indiana.

Bread baked at the Star Grocery is more like the Genuine Home Made Bread than any other you will find.

The streets are muddy.

The hotels did a poor business to-day.

The paved streets are in a horribly muddy condition and ought to be cleaned.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heine are at Chicago.

The new sidewalk in front of the Third Presbyterian church has been completed.

John Whalen is suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs at the St. Joe hospital.

The new street cars began running on the north and south lines this morning and it makes a fellow's head swim to count them. There is a street car each way every three and one-half minutes on Calhoun street, with transfer facilities at Main. The cars are all beauties and give the city a metropolitan air.

Philip Hyman, of this city, has completed his new business buildings at Payne, O., and they will be ready for occupancy with the opening of the new year. They are built upon the site of the ones destroyed by the big fire in that town a few months ago, and are elegant and substantial structures. He says the building is great at Payne, and that the town is booming up under its stimulating influence. Mr. Hyman has big business interests there.

HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

Read and be Informed---Our Latest and Best.

John E. Small, No. 2 St. Mary's avenue, was presented with the fine corner lot, No. 173, Archer's addition.

David Gibson, Marion township; Robert Hosick, 44 Superior street; F. M. Schirin, Maumee; Mrs. E. Metty, 37 Barr street, was presented with a fine American watch.

A. Adams, Aboit township; Mrs. James Fox, 58 McClellan street; John Herman, 40 Bloom street; Phil E. Workman, 62 Walton avenue; E. Darrow, 248 South Calhoun street, were presented with a mantel clock

Chris. Kauter, 199 Lafayette street; Hannah Daffron, Eel River township, was presented with a suit of clothing.

Wm. Sine, Lake township, carried off a first class overcoat.

Ben. Neiman, 272 East Washington street; R. Sanders, Bronson, Mich; John Krook, 416 East Wayne street; John Baily, 166 Jackson street; Robert Bell, Jefferson township will each decorate the dinner table with an elegant silver and crystal castor.

Wm. Bishop, 158 Hoffman street, toted home a choice half barrel of flour.

M. Greaney, 127 Fairfield ave; John Piehl, Winch's spoke factory, were each presented with a beautiful silver butter dish.

H. Bullerman, 236 West Jefferson street; H. Yergens, St. Joe township; A. Jones, 112 Wells street; Frank Cusick, Maples, Ind., each toted home a luscious ham.

Wm. Friday, 19 Walnut street; August Hair, Arcola, Ind.; Adolph Winchman, 27 Shick street; S. L. Bayless, Franklin avenue; George Yagle, 22 East Columbia street; L. Zeis, Maysville, Ind.; J. L. Borg, Marion township; Andrew McConnel, Sheldon, Ind.; will each eat their soup with a set of fine English silver spoons.

A. Weinstock, West Washington street; J. G. Wyland, boards with John Stohr, Broadway; E. Pipenbrink, Lumbard avenue; H. L. Archibald, Tocsin, Wells county, Ind.; Vincenzo Mori, peanut stand; Peter Rothman, 74 Barr street; Earl Laurey, New Haven, Ind.; Edward Sordelet, Dawkin's Station; Charles Hoke, Pleasant township; Henry Lapp, 102 Butler street; John Jackman, Waterloo, Ind., will hereafter eat with a set of sterling English silver knives.

G. W. Hollowpeter, Cedarville, Ind.; M. A. Tracy, 196 E. Lewis street; Jacob Dunderman, Antwerp, Ohio, were each adorned with an elegant Seal Fur Cap.

Samuel Fulkerson, Washington township, toted home five pounds of tea.

Fred Heine, Adams township, was presented with five pounds of Mocha coffee.

Five thousand valuable presents including five capital gifts, to be given our patrons.
SAM, PETE & MAX,
The People's Clothiers.

Scotch Caps. Biggest bargain of the season, 25 cents.

U. S. 72 Calhoun Street, Opp. Aveline House.

Special low prices on dress good. A large assortment of handkerchiefs in plain white, colored borders and silk. Cashmere and silk mufflers in an endless variety at very low prices.
STEWART & HAHN.

We are selling fresh cut roses for less than others are selling those shipped in, sometimes cut a week before they are sold. MARKET BROS.
5-6t

Schipp's extra pale Chicago beer on draught, at John Leichner, Jr's. 8-3t

Holiday Excursions on the Nickel Plate.

Be sure to make your arrangements so that you can avail yourself of the offer made by N. Y. C. & St. L. railroad company for the holidays. Excursion tickets will be sold between all stations on the line at the rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale from December 23d to January 2d, inclusive, and good returning until January 4th.

No advance in prices of cut flowers at MARKET BROS.,
7-6t Cor. Jefferson and Ewing.

OVERCOATS All marked down and special sale begins Saturday, December 10.
U. S. 72 Calhoun street, Opposite Aveline House.

Schipp's extra pale Chicago beer on draught, at John Leichner, Jr's. 8-3t

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

COMPOUND EXTRACT

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Tobacco Ticket.

The Indianapolis *News* suggests the following national ticket for 1888:
For President,
JAMES G. BLAINE, of Maine.
For Vice President,
HORACE P. BIDDLE, of Indiana.
Platform:
Tobacco is a necessity.

The salient "point" to the above is that Mr. Blaine, in his latest interview, says that tobacco is a necessity, while Jugde Biddle, some years ago, delivered an opinion as chief justice of the Indiana supreme court, to the same effect. The question arises, would the users of tobacco, without regard to party, support the above ticket with unction and enthusiasm?

Mr. John E. Small, formerly of Marion township, and now residing in Archer's addition, on St. Mary's avenue, held ticket 4,169, and was presented by Messrs. Sam, Pete and Max, the people's clothiers, with the valuable city lot, corner Spring street and St. Mary's avenue.

A reduction of 10 per cent. will be made on ladies' and children's cloaks. Special low prices on underwear and hosiery at the Boston store.
STEWART & HAHN.

Carving knives and forks, shears, scissors and Roger's plated ware at
3-eod-tf PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S.

The second annual ball of the Switchmen's Mutual aid association at Morton club hall occurs Thursday evening, December 22. The switchmen are jolly good fellows and the prospects are that there will be as many tickets sold as last year when the hall was uncomfortably filled. 8-eod-6t

MEN'S SEAL caps for the Holidays at the U. S. 9-2t

A. Foster, the tailor, 15 West Wayne St. is as busy as ever. This is a good place for one who wants a good honest suit of clothes that will give good satisfaction for the money. 6-5t.

The Standard sewing machine makes the nicest Christmas present. For sale at
3-eod-tf PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER'S.

Dr. Frnth, of New York, at the Robinson house Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 13th and 14th, 1887. d&w3t

Mens', boys', youths' fine slippers, $3.50, down. THE HOOSIER.

Reduced rates for the holidays over the Wabash railway. One fare for the round trip between all stations. Tickets will be sold December 24th, 25th and 26th, December 31st and January 1st and 2d, good going on date of sale, and good to return up to and including January 3d, 1888. For tickets and all desired information, call on or address any ticket agent of the Wabash railway. 8-tf

Dr. Manville leaves the 29th to open an institute in Indianapolis in January. Patients will receive treatment by mail and express until cured. Don't delay seeing him. 6-eod-3t-wl

Dr. G. P. Barnum, the East Columbia street livery stable man, is letting funeral hacks for $3 and they are the finest vehicles in the city. Call on or telephone him. 8 tf

For a drink of original Old Crow, go to John Leichner, Jr's. 8-3t

FOR CHILDREN!

Santa Claus Knocks

Overcoats Will be Acceptable

DOWN THEY GO.

We Have Too Many.

$1.25 Overcoats down to $1.
$2 Overcoats down to $1.50.
$2.50 and $3 Overcoats down to $2.
$4 and $4.50 Overcoats down to $2.50.
$5 and $5.50 Overcoats down to $3.95.
$6 and $7 Overcoats down to $4.50.
$8 Overcoats down to $5.
$9 Overcoats down to $5.50.
$10 Overcoats down to $7.50.

Sizes to fit ages 2½ to 12 years.

A. S. Lauferty & Co.

Removal Prices.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvellous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
For all FITS & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nervous Prostration, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients. Have you a case? Give Express and P. O. address of sufferer. Send name, P. O. and express address of Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS FRAUDS.
March 20-eod s w 1yr.

Boston T Store.

We extend to the trading public an invitation to visit us and we will show a choice line of fruits, nuts, raisins, confections, etc., for the holiday trade. We have without a doubt as fine an assortment of Jams, Preserves and Canned goods as you will find. Our Teas and Coffees, as always, are the best the market affords. Dressed poultry a specialty.

A. J. Dittoe & Co.,

20 West Berry Street.

J. H. YOUNG

— DEALER IN —

WATCHES
DIAMONDS
AND FINE
SILVERWARE

All kinds of repairing neatly done on short notice.

No. 80 Calhoun Street.

TEAS! TEAS!

Oolong, Black, very fine.
Young Hyson, very fine.
Japan, strickly uncolored.
English Breakfast.

COFFEES!

Old Government Java.
Mocha
Maracaiba.
Costa Rica.
Rio.
Roasted fresh every day.

Pyke's Grocery,

80 Calhoun Street.

8-eg. 18-1y

It is said that Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, is writing a novel of Washington life. It will be somewhat satirical in tone, and various noted men will figure in it under assumed names.

If you want to buy

FINE CLOTHING!

Go direct to the only manufacturer,

J. G. THIEME & BROTHER

Who make all their "ready-made" clothing, and which are better made and better trimmed than any easter made clothing sold in the city. They also carry a large stock for

CUSTOM WORK!

A Suit From $25 Upward.

Nos. 37 and 39 Columbia Stseet